

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LXIII. — JUNE, 1889. — No. CCCLXXX.

THE HIGHEST STRUCTURE IN THE WORLD.

A TOWER about one thousand feet in height was first thought of during the organization of the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, in 1876, and its possible construction was discussed in the newspapers at the time. But consultation with engineers and architects probably resulted in the conviction that the scheme was impracticable, and the expense beyond the value of the investment, especially if masonry were used. Aside from the question of outlay, a serious difficulty in the construction of any kind of material to such an altitude, there are questions of pressure and danger that daunt experienced engineers. M. G. Eiffel, constructor of some of the greatest works in France, notably the trestle-work viaduct at Garabit, 407 feet high, concluded that the building of such a tower had not been attempted in ancient times, so far as known, because iron then lacked the lightness, strength, and adaptability seen in modern work. The enormous weight of masonry in so great a mass would not only imperil, by its tremendous pressure, the courses of stone near the ground, but would cause an irregular settling of the foundations, as in the well-known instance of the Leaning Tower of Pisa. In modern work, a pressure of 66 pounds for each square centimetre¹ is considered dangerous. It is admitted that 55 pounds in this proportion is too extreme for

¹ A square centimetre is about two fifths of an inch on a side.

safety, although, owing to peculiarities of construction, this has been exceeded in some of the following instances cited by M. Navier: —

Pillars of the dome of the Invalides, Paris,	32.55 pounds.
Pillars of St. Peter's, Rome,	36.08 "
Pillars of St. Paul's, London,	42.70 "
Columns of St. Paul-hors-les-Murs, Rome,	43.58 "
Pillars of the tower of St. Merri, Paris,	64.85 "
Pillars of the dome of the Pantheon, Paris,	64.94 "

M. Navier includes an estimate of 99.25 pounds for the Church of La Toussaint à Angers, which is in ruins, and so not a convincing example. It thus appears that the resistance in some daring structures is from 33 to 44 pounds, and only rises to nearly 65 in two instances. M. Eiffel cites the Washington Monument, which in its simplicity and boldness he considers remarkable. In M. Navier's estimates given for the greatest feats of architectural engineering in the Old World, this huge obelisk stands high on the list of wonderful structures, the pressure at its base amounting to 58.35 pounds in the proportion above given. With the exception of the Eiffel tower, it is easily a bolder undertaking than any other of its kind known in the world, because it stands upon a relatively small base, with no side support, with a weight upon its foundations of 45,000 tons. This immense square shaft, about 55 feet on a side, served as

an illustration of the danger in attempting to carry masonry to a greater height than before achieved. Fortunately, the foundation settled evenly, but to prevent probable demolition part of the base was reconstructed and filled in with concrete. Meantime the structure began to lean to an extent that caused great uneasiness, and finally the suspension of the work. The construction was begun in 1848, and in 1854, when it reached a height of 152 feet, its dangerous condition became somewhat marked. Its originally intended altitude of 600 feet was then reduced to 500. In 1880, after great difficulties, the base had been widened and the foundation enlarged and deepened. Work was then recommenced, and the masonry continued upward at the rate of about 100 feet yearly, until the topmost stone was laid December 6, 1884. The inauguration took place February 21, 1885.

An additional source of peril in the use of masonry, not included in the danger of settling, as in the Washington Monument, is the insufficient adherence of modern mortar to great masses of stone, causing serious crumbling, and a reputation for danger much to be dreaded. An attempt to extend stonework to a height of one thousand feet would cause an expense too great for the end attained, and the danger of fracture would be incessant and unavoidable. It seems that we can excel the ancients very little in the treatment of masonry. There is no easily discovered evidence that they built any such structure higher than the great Pyramid of Cheops, originally 480 feet in height. They had good reasons for this caution. If the foundations are solid, the stone may disintegrate, owing to the unequal distribution of the enormous weight, due to the limited power of the mortar to act as a cushion to equalize the force. The Egyptian and other ancient builders constructed some masonry without mortar by polishing and closely fitting the

stone, but it is not probable that they tried to carry such work to a very great height. In some modern buildings it is found that the resistance of very hard stone increases that of the mortar. Stone or brick work might reach a higher point than the Eiffel tower by the invention of cements more efficient than any now known.

In considering the important question of the foundations for this great tower, elaborate borings were made in the Champ-de-Mars at Paris. This is a level field or park, about two thirds of a mile long and half as broad, devoted usually to the drilling of troops and to reviews, upon which the Exposition buildings for 1889 are now approaching completion, in commemoration of the storming of the Bastille one hundred years ago, July 14 and 15, 1789, that memorable event of the French Revolution. It is intended to show the great advances in science, art, and industry since that crude attempt to establish a republic.

In selecting this location near the river Seine, much thought was given to the question of a foundation, because even a slight giving way would be so magnified in the great height of the structure that the strain sustained by cross-pieces and braces would be far greater than calculated. Fortunately, it was found that the soil consisted of a compact bed of plastic clay, 53 feet in thickness, surmounted by a bank of sand and gravel, and all inclined toward the Seine. This seemed well fitted for the purpose. M. Eiffel was not, however, entirely satisfied with it. He therefore increased the solidity of the foundations by means of caissons (heavy iron boxes with open bottoms) of compressed air, which made their way downward into the soil partly by their own weight and partly by the excavation of the earth beneath them. The air prevented the possible rising of soft clay to smother the workmen. Incandescent electric

lamps furnished light beneath the caissons, which were filled with heavy concrete that hardened, making as it were huge bricks of great solidity that sank still deeper. It was owing to this modern device, the compressed-air caisson, that a great danger was averted. The remains of unquestionably ancient masonry were found, which might have caused a dangerously uneven settling of the foundation. At each corner of the tower, which is square at the base and about 300 feet on a side, there is a lattice-work pillar that slants inward as it rises upward to a distance of about 600 feet from the ground, from which point the four like pillars continue together to the summit. These corner pillars are each 50 feet square at their bases, which are separated by open curved arches. Any unimportant subsidence of the foundation is provided for by hydraulic presses applied to iron wedges that lift each corner of the entire structure, and so any defect or strain due to contraction or expansion can be regulated. The relative lightness and strength of the material is such that the total weight will not be more for each square centimetre than that of a usual five-story house, certainly not as great as in very high buildings in New York and other large cities. The pressure upon the base of the tower is not more than nine pounds for each square centimetre, while in the case of the Washington Monument it is, as we have seen, more than 58 pounds in like proportion.

The foundations became practicable, but there was a powerful and irregular force involved in the tremendous side pressure of the wind upon a tower presenting so much vertical surface in spite of its open latticework. It is evident that the height of the great Washington Monument has been surpassed only by the use of iron, which has the power to bend and still resist the force of the wind, and which is well able to withstand marked contractions and expan-

sions. The horizontal vibration is considerable under a high wind, at such a distance above the earth. The swaying of the long curved uprights will not be felt much by people at the summit. The height of the tower is such that the nature of the motion is gradual and less observable than in light-houses constructed of masonry, in which the elasticity is sometimes remarkable, owing to the quality of the mortar used. It is in recent years only that metallic beams have been made that enable engineers to erect structures to a height of 200 feet. Still further advances in the manufacture of iron make it now easy to attain 250 or even 350 feet. So many unknown quantities require consideration in a tower 1000 feet high that the problem becomes serious and hard to solve. M. Eiffel points out the significant fact that the obstacles resemble those met with in extending a bridge from 500 feet to twice that distance horizontally, because of the great and accumulating side pressure of the wind exerted upon high vertical structures. It is thus seen that the construction is a greater achievement than would be at first imagined. It was desirable, while estimating the tremendous wind pressure, to avoid the multiplication of upright beams, involving diagonal braces more than 300 feet in length, which would result in an immense ugly iron framework resembling an elongated cage, or trestle-work railway bridge set up on end, with a deplorable architectural effect. Clumsy masses of beams and braces were necessarily omitted. The curved lattice-work before mentioned disposed of this question.

The corner pillars narrow from about 50 feet on a side at the base to 16 feet near the summit. They are anchored upon solid foundation walls, and bound together by horizontal girders, which serve as supports for several large halls or assembly rooms at different heights. These floors increase the security of

the structure. The uncertainty of the wind force and its extent as calculated has led M. Eiffel to be peculiarly prudent in his methods of construction. He assumes for purposes of safety that the force goes on increasing from the base to the summit until the pressure is doubled. In making estimates of resistance, the iron lattice work was considered a solid wall taking the full force of the wind. In the more open parts of the tower, the actual surface of the iron was multiplied by four to secure safety from the effects of a severe tempest. The wind in Paris ordinarily exerts a strain of from 13 to 15 pounds for each square metre.¹ A pressure of 22 pounds is allowed for in Germany and Austria, in metallic frameworks not subjected to the tremors of passing trains. This rule also holds in France. But it becomes necessary to provide for a much severer strain when only one end of the structure is supported, as in the Eiffel tower.

The inclination of the stone-work supporting each corner is at an angle of 50°. In extending upward the slanting ponderous iron-work it was very difficult to maintain absolute stability, especially before the masses had been made secure by girders at the first gallery. As the work progressed, this danger of displacement, requiring the utmost care, was lessened by the decreasing length of the girders that bound the whole together. In high trestle-work the apparently slight metallic bars seem insecure to the casual observer, an effect peculiarly noticeable in the high skeleton iron-work of the Manhattan Elevated Railroad near Eighth Avenue and 110th Street, New York city. The spindling framework in this case suggests weakness, but this is an illusion due to an association of strength with the ponderous solidity of masonry or earth-work.

The tower is spread much at the base, to enhance its stability. Perhaps

¹ 39.37 inches on a side.

its height is exaggerated by the distant view of buildings in the Exposition grounds. The first gallery, which consists of an immense hall, is to be used as a promenade or for restaurants. It is 230 feet from the ground. Still further up is the second gallery, about 100 feet square and at a height of 377 feet, which exceeds the altitude of the following well-known structures:—

The dome of Milan,	363 feet.
Spire of the Invalides, Paris,	342 "
Spires of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York,	332 "
Statue of Liberty, New York Harbor (above the water),	328 "
Brooklyn Bridge towers,	278 "

Continuing up the Eiffel tower until it has narrowed to about 75 feet on a side, we come to a point where the four great pillars combine at about the height of the great Washington Monument, the next highest known structure in the world. Only three of the following public edifices, aside from the greatest of the Egyptian pyramids, are more than half as high as the Eiffel tower:—

Washington Monument,	555 feet.
Cathedral of Cologne,	522 "
Old St. Paul's, London (destroyed by fire),	520 "
Cathedral of Rouen,	492 "
Pyramid of Cheops,	480 "
Cathedral of Strasbourg,	465 "
Cathedral of Vienna,	453 "
St. Peter's, Rome,	432 "
Present St. Paul's, London,	404 "

After adding 306 feet to the height of the Washington Monument, making 861 feet, the third gallery of the Eiffel tower is reached, where there is a glass-enclosed room 32 feet square, surrounded by a balcony. Surmounting this and 124 feet higher is a small observation room, with two windows on a side, from which can be seen Paris and its environs for a radius of about 75 miles.

The elevators, four in number, are to be worked in pairs, — two to be used for visitors ascending, and two for those descending, that an incessant stream of

people may move in each direction. The ascent is to be made no faster than 20 inches a second, because great speed in stopping and starting would be decidedly alarming and disagreeable.

The escape of lightning is to be provided for by two cast-iron conducting pipes about 20 inches in diameter, reaching from the summit to the base, and thence 60 feet into the ground.

The construction of a tower composed of curves that will best withstand the wind has produced a very graceful architectural outline. The air of trimness in the realization of the design is due to the fact that there has been no waste of material. An upward moving force in taking the direction of least resistance would doubtless assume approximately the form of this structure. Nearly all kinds of growth acquire something like this cone shape while manifesting concentrated motion necessitated by surrounding forces. Many beautiful designs are founded upon the tapering forms of flowers and leaves, as in the delicate tracery of frost-work. In building to secure safety from the action of the elements, M. Eiffel has perhaps unintentionally followed the methods of nature, and thus the architectural beauty of his work has the best possible confirmation.

The well-worn criticism that this scheme lacks utility is ever present in all daring scientific enterprises. But the value of this tower is admitted by eminent French scientists. It will take the place of the great balloon let up into the air by means of a cable worked by steam, which was so successful during the Exposition of 1878. An ascent can be made without the danger of collapse or gas explosion caused by lightning, often present in a captive balloon. The unexpectedly rapid approach of a local storm might cause loss of life before the winding-in of a balloon could be completed. The view of Paris at night, with its seemingly interminable boule-

wards brilliantly lighted, is marvelous, and such as aeronauts only have experienced. The feeling of distance and height will not be lessened by intervening lower slopes, as in most mountain views.

It is proposed to put upon the tower a number of electric lamps, powerful enough to light the city. The advantage of such a system had been long thought of, but it was a very difficult project to carry out, owing to the great intensity necessary. It has been decided, however, that the Exposition buildings and grounds are to be lighted in a manner never before equaled. In 1881, M. Sebillot proposed to place electric lights at an elevation of 1000 feet, but the idea involved difficulties of construction and a waste of illumination that made it impracticable. It has been found that to make printed matter sufficiently legible in the park and gardens of the Exposition, not less than three concentric zones, numbering 48 lamps, would be required at so great a height. With special reflecting mirrors concentrating the light within prescribed limits, it is believed that the effect would be better than anything before accomplished so far as known.

Many eminent men promptly admit the value of the tower for scientific purposes. M. Hervé-Mangon, of the Meteorological Society of France, points out the importance of observations made at different distances from the earth's surface under these conditions, and that experiments of the greatest interest are possible. The law of the decrease of the temperature with the height would be demonstrated better than from high points of land or from vast structures of masonry, which retain much heat, causing currents of air that interfere with observations or make them inexact. The variability of rainfall could be well observed, also the average height to which fogs reach above the earth's surface near Paris. A relatively complete knowledge

might be gained of the volume of water held in a globular condition in different air strata. This would make clear the reason why clouds light in volume sometimes precipitate so much water. As the condition of the air varies with the height, the advantage of having instruments far enough apart, one above the other, is obvious. On calm days, the general direction of the wind would be free from the effect of local heat accumulation due to the influence of neighboring buildings. All these phenomena could be carefully observed at a height to which only balloons ascend for an appreciable length of time. At this distance from the ground, the atmospheric conditions, freed from the surroundings of a mountainous or hilly region, are not precisely known.

A position above the fogs that very often obscure the horizon of Paris will facilitate astronomical observations impossible in ordinary weather. The vibration of the tower will doubtless exclude it from use in obtaining the precise positions of the stars, as pointed out by some astronomers, but it will leave the field free to researches regarding the chemical constituents of the stellar universe. Observations intended to establish the proper motions of stars by the displacement of lines in the spectrum would be more exact at a height of 1000 feet than at that of the observatories. Photographic apparatus at the summit of the tower would be more efficient in case of an eclipse near the horizon, but work upon stars or nebulae, requiring steadiness of position, ought to be reserved for calm nights. In every case the moon and the planets could be studied and drawn under more favorable conditions. The known temperature of the air at different heights is also of great importance in astronomical observations, because the resulting variation in refraction is so often a matter of conjecture.

In addition to the above experiments

in meteorology, electrical science, and astronomy, there remain to be considered further questions of vegetable chemistry, peculiarities of growth under various conditions, and more exact data respecting the material constituents floating in the air. Further and finer investigations can be made, showing with additional interest the value of Foucault's well-known pendulum experiment demonstrating the rotation of the earth. The distinction between magnetic attraction and gravitation, which Faraday investigated with a falling body, might be carried further with advantage.

The instantaneous transmission of time signals for the benefit of all Paris, the more exact measurement of the velocity of sound under various atmospheric conditions, the estimated resistance of the air as a body falls at given rates of speed, the law of metallic elasticity in the contraction and expansion of the iron-work of the structure, the study of compressed gases and vapors with such extensive vertical possibilities, — these are some of the objects to be attained by this tower, destined to be one of the landmarks of scientific advancement. It may be of use as an army signal station in case of war, as a position from which to observe the movement of an enemy. At a time of siege or of interruption to telegraphic communication, the tower could be used as a centre for optical military signaling for long distances, such as the 70 miles from Paris to Rouen. In such instances an answering signal might be sent from a high hill near at hand.

The immense outlay of work in this great structure cost only 6,500,000 francs, \$1,300,000. There are 27 iron panels, each of which required a separate diagram, that in turn formed the basis of a series of geometrical designs calculated by means of tables of logarithms. The metallic pieces number about 12,000, and the position of each and the places for its rivets had to be decided

without error. In the iron plates were drilled 7,000,000 holes, which if placed end to end would form a tube 43 miles long. There were 500 engineers' designs and 2500 leaves of working drawings. It was necessary to employ 40 designers and calculators for a period of about two years. It is thus seen that the iron forms a vast complicated network, not easily realized when contemplating the gracefulness of the completed tower. The large halls at Levallois-Perret had almost the appearance of a government administration.

M. Eiffel did not employ workmen of special skill, accustomed to very high scaffolding. It was feared that few could be found not subject to vertigo. But in the tower they did not work high in the air, with an open and dangerous footing. They were on platforms 41 feet wide, and as calm as on the ground.

It is proper that two great republics should, regardless of nationality, recognize the constructive genius of M. Eiffel, as they have already done in the instance of M. Bartholdi, designer and constructor of the wonderful statue of Liberty Enlightening the World. Mr. Roebling's great work, the Brooklyn Bridge, thus seems extended into new conditions. The idea of a tower 1000 feet high first assumed definite form, it will be remembered, in the United States, and it remained for a man of constructive genius in another and newer republic to crystallize it into an accomplished fact.¹ The power of thought over the refractory materials of the earth, as shown by the ingenuity of Thomas A. Edison, a power which Emerson illustrated in various ways, is thus emphasized anew. The limits of scientific achievement slowly recede.

William A. Eddy.

BONNY HUGH OF IRONBROOK.

By half past four in the afternoon the breaker at Rainbow Slope was nearly deserted, and the miners were either wending their ways homeward, or reveling in their baths (minus modern conveniences, privacy included); or, having already undergone their daily transformation from imps of darkness to creatures of peculiar fairness, were lounging about in clean shirts, smoking pipes of peace and comfort. Now and then, however, until as late as six o'clock, grimy stragglers might be seen trudging wearily along the coal-dust roads, all tending in the direction of Ironbrook, which was the centre of a string of collieries, although the nearest breaker was fully a quarter of a mile distant, standing in a

hollow behind a long hill; its towering top of charcoal black, surmounted by an eternally ascending plume of white smoke, being all that gave evidence of its existence from the village. The remoteness of the breakers had much to do with the unusual cleanliness of the place, which, except at those hours of the day when the miners were going to or returning from their work, would hardly have been taken for what it was, namely, the oldest and most important mining settlement in the region. It contained few of those hideous stereotyped rows of cottages which characterize the more recent mining villages, and from the hill-tops around its simple dwellings of varied form and color, surrounded by more or less well-kept gardens and set irregularly along the crooked, rocky streets, produced a picturesque

¹ The tower is designed to be 300 metres (984 feet) high. A slight addition, making it 1000 feet, could be easily made.

ness of effect that even a walk through it could not quite dispel.

Across the extreme lower end of one of these climbing streets, which was, in fact, nothing more than a moraine, and had been appropriately christened Featherbed Lane by some waggish person of eld, was a stream, whose clear, reddish-brown water, flowing over what seemed more like chunks of rusty iron than stones, sufficiently indicated its mineral source and gave the settlement its name.

Close by the stream stood, or rather reposed, the smallest and prettiest cottage in all Ironbrook. Its log frame, now concealed by clapboards, was nearly a century old, having been put together by an Englishman, who, before the days of regular mining, undertook to get coal for himself from a broad "surface vein," and gained the doubtful honor of being the first victim of a mine disaster in these parts.

A tall tree hung yearningly above the cottage, as if jealous of the vines that lay lovingly all over its low roof, and cuddled in the corners of its tiny latticed porch. A fence of unpainted boards, nailed lengthwise from post to post, held as in a rude box a minute garden, where shrubs, flowers, and vegetables grew with a generous luxuriance which showed that a contracted space has often room for great breadth of idea.

Six whistles had blown from Rainbow Slope, and were reëchoed with cheerful shrillness by the neighboring breakers, followed by fainter responses from Far Vista, Black Diamond, and Mountain Side. A brown twilight was falling over the village and into the valley below, but behind Long Hill still hung a cloudless sheet of pale October yellow.

Suddenly from the ridge there stood out against this soft luminousness, vivid as jet upon amber, a gigantic silhouette. The hat with its noble sweep of rim and lamp hung high in front, the loose blouse, the dinner-pail swung by a strap

across the shoulders, the baggy trousers tucked in wrinkled boot-tops, all formed a type of outline familiar and common enough hereabouts; but the ideal moulding of those shoulders and limbs could not be concealed under the conventional sooty garb of the miner; the broad hat needed not to be lifted in order to recognize that head, the very poise of which, even when seen at a distance by lurid flickering lights in the dismal gangways below ground, betrayed "Bonny Hugh" to his companions.

He stood one moment only in full relief, and turned as if to go back the way he had come, and stood again for a second, his noble profile cutting into the yellow sky; then he flung himself around, and walked resolutely down the stony lane towards the cottage at its foot.

Leaping lightly over the gate to avoid the tell-tale squeak caused by opening it, he went softly to one of the vine-curtained windows, parted the leaves, and looked in. There was no light in the room save from a tiny grate fire, which reflected brightly from its white-washed brick-work upon two black cats sitting at roasting distance before it, upon an old cushioned rocking-chair drawn up to one side of the hearth, and upon a table set for two, placed in front of a black settle.

In the middle of the room, with his back towards Hugh, stood a man whose Scotch uprightness of hair added several inches to a stature already far from mean, and enabled him fairly to brush the low ceiling when he stood erect. His huge bulk trebled itself in shadow that spread over and darkened one whole side of the room. He was filling a pipe, and presently sat down in the cosy rocking-chair and toasted his stockinged feet, smoking the while luxuriously.

A few moments later a door at the further end opened, and a girl in a pink dress entered, carrying a large steaming bowl, which she placed upon the

table, and then seated herself. The man took his place on the settle, and the cats, not unwilling to exchange one creature comfort for another, left their rug, and jumped up on either side of their master, indulging no vain hopes of a share in the "stir-about."

Hugh had by this sunk down upon his knees and removed his hat, which interfered with the vines. He saw but one thing, — the girl, upon whom all the firelight in the room seemed to shine. It turned her common pink gown to purest rose; it brightened her short brown elf-locks; it flowed around her like a sea; there seemed no shadow where she was; it held her in its embrace of flame; it kissed her hotly from head to foot. Hugh envied the spoon that she put between her red lips; he could in pure jealousy have wrung the neck of one of the cats, who, thinking herself not to have been justly treated on the settle side of the table, had left the master and sought the lap of the mistress.

In his eagerness he touched the window-pane, thus attracting the attention of those within. The man sprang to his feet, and the girl cried out in momentary terror. Hugh bolted through the gate, regardless of squeak and bang, tore up the cobbly hill, and was over its crest and out of sight before Mr. Kidd had reached the door to discover who might be the intruder upon his domestic privacy.

Before Effie's dishes were put away the young men began to come. It sometimes struck Mr. Kidd as remarkable that the young men should so persistently seek his society. Every night in the week a ring of well-scrubbed fellows sat around the fire in the common room, or, the temperature permitting, formed a row of male wall-flowers in the stiff, clean, stuffy-smelling best room.

This best room had an organ with twelve stops, over which hung a shelf

of books, among them those which Mr. Kidd and his wife (now dead) had studied in the old-country school together. The most worn book on the shelf was Burns. A table stood opposite, cluttered with glass vases, china trinkets, an enormous family Bible, and a photograph album of nearly equal dimensions. Against the mock fireplace leaned great slabs of slate fossils and "rainbow coal," and upon the narrow mantel were ranged choice bits of anthracite coated with sulphur and glittering chunks of iron pyrites. These native curios were chiefly presentations to Effie from the young men, who all vied with each other in bringing her the best the bowels of the earth would yield. Her little low chamber in the roof was a perfect museum of such treasures; and Mr. Kidd used to say that if ever Rainbow vein got worked out, they might get all the coal they wanted for the hauling, up-stairs in his house, without the trouble of drill or blast.

And yet he thought the boys came to see him!

He greatly liked the boys, and never wearied of communicating useful information to them. The more worldly wise among them always came primed with questions. They would inquire as to the probable success of engines that could consume culm or the latest thing in ventilating fans, while some whose minds flowed in less scientific channels would seek advice about the readiest way of building a brattice, or the easiest method of using a hand-drill, or what to do with kicking mules. In these or any other matters connected with the mines they always found Mr. Kidd full cocked, and it was only necessary to pull the trigger to insure a steady shower of talk, under cover of which many a sly fellow got a chance at conversation with Effie on the settle against the wall.

Dan Hatty — saucy imp! — who would have dared the devil in his den, used to manage to slip out behind Mr. Kidd's

back into the kitchen and wipe the dishes. It was his dear delight to stand in the crack, flourishing his dish-towel and making faces at the other boys, who sat trying to look solemn while being pelted with Mr. Kidd's solid lumps of wisdom.

One night his love of mischief betrayed him. He was vigorously polishing Mr. Kidd's favorite basin for stir-about, and at the same time making a feint of kissing Effie, who, with both hands in the dish-water, was supposed to be defenseless. But in his desire to arouse the passion of jealousy among his less daring co-mates, and possibly over-tempted by opportunity, he ventured too near, and a splash of hot, soapy water in his face caused him to recoil suddenly and drop the precious bowl upon the floor. The crash brought Mr. Kidd, who uttered some pious Scotch imprecations, and turned Dan out of the kitchen; but the good man could no more put two and two together than he could join the broken bits of his "parritch" basin. Dan mended matters by asking an opinion on the subject of mine-props, and did not venture into the kitchen again for at least two nights.

When John Johns came they always had music. John Johns did not care whether there was fire or not; he could play himself warm any day, and positively sing himself into a fever. When his fine Welsh tenor swelled the walls of the best room almost to bursting with Men of Harlech, or moaned out the Marsh of Rhuddlan, or jingled the Bells of Aberdovey with pathetic sweetness, even Mr. Kidd stopped talk to listen, and after each song would come a request from Dan Hatty to "squawk some more."

For some time the absence of Hugh Wilson from this jolly circle had been very noticeable and much commented upon. The boys teased Effie a good deal about it, implying strongly her accountability, and professing great sym-

pathy with Bonny Hugh in his jilted condition; but every man's heart in him rejoiced at the immense increase of chances for himself which the withdrawal of so important a unit from their number caused. Mr. Kidd, who absolutely ignored the boys' chaffing, and whose mind was always underground, thought he must have offended Hugh in a dispute they had had concerning the car tally; and Dan, after exhausting his wits with frivolous suggestions, at length produced a shout from his audience by declaring that "that pretty fellow was growin' so big he could n't come for fear of bustin' the ceilin' through."

But whoever the accountable person might be, the true reason was known only to Bonny Hugh himself, unless perchance Effie, being a woman, divined it by that sense which is neither sight, nor hearing, nor touch, but is more akin, though in a spiritual way, to the subtle instinct that *scent*s what is distant, indefinite, possible.

Not that Effie at this time gave it any conscious thought. The boys came and went, but she was not a girl to count noses. Such social triumphs as Ironbrook could furnish had been easily and exclusively hers since the days when she had waded, bare-legged, with Dan and John and Hugh and the rest of them in the brown stream, of which her eyes seemed two brimming cupfuls. So far as her manner was concerned, while perfectly cordial and free, a looker-on might have supposed that she shared her father's views as to the object of the young men's visits. But coquetry is planted so deep in some natures that growing-time is nearly over before any tell-tale sprout forces its way to the surface, and it cannot be averred that Effie did not know more than she told. There could be no doubt on this point regarding Hugh. He had a counsel and he kept it, and in so doing he stayed away; that is, he did not appear with the others to take his

share of the lectures and the side-flirting.

He could not absent himself entirely, poor fellow. In these dark autumn days he purposely came home late from work that he might have a peep through the vines, unknown to any, unshared by any, at the girl who filled his heart so full that hardly a drop of blood seemed to pass it when he looked at her.

These were miserable evenings for Hugh, but he had made his choice of evils, and in his present state of mind not to see Effie at all, except by stealth, was preferable to seeing her in the same company with that wild, singing Welshman, John Johns.

The night when he was so nearly caught by Mr. Kidd was a peculiarly painful one; for during the day he had overheard some of the boys talking, and gathered from what they said that John and Effie were getting very "thick." The evening before Effie had followed John into the best room, while the others stayed by the fire, and sung the Ash Grove with him; and everybody knows what the Ash Grove is to a Welshman. It is his Home, Sweet Home, his Wenn die Schwalben, his Normandie. All his patriotism and all his passion are in the magnificent melodious sweep of that song. Hugh felt as if hope's death-knell had sounded, and all day, like melancholy after-vibrations, there fell upon his ear with torturing regularity the liquid syllables and rich intervals of Llwyn On. How he hated the song, now that Effie and John Johns had sung it together!

He had, as we have seen, hesitated before going down the hill that evening for his accustomed peep, feeling that all looks in that direction were henceforth empty folly, but finally he resolved to go and take a last farewell.

As he knelt at the window, embracing fondly with his eyes the bewitching form that he might never hold in his arms, a passionate despair such as he had never

known before seized and tore him. He strained his sight as if he saw her from a vast distance; there seemed indeed miles, leagues, between the ruddy room where sat that pink angel and the outer darkness where his black form crouched. Had he ever sat within and touched her? It all looked so familiar, yet so far away.

As he ran up the hill Hugh had a sense of utter, hopeless banishment that was overwhelming. He was not used to reasoning, and it never occurred to him that Mr. Kidd could not possibly have known who he was.

He felt in his dumb anguish that his best friends had turned on him and chased him from their door. All the old, happy days with Effie came back to him in warm memory waves, which, subsiding, left him chilled, outcast, and stranded.

For the idea of pitting himself against John Johns was too wild to be entertained for an instant. Not only could John Johns sing; he could also write essays upon subjects that were as "Welsh" to Hugh as the language in which they were written, and on Friday evenings, after his work, used to trudge miles, to read these essays before his literary society. Then as to his singing, everybody knew it was too good for Ironbrook. Why, he belonged to the first oratorio society of the valley, and could sing at sight every solo and chorus in the Messiah, Judas Maccabæus, and anything else, for aught Hugh could tell. And if John Johns trained a choir for the Eisteddfod, it was simply a foregone conclusion where all the prizes would go.

What had Hugh to show for all this? He was the handsomest man in Ironbrook, — that was all. He knew that he was handsome, and he knew that everybody else knew it. His nickname had not been bestowed upon him in irony. When people from the city visited Rainbow Slope, they always noticed him and

made remarks about him, with the open shamelessness of tourists. One young woman of culture had pronounced him "an Apollo in black marble," which expression in an unknown tongue caught the ear of a viciously precocious young slate-picker, who christened Hugh "Polly Black," a name which clung to him for a long time.

He had always been quite vain, and since his thoughts had turned on love and Effie he had rejoiced doubly in his own beauty; but what was it worth if she could put up with a fellow whose hair was like molasses candy, and whose legs were joined on at his waist?

Hugh stumbled home through the darkness, and after his bath and supper went to bed, feigning illness, which indeed he truly felt, but of a deep sort that no mother's potions nor coddlings could reach.

Late one afternoon, Hugh was starting out for work on the "night shift," and saw Effie at a distance coming toward him.

He had several times, when huckleberrying on the mountains, met a bear or a wild-cat, and his prowess on these occasions was quite worthy of that boastful shepherd lad, David; but yonder soft girl in her pink dress (by the way, who had ever told Effie that pink became her?), — terrible as an army with banners was she to the man who could have dislocated her little wrist with his thumb and finger.

He tried to think of something he had forgotten, that he might turn back for it; but his mind was a muddle, and on she came, so there was nothing for him but to face the music.

Effie was on her way to Black Diamond, and carried a little basket of goodies for poor Mrs. Walsh, a former neighbor of the Kidds', who had lost her husband and her eldest boy Terry, and was now ill from sorrow and overwork. Effie met Hugh just as he had decided to take a cross-cut to the slope, and with-

out waiting for him to speak hailed him with a charming openness: —

"What's the matter, Hugh, that you have n't been to see us for so long?"

Hugh had on his black oily clothes, and his cheeks were white with the pallor which comes from the insufficiency of day-sleep, while the fine rim of black (that unmistakable mark of a miner) around his large, luminous, intense eyes gave to his extraordinarily handsome face a look unbearable, uncanny. It was also something back of those eyes that made Effie look away after she had asked her naive question.

There was a moment of awkward silence, and then Hugh mumbled out something about working on the night shift.

"But the boys said you'd only just begun night-work, and you have n't been around for more'n a week. Father's asking for you every night."

Hugh was burrowing with his heel in the fine coal dust, and hanging his head so that the lamp swung loose from his hat. He saw that he had not made a brilliant success with his first excuse, and was dumbly cursing himself for not having another ready; but he had never thought of meeting Effie, — he had somehow felt that he should never see her any more; and who could dream that she would pitch into a fellow this way?

"Well, may be I'll come round to-night," he said, and made as if he were going on his way.

"Do come!" exclaimed Effie. "John Johns is going to sing us his new song, — the one he's practicing for a prize at the next contest."

Hugh turned about, striking his foot into the culm so that it spurted like water. His face was blood-red, and his eyes flamed like two angry headlights. "*Curse John Johns!*" he shouted, as if all Ironbrook were more than welcome to hear.

Was it Bonny Hugh using such words? This violent passion in him was new to

Effie, and its suddenness made her grow pale. "I thought you liked John Johns," she faltered. "What's he been doing to you?"

Hugh's face was whiter than ever now, but the terrible look still burned in his blue, black-rimmed eyes.

"Do you think I'd like a fellow that's taken my girl away? You're *my* girl," said he, with an air of outraged ownership, — "not one of them fellows has any right to you but *me*; and as for John Johns" — He stopped, an expression of archangelic scorn completing the sentence.

Effie was not averse to admiration, and she rolled the idea of being a cause of jealousy as a sweet morsel under her tongue; but this brutal appropriation, without a "by your leave," she resented, as any fancy-free girl would do.

"I never heard anything about being your girl or anybody else's girl," she replied, "except father's," and glanced down at her basket as if to intimate that she entertained no thoughts outside her own housekeeping.

Hugh was not looking at her, — he did not dare to, his eyes were not strong enough, — but he saw her all the same; he even saw the demure housewife look, and his heart seemed to turn over in his breast with the vision of Effie at his table, his fireside. He stood dreamily gazing off in the distance, where Far Vista loomed like some huge fossil creature against the sunny afternoon sky, showing through its open timber-work mountain slopes of misty blue.

"I want you for my girl, Effie," he said tenderly; "you don't care for John Johns, do you?"

It was surely a true story, that of the cat turned into a woman; of course the woman would always be more or less of a cat. Effie now felt her prey under her paw, so to speak, and tease it she must. She had never bestowed a serious thought upon John Johns, but Hugh had been unwise enough to betray his

jealousy, thus giving her an advantage over him of which she was quite woman enough to avail herself.

"It's nobody's business who I care for," said she, tossing her head, on which that most unstylish head-gear, a sun-bonnet, sat jauntily in spite of itself, — "least of all *you*, Hugh Wilson." She felt this was mean when she said it, but the delightful new sense of being able to hurt some one so much bigger than herself excited her, and she dashed on recklessly: "John and I are very good friends. He is n't much for good looks, but looks ain't everything, though *some* folks think so; he's very pretty behaved, and father likes him, — father says he's a saving young man" (this pin went in very deep, for Hugh's pockets were like the coal-shoots, and let everything run through); "and he does sing beautiful, — you know that yourself, Hugh Wilson, — and he's going to teach me Welsh, so that I can sing with him."

This was too much. Hugh had been stung by the blow to his vanity, and galled by the allusion to his extravagance; but a handsome fellow can always stand the former, and what spend-thrift was ever seriously touched by the latter? But the suggestion of intimacy implied in Effie's last words fairly scorched the blood in him; his veins withered in the fire. Teach her Welsh indeed! John Johns was coming on!

Rage and love were tearing him to pieces in their mad strife. He never knew what words he used; he was only conscious of a crazy sort of relief in pouring out pell-mell the perilous stuff in his heart. Nor did Effie fully comprehend what he said; she stood like a little flower in a hailstorm, — bent, patient, appalled.

When silence came at length she lifted her head timidly, and caught a look which she never forgot. In another moment Hugh's black form was flying over the ground toward the slope, like a

strayed lost soul suddenly recalled to its place of torment, and Effie was walking as in a dream over the hill to Black Diamond.

Hugh did not go to the Kidds' that night, and indeed weeks passed without their seeing him. Mr. Kidd made constant inquiries concerning his absence, and the Rainbow Slope boys reported him as "grumpy." They also said he worked as if the devil were after him; and Dan Hatty, while wiping the dishes one evening, confided to Effie his suspicion that Hugh was going to the bad pretty fast. "Why, he don't comb that curl of his'n down on to his forehead any more," remarked this shrewd youth; "and I know I smelt liquor on him onst last week."

As for Effie, one "boy" the less or more did not matter. At any rate, the masculine beings about her detected no change in the merry, sweet girl, who treated them all like big brothers. None of them were so very jealous of John Johns, after all. He liked well enough to have Effie sing with him, but was too self-centred to think of much but his own singing, and often sharply criticised and snubbed her after she had done her best.

"You should hear Lizzy Morgan sing *that*," he would say with Cymric bluntness and emphasis.

But love's bandage was too tight around poor Hugh's eyes for him to see anything. His imagination alone led him, and imagination is sometimes a blind guide; so it happened that Hugh got into a very deep ditch. He had two ideas in his mind which he held subject to neither doubt nor dispute: the one, that Effie was in love with John Johns; the other, that he hated "that singing fellow" enough to kill him.

John's work and Hugh's lay far apart, but they often met on the lift going up or down the shaft, and such times were the occasion both of torture and tempta-

tion to Hugh. In their rapid descent of many hundreds of feet, which sucks the very breath out of one unaccustomed to it, he would find himself in fancy strangling the throat that held that beautiful, hateful voice, or twisting the little telescoped body in two.

After these encounters he would work like a fiend; his great strength was trebled, and his drill would go through a breast of coal like a gimlet through a pine board. Those black chambers and corridors were fitting surroundings for the blackness of his thoughts during these days. The dense darkness met and mingled with the gloom in his heart, and gave him a sense of comfort which the upper air, with its autumn shine and sparkle, had no power to bestow.

The Rainbow mine was getting well worked out in its upper vein, but six hundred feet lower lay a fine "red ash" vein, which was now opening, a new shaft having been sunk to that depth.

John Johns had for some time been at work in the air-way of the lower opening.

One morning, Hugh, stopping as usual at the little underground station of the fire-boss, learned that all work in the Red Ash was forbidden until further notice, on account of a dangerous amount of gas in that region; for the air-ways not being completed, the ventilation was as yet defective.

As he came out of the station a man brushed past him, hurrying along the gangway, whom he knew by his "Welsh walk" to be John, though in the darkness he could not see his face. John was going in the direction of the new slope, and it was evident that he had not stopped at the fire-boss's station to learn instructions, and therefore did not know that it was unsafe to go below.

Hugh's heart jumped up and down in him. The fire-boss had just said there was more gas in the Red Ash than he had ever known; no man without a safety-lamp could go in and come

out alive. And John Johns was on his way there now! Good-by to him and his cursed singing!

But Effie! What of her? Hugh's heart suddenly ceased its mad jump, and seemed to fall with a thud and lie still. Effie! Effie with a broken heart! Effie stretched out senseless with the stroke of sorrow, or sitting with streaming eyes, clenching her little hands like one demented!

Could Hugh look upon this picture? Not for one moment.

He would overtake John and warn him — for what? That he might return safe to Effie? That he might sing himself into her heart, lie in her arms, be blessed by her love? Never! Let him go; he knew his own business; if he chose to rush into danger, what was it to Hugh?

Hugh was plunging along through the heavy culm, ground fine by the heels of miners and the hoofs of mules, totally absorbed in his own thoughts. The thundering of a long train of loaded cars, drawn by unusually spirited mules and driven by a hooting demon, which might have shattered a not over-sensitive tympanum, had no effect upon the inner ear of this youth who was undergoing his first real conflict with the evil in his own heart, — evil blacker than the blackest of earth's unlighted caverns, deeper than any shaft could reach, more dreadful and destructive than the foulest vapor that ever gathered to choke out men's lives.

He strode unconsciously past the chamber where his own work lay, following hard after John; not as one who flies to save, but rather like an avenger of blood.

Suddenly he came to a full stop. Where was he going? What did he intend to do? He leaned back against a prop, his head in a whirl. A sickness of soul crept over him, invisible, stupefying, like the "white damp." Would he kill John Johns or wish him dead?

Had he wished him dead? He hardly knew.

A blast of cold air, caused by the opening of one of the doors placed at intervals to direct the ventilation of the gangways, brought strength to his weakening senses. Simultaneously came a strong, warm rush of feeling, — his love for Effie. What else was of any account? She loved him not, but he — *he* loved. There was always a debt to pay for such loving; he could do this for her, — nothing else in the wide world could he do but this. His heart gave a great, exultant, vivifying throb at the thought of serving her, and his spirit leaped free from its chains, rejoicing in self-conquest.

He darted down a transverse corridor toward the Red Ash slope, stumbling as he ran, but picking himself up again, mad to regain lost time and overtake John before he could reach the "heading" that led to the fatal air-way. John was meanwhile safely returning by the lift, having gone down, furnished with a safety-lamp (which Hugh had not observed), to fetch some of his implements left there on the previous evening.

When Hugh made the last turn before coming to the door that shut off the new part, he peered eagerly ahead to catch, perchance, a sight of John, calling his name wildly; but the flaring light upon his hat penetrated but a few paces before him, and no human answer came back to him in those reëchoing halls. He almost tumbled against the huge door, and, finding no one, opened it recklessly and rushed through, — rushed into a solid mass of flame, for his open lamp had instantly fired the slumbering deadly gas, that cracked with its igniting like many rifle-shots. Hugh threw himself forward on the ground, but jets of gas spouted out from every cranny, lighted by the sheet of fire above.

He lay for an instant, licked all over by the fierce flames, but remembering

that the door was standing open, he managed to crawl back, shutting it upon the burning gangway; then he fell, and groveled and agonized in the black dust, until some of his fellow-workmen, attracted by the explosion from a distant part of the mine, came and carried him away.

All the long winter, while Hugh was slowly recovering from his deep burns, life went on at Ironbrook as life always goes on, — relentlessly, with heartless cheerfulness and zest. Mr. Kidd's hearthstone seemed to have lost none of its attractive charm, nor had Mr. Kidd himself any reason to feel that his sun of popularity was setting. How the boys did like him, to be sure, and what jolly boys they were!

The absence of two former *habitués* of his ingleside, though duly noted, cast no permanent gloom upon the spirits of those who sat nightly in the roseate fire-light. How could it while the "dancin' lowe" still leaped to meet an answering flicker in certain brown eyes, and laid loving, warm fingers upon two cheeks that turned the redder for its touch?

Without doubt that melodious warbler John Johns was much missed. Mr. Kidd, who never could be made to understand why voices do not grow in every throat, was constantly calling for a song, to which call Dan Hatty not infrequently responded; his vocal performances resembling nothing so much as the abortive crow of a rooster that by reason of his callow youth is fitter to grace a gridiron than a fence.

John was now entirely devoted to Miss Lizzy Morgan, whose singing and nationality together had proved a combination which to one of his clannish nature was quite irresistible.

Nor must it be thought that Hugh was forgotten. Dan was his devoted friend during his long affliction, visiting him every Sunday, and bringing back

bulletins of his condition. One Monday evening, toward spring, Dan was very dumpish. When asked how he had found Hugh the day before, he replied that "they'd taken off his swaddlin' clo'es, and dressed him like a Christian." Mr. Kidd inquired whether he was much scarred about the face, and Dan responded that "he'd seen him look handsomer;" but no more remarks would he make on this or any other subject that night. Once, when some of the other boys who had paid a visit to Hugh began talking about his appearance just as Effie was entering the room, Dan's chair suddenly became tipsy and precipitated him upon the floor, which incident turned the conversation effectually among this easily diverted crowd.

One day early in April, Effie was returning from one of her frequent expeditions to Black Diamond. Coming over the hill and beginning to descend the steep, rough street, she spied far ahead of her a man, walking slowly. At twice that distance she would have known him. There was but one man in Ironbrook with such shoulders and legs.

He was not in his working-clothes, and lounged along as if no business pressed, with bent head, kicking the small stones as he went. Effie had been told that Hugh was out of the hospital, and felt truly glad at the news; so she hastened forward that she might felicitate him upon his recovery and return home.

As she came up behind him he heard her step, and turned involuntarily. Her mouth was open to speak, but only a cry of horror came forth. Who was this she had been following?

Hugh covered his poor marred face with two limp, twisted hands, and shrank together as if a sudden blight had struck him.

Effie's own countenance was terrible to behold. There was one moment of tragic silence, in which she stood gazing

at the mighty form cowering so piteously before her; then came the words, "Oh, Hugh, Hugh!" and he was left standing alone, still striving vainly to hide what the fire had done for love's sake.

Effie ran home by a kind of instinct, for her outer senses were all benumbed. She rushed immediately up to her little roof chamber, and, shutting herself in, gave way utterly to tears.

But while weeping herself blind, there hung ever before her inner vision an image of the seamed, drawn face, — the face of Bonny Hugh, never to be bonny again. The pity of it so smote her heart that it seemed unendurable. Then she remembered how he had tried to conceal his hideousness, crouching as in shame before her; and it came to her like a stab that she had shown only horror at the sight of him, and nothing that he might construe as sympathy. How could she have run away and left him without telling him how sorry she felt? But perhaps he would not have liked that.

It all came so unexpectedly upon her. If Dan had only prepared her for the change in Hugh! It had never occurred to her that his burns would disfigure him. Then she had shrunk away as if in disgust, when in reality her heart had never so gone out to him before. Yes, this was something she could not hide from herself any longer. A little feeling had been slowly creeping into her heart all winter, — such a little, little feeling that she had hardly taken any notice of it; she only knew now by looking back that it was there all the time. The evenings had not been so pleasant as formerly, and she had thought it was John Johns that she missed; now she knew it was Hugh.

And Hugh, — how he loved her! He had always loved her. She gazed around her little room, crowded with its geological treasures; she knew who had given her each piece, and at least two

thirds of them had come from Hugh. Then those passionate words of his, last autumn, when he had cursed his supposed rival, and she had let him think she cared for John. Yet it was in trying to save John that he had got burned. It was for her, for her! She knew it all now; why had it never come to her before?

Gratitude, pity, love, crowded together in her breast. How her spirit flew to him! It was not here; it surrounded and enfolded him in its motherliness. Her soul almost burst with a woman's yearning to help, to comfort, — yes, to protect the strong man she loved, as love can protect even though the arm be weak. But to these warm thoughts succeeded an icy chill. Never, never would Hugh speak to her of love again.

Effie sat staring out of the low window, her eyes dry, and all life turned black. Through the faintly green trees on the hill opposite the mountains gleamed a rich blue, — blue like huckleberries, like Hugh's eyes; poor eyes, bloodshot and with patched lids. No, he would never ask her to look into them with love; and yet — she would give her own two beaming eyes to be asked.

But it could not be. They would live, grow old, die, side by side, and never would he know how she valued his self-sacrificing love, nor that she loved him so that nothing, nothing could ever seem too hard for her to bear, if only —

What is shining in Effie's face? Not the sun, for it is behind the house; not its reflection, for the delicate spring tints offer at this hour but a mild absorbing mirror for its rays. The light is in Effie's heart, within which a thought has risen like a sun, and all the earth is bright again.

Her father's voice roused her, calling up and asking why his bath was not ready. She hastened down, smiling, and still smiled, although he stormed and scolded at having to sit in his mining clothes while the water was heating.

Days passed, but the light did not leave Effie's face, — that strange light of resolve. Yet she had not seen Hugh again. He had returned to work in a new position, that of fire-boss at Far Vista, for his burnt hands were unable to hold a drill and do miner's work.

One Sunday afternoon Effie started off with her basket, not to the Walshes' this time, but to gather arbutus up by "the old opening," a wild ravine, where the first outcroppings of coal had been found; the cliff on one side now a mere shell covering a vast, coal-lined cavern, and supported by a few gigantic pillars of solid anthracite.

The ravine was very beautiful on this lovely spring day. Its northern side, rustily carpeted with last year's winter-greens and arbutus, and picked out in the light green of budding trees, smiled cheerfully across at the frowning black openings, while its little brook foamed down over variegated slaty rocks, in very pride of life, from swelling springs above.

Effie ascended the steep path with sprightly step, her veins full of the spring, and her eyes bright with the smile that ever abode in her heart.

All at once she saw Hugh sitting on a ledge in front of one of the openings. His hat was off, showing to the full the sad ravages of the fire-damp. He sat with downcast face, unconscious of all about him.

Effie stood still, feeling as if a shot had passed through her. She was one throbbing pulse from head to foot.

Could she go on?

She had looked forward to this for days, — to meeting Hugh alone and speaking to him; and there he was, and here she was, rooted, unable to speak, longing to fly.

A bird's clear note rang out from the opposite cliff. Hugh looked up and saw Effie, then quickly seized his hat and drew it down over his brows. This brought Effie to his side in an instant.

"Oh, Hugh, I am so glad to see you!" she exclaimed.

Hugh gave a sort of groan, and turned away from her.

"Hugh," she persisted, "won't you let me speak to you? It's been so long since I had the chance, and I" — Here her voice suddenly broke off.

He did not reply, and Effie stood silently, the little basket fallen to the ground, and her hands clasped tightly before her. How she longed to throw her arms around him, and caress the head that once held itself so proudly erect, and now cowered under its pulled-down hat!

Presently with a great effort he spoke. It was the first time she had heard his voice in many months, and it sounded strangely to her, so low and choked it was.

"Effie," he said, "you'd better go away. You don't want to be talking to me. I'm a pretty fellow for you to be talking to!"

Were these, then, his first words to her after so long a time? Did he tell her to go away? Should a loving heart find no reward but this? There was a lump in her throat, and her eyes smarted with the tears that did not fall. She would not cry; no, he should not know how he made her suffer. As she waited beside him she remembered their meeting of the week before: she had hurt him then; it was on that account he treated her so to-day. How could she make amends? Could she tell him the truth, — that she had been frightened at the sight of him? Poor amends that!

But something must be said, and soon too. She tried to speak with cheerfulness.

"I do want to talk to you, Hugh. Was n't I always willing to talk to you?"

"You like singing better," said he sullenly, "and I can't sing."

A happy thought struck her. "Do

you know, Hugh, John is going to marry Lizzy Morgan. He's with her all the time."

"I'm sorry for you, then."

"Oh, you need n't be sorry for me. I don't care who he marries. He would n't think of marrying anybody but a Welsh girl, you know. Did you think?" — She paused, and then added hesitatingly, clasping her hands more tightly than ever, "Did you think I'd marry a Welshman, Hugh?"

It was the veritable fiery Hugh of old that sprang to his feet, and stood towering above her on the crumbling ledge, oblivious of his burns and disfigurement. Passion had long lain speechless, but now had found a tongue.

"What do you come here for?" he said. "Why don't you leave me alone, now that you've broken my heart? You let me think you'd marry him, and it near killed me, and I—I'd have killed him—once I would; I'd have killed him for love of you. I loved you, Effie; all them fellows together could n't love you as I did; they don't know nothing about loving the way I do. Why, Effie," and he tried to clench his limp red fingers, "you've been just a bit of me ever since we was little. I don't know how to live without you. I ain't a man without you!"

The present had so overcome him that his words unconsciously took the present form. Suddenly he remembered, and groaned at the memory.

Silence fell upon them both, and upon all around them. The little brook whispered to itself for a few moments, and the bird stopped singing. Effie's hands were still clasped, and Hugh's dangled uselessly at his sides.

Eternity is neither short nor long; it

is an environment, simply; it is the atmosphere in which a soul breathes free from the flesh, and has nothing to do with duration.

Effie felt like a disembodied spirit.

When at length she lifted her eyes and looked upon the dear ruined countenance, she saw not it, but Hugh, that loved and loving entity. There was no longer any struggle, any movement of maiden modesty. She said in the tone of one who prays, —

"I love you, Hugh."

He threw himself down before her.

"Oh, Effie, don't, don't, — you can't love me! What am I, — what am I?" and he covered his face and wept aloud, the tears falling piteously between his fingers. "My life is gone, Effie. I can't offer it to you; I can't ask you to marry me."

"No," she said: "I knew you would n't ask me, and so — so that was the reason I thought I'd ask you, Hugh!" and she opened to him her arms, the doors of that sanctuary, her breast, whereon he laid his poor scarred head, and forgot the deadly peril that had blasted his beauty and his hopes together, forgot the anguish bitterer than death, forgot all but Effie and her love.

As they walked down the narrow path together, a low red sun shone straight up the ravine. Hugh's head was bent, but in pride now, not in shame, while he looked into Effie's bright face, all pink and white, like the arbutus she had forgotten to pick.

The bird whistled a good-night after them, and the woods and waters settled back with a sigh to the peace which this unwonted outburst of human passion had so rudely disturbed.

Edith Brower.

A WORLD OF ROSES.

SHE had a world of roses
For half a wondrous day.
(It was the thorny season,
The summer far away.)

From space unknown they rallied,
By rhythmic charm compelled;
Their faces pale or crimson
Close to her own they held.

She laughed amid her rose-guard, —
It was a merry rout,
That mocked the thorny season,
And shut its white face out.

Each rose its heart did open,
All tropic rich and sweet;
Each rose-heart, kind and courtly,
With her own heart did beat.

Untouched by time or canker,
They fled, and left no trace.
(And then the thorny season
Thrust in its blanchèd face.)

Had she not wiselier chosen
For every day a rose,
Instead of this brief revel
From elfland's garden-close?

Howe'er it be I know not;
This only will she say,
"I had my world of roses
For half a wondrous day!"

Edith M. Thomas.

RAWDON BROWN AND THE GRAVESTONE OF "BANISHED
NORFOLK."

It is five years since Rawdon Brown died. His name is not widely known, but the students of the history of Venice are familiar with it as that of the author and editor of invaluable books, and of the

scholar who knew the city and its story as no one else did. The readers of the *Stones of Venice* and of Ruskin's later writings will recall his not infrequent affectionate and grateful references to

Mr. Brown, his "old and tried friend;" and so long as any one remains alive who was honored by Rawdon Brown's friendship, his memory will be cherished with a peculiar tenderness and freshness of regard. He was one of the kindest of men; an English gentleman in the full meaning of the term; Oxford bred, of the old-fashioned conservative type, hating modern innovations, loving the poetry and the picturesqueness of the past; solitary in his mode of life, but of a social disposition, and with a pleasant vein of humor, a wide range of culture, and quick sympathies that made him a delightful host. He had come to Venice as a young man, and he spent the last fifty years of his life there, never, I believe, revisiting England during all that time. "I never wake in the morning but I thank God," he said, "that he has let me spend my days in Venice; and sometimes of an evening, when I go to the Piazzetta, I am afraid to shut my eyes, lest when I open them I should find it had all been a dream." This century of democracy, the common modern men and common modern manners, were not to his liking. "My friends now and then ask me if I am not coming back to England. I tell them no, I could not live in England; I have been living too long with *gentlemen*." He did not mean with contemporaries, — there are few gentlemen left in Venice; the old families have died out, or gone away; he meant with the gentlemen such as built the palaces of Venice, such as Tintoret and Titian painted.

His home for many years was the upper part of the so-called Casa della Vida, "the house of the vine," once the Casa Gussoni, on the reach of the Grand Canal just above the Ca' d' Oro. The Gussoni were great people in the sixteenth century, and when this palace was built its front wall was painted by Tintoret, with two grand figures suggested by Michelangelo's Dawn and Twilight. Faint traces of them remained twenty years

ago, but in the last century, though already much faded, enough of them was visible to admit of their being engraved by Zanotti in his precious volume on the Paintings in Fresco by the principal Venetian masters. The engravings are ill-drawn and coarsely executed, but they are sufficient to give an impression, to one who knows Tintoret's work, of the power and splendor of the original design. In his apartment, furnished with English comfort, Mr. Brown had surrounded himself with a store of Venetian treasures, gradually accumulated during his long residence in the city at a time when the old houses were breaking up and their possessions were scattered. His means had enabled him to gratify his tastes as a scholar and an antiquary. His working-room was filled with manuscripts, books, documents, and adorned with paintings and engravings and a hundred pieces of minor art and curiosity. The walls of his dining-room were painted with cheerful scenes from Venetian life in the eighteenth century, taken from the designs of Longhi, the Goldoni of painting, whose pictures are always lively, gay, and full of the character of a charming, vanished society, which even in its decay retained a more poetic quality than was to be found elsewhere in Europe.

One day, sitting here after dinner, he told me the story of his coming to Venice. It was in the summer of 1833. His friends warned him against going there, for fear of cholera, but he was young and fearless, and he was inflamed with curiosity to find the burial-place of Mowbray, Shakespeare's Duke of Norfolk. He had been inspired by the noble verses in Richard II., in which, Bolingbroke having declared that Norfolk shall be repealed, —

"And, though mine enemy, restored again
To all his lands and signories," —

the Bishop of Carlisle replies, —

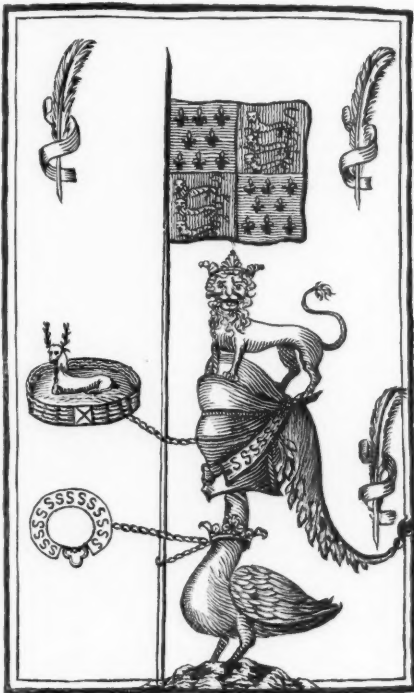
"That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought

For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens ;
And toil'd with works of war, retired himself
To Italy ; and there at Venice gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long."

"It was with these verses in my head that I came to Venice," said Mr. Brown, "to find Mowbray's grave if I could. The Venetian scholars to whom I brought letters had never heard of Mowbray. They could tell me nothing. I got access to the archives of state, and to the store of historical manuscripts in the library of St. Mark's. I grew more and more interested in the search, and through it in the history of Venice ; but for a long time I could discover nothing. I gathered, indeed, that Mowbray had been honorably interred within the precinct of St. Mark's, and that not long after his death his family had asked leave from the Signory of Venice to take his body from 'that pleasant country's earth,' and to carry it home. The request was refused, but at length, in 1533, one hundred and thirty-four years after Mowbray's death, after more than one renewal of the petition, permission was granted, and his bones were taken to his native land. This was all ; the exact place where he had been buried, the monument that had marked his grave, were unknown. But I was now settled in Venice, and I never gave up the hope of finding out.

"Years passed, and nothing more turned up, till one day, by mere chance, turning over the pages of a little volume published in 1682 by a Frenchman named Freschot, who was living then in Venice, supporting himself by his rather scanty wits, my eye fell on a most remarkable plate. Let me get the book."

The book was called *Li Pregi della Nobiltà Veneta abbozzati in un Giuoco d'Arme*. It had but one plate, but that certainly was curious enough. Here is a copy of it, of the size of the original.



"You see," continued Mr. Brown, "what *armoiries parlantes* it shows. Freschot explains them all with great diffuseness as symbols of the majesty and sovereignty of Venice. But strangely arranged as they are, with no heraldic propriety, any eye versed in English heraldry sees instantly that they are English in origin and significance. The plate, says Freschot, represents a sculptured marble on the outer wall of the Ducal Palace, under the gallery that faces the Canal, looking toward San Giorgio Maggiore. It instantly struck

me that this was the monumental slab set over his tomb in memory of Mowbray. Here was the banner of Richard II., borne by Mowbray as the Earl Marshal of England. At the sides were the three Feathers of the Principality of Wales, which, owing to the king's having no son, remained merged in the crown from 1377 till the murder of Richard in 1399. Beneath the banner was the Mowbray Lion and Cap of Maintenance. To the left was the White Hart in a pale, the cognizance of Richard II., attached by a chain to a helmet which is beneath the Mowbray Cap and united to it by the collar of the Garter. This helmet conceals the head of the White Swan, the cognizance of Henry of Hereford, Bolingbroke. The Swan has a coronet round his neck, attached by a chain to the staff of the banner and to a collar of the Garter beyond. The meaning seems clear: it is Mowbray's boast, symbolized by his Lion standing upon the Helmet that covers the Swan, that it was Richard's protection alone that saved the Swan from the Lion, or, in plain words, that sheltered Bolingbroke from Mowbray's power. With a little study it all came out clear. But where was this monumental stone now? It was no longer where Freschot had seen and copied it. What had become of it since 1682? I consulted my old friend the librarian of St. Mark's, a good antiquary, but he had never heard of the stone; he could only fancy that it might have been taken from the place where Freschot saw it, during the French occupation of the city, in the first years of the century, when some ruthless changes and repairs were made in the palace. The *proto*, or master mason of the works done at that time, was dead, but his brother, who had worked with him, was still alive, and with a friend I hurried off to see him. He was old and ill in bed, but we insisted, and got speech of him. All to no purpose; he could re-

member nothing about such a stone, was sure he had never seen it. 'Why should I trouble a sick man about such a silly trifle?' Well, there was nothing to be got from him, and nothing from any one else whom I asked.

"So time went on. But one Christmas Day, or the day before Christmas, I was rowing over to the Lido, and as I passed in front of the palace I thought of the stone, and it came into my head that I had never asked about it of an old mason named Spira, the worthiest of masons, a genuine conservative, whom I had employed when I was putting the Ca' Dario in order, and whom I had often noticed for the care and reverence which he had for the old work. So, when I came back from my row, I took Freschot from the shelf, and gave it to Tony here, bidding him carry the book to Spira, show him the plate, and ask him if he had ever seen anything like it. Then the thing went out of my head; but that evening, as he was serving me at dinner, Tony said to me that Spira knew all about it, and was waiting outside to tell me what he knew. I could n't believe my ears. I had Spira in at once, and said to him, 'Good God! Spira, do you know about that stone? Be careful what you say.' 'But, your Signoria,' said he, 'I know all about it, and I am the only man in Venice who does, and I have a good right to know it. I almost lost my life for that stone.' Then he went on to tell me that he had been one of the workmen employed when the French—Lord bless them!—were hacking away, French fashion, on the Doge's palace. They took this stone out of the wall on the front, as good a stone as ever was, and they had it put in the court; and one day the overseer of the works ordered him to chip off the carving and make the face smooth, so that it might serve for a block in the pavement. But Spira did not like the job, and employed himself otherwise, till a day or two afterwards, the

Frenchman, noticing that his order had not been obeyed, grew angry, bade Spira do what he was ordered, and directed that the stone should be laid in the pavement of the terrace that joins the church and the palace. 'So,' said Spira, 'I still would not spoil the stone. I thought it would answer as well to work the other side;' and he turned the stone over, face down, smoothed the back, cut away as little as possible round the edges to fit it to the space where it was to go, and then got help as speedily as possible to hoist it to the terrace, and have it laid, face downward still, before the Frenchman should come round again and find out that the carving had not been touched. 'But are you sure,' said I, 'that this was the very stone?' 'Sure?' replied he. 'I am not likely to be mistaken, for when we were hoisting it into place I got such a fall from the ladder as to stun me, and they took me up for dead; and when they found I was not killed, they cut the mark of a cross on the stone on which I fell, and there, your Signoria, you can see it any day with your own eyes.' And there, the next day, Spira showed it to me, and showed me too, in the pavement above, the back of the Mowbray stone I had been hunting for so long.

"Then I laid my plans to get it. There would be no use in asking the Austrian authorities for permission to remove it. They were too suspicious; they would have fancied some plot. So I told Spira I must have that stone, but must get it secretly, and bade him make a slab of precisely similar quality and dimensions. Then I went to the good old librarian, and asked leave to go freely upon the terrace, access to which was through the rooms under his charge, to make a drawing from it. I asked also that my servant might come and go with me, to carry my easel and other things. My old friend made no difficulty, and so day after day I went, till people got used

to seeing persons at work in this place, which was commonly closed and vacant. Before long Spira came to tell me the new stone was ready; then I told him to get a man whom he could trust, and with him and Tony to bring the stone down that afternoon, with all the means for raising the old one and setting the new in its place, and to do the work as quietly and expeditiously as possible. When it should be done, and the Mowbray slab should be in my boat, at the back entrance to the palace on the Canal, Tony was to come to me, who would be in the library, at hand to explain if any question should arise or any unforeseen difficulty be encountered. All went well. It was late in the winter afternoon when Tony appeared and said the boat was waiting to take me home. I went down, and there it was, covered with a cloak. I got it safely to my house, and then looked at it. Yes, it was the real stone that had been set up as a memorial of Norfolk, just as Spira had said, just as Frescot had engraved it, except that at the top it bore the inscription, omitted in the engraving and affording a new proof of its genuineness, *ADI XXII SETEMBRIO MCCCIC*, — the date of Mowbray's death.

"The next thing was to get it out of Venice and to England. An English vessel was in port, and I arranged with the captain to take it. He was to sail in about three weeks. Before it should go I thought I would have a cast of it made. But this was not done when, one day, much short of the appointed time, the captain sent me word that he must sail early the next morning. I bade Tony fetch the *formatore* and his man at once, and keep them at work, with abundant supply of wine, till the mould should be made. They were to work all night, if needful. It was three in the morning when Tony came to tell me the work was done, but that there was such a fog that you could not see your hand before you. Never mind; I

knew the way down the Canal blindfold. The stone was put in the boat, Tony and I, Spira and his man, at the oars. It was dark indeed, and, to my shame be it said, I missed the place where the vessel was moored, and brought up at San Giorgio instead of close to the Piazzetta. But then I knew just where we were, made for the vessel, and found that she had sailed an hour before! We must chase her, and just as we got to the entrance of the port the sun was near rising and the fog lifted a little. I looked up, and there was the stern of the vessel above me. The slab was hoisted on board. It got safely to England, and when you are next there you must go to Corby Castle and see it."

Not long afterwards, Mr. Brown went on to relate, he told the authorities in

Venice what he had done, and gave them a cast from the stone. They took it all in good part, and the cast was set up in that hall in the Ducal Palace from which one enters the stairway above which is Titian's fresco of St. Christopher. There is a glowing inscription beneath the cast in honor of Rawdon Brown, the illustrious investigator of the history and monuments of Venice. The love of Rawdon Brown for Venice and his services to her deserved this public record. In a letter written when he had been almost fifty years a Venetian, he said, speaking of the death of an old English friend, "It seems to me to bode my own speedy departure hence, and always with gratitude to the Almighty for having been allowed to pass so great a portion of my life here."

Charles Eliot Norton.

THE GERMAN GYMNASIUM IN ITS WORKING ORDER.

GERMAN schools may be divided into three leading classes: the Gymnasium, the Real-school, and the Bürger-school. The gymnasium ranks first, not only in regard to patronage,—it is favored by those holding high rank in life by merit, position, and birth, which does not, however, exclude a large attendance of other classes,—but also in regard to the results at which it aims. And why? Because the gymnasia are schools where pupils are trained, not for a special walk in life, but to bring them under the influence of such general truths and such general instruction as shall not only help them most effectually in any studies and professional pursuits they may enter upon later in life, but shall remain a storehouse of ideas and acquirements which neither rust nor moth consumes, from which the recipients are able to draw comfort and delight in all vicissitudes of life, and which give the stu-

dent the sure means for further intellectual development. The very word "gymnasia" suggests what these schools are, namely, *palestræ*; not for the body, however, but for the mind, preparing and strengthening the student for intellectual life. Their aim, as is stated in the educational constitution of these schools, is not merely to help the student in acquiring such a degree of classical and scholarly education as is needed for a thorough understanding of the systematic and learned lectures at the universities, but to equip him with a mode of thinking and feeling which befits ennobled humanity. In this way the gymnasia have done their work for many decades; and if we review their history, we cannot but pay them the tribute that, though conservative, they have been duly progressive, too; that they have adhered to the principle both of "go ahead" and of "hold fast."

The materialistic tendency of the age, to be sure, they have never favored, and as this materialistic tendency has gained ascendancy they have severed themselves from the newly rising schools in which learning and intellectual pursuits are treated rather as the means than as the end to be attained. Not that they have left their programmes unchanged during the last century, but they have always maintained firmly that "carrying utilitarian principles into their curriculum would lower their standard, and would deprive those who desire them of higher intellectual blessings, and thus would not satisfy their demands on life." There is a vast difference, as a great writer has said, between worshiping science as a high, heavenly goddess and regarding it merely as a fine cow which provides us with butter.

The name "gymnasia" as applicable to schools dates back as far as the sixteenth century, and the record of some of these schools extends even to the fourteenth century, although the term became generally established for all schools of the highest grade only in the year 1812; some having passed until then by such names as college, lyceum, etc. This historic background has by no means been unimportant and insignificant in the development of the gymnasia at large. Whether we are conscious of it or not, the historic spirit does hold a mighty sway over us all, — age implying experience, — and I do not think at the present day the firmness of the system, which does not bear the slightest mark of experimenting, could be maintained in these schools if it were not for historic growth and historic results that speak so much in their favor; for the large majority of German scholars who have stocked the libraries with valuable works in all branches of learning were bred in these schools.

In former centuries they were independent, but of late they have all come under the supervision of the state gov-

ernment, which has laid out one universal course for all of them; inspects them through its commissioners; insists most rigidly, without any regard to numbers, upon the maintenance of the prescribed standard; and tests the teachers before considering them competent to fill a position. The Germans have always been treated more or less like children by the government. Can we wonder that the government assumed a paternal position in the most important phase of life, education? Moreover, it has not abused this position. To be sure, this paternal government has often proved a drawback to the people; it has tended to deprive them individually of a feeling of self-reliance and independence of action, which, in their places, deserve due admiration; but in schools this supervision and provision have had the very best influence, keeping up a high judicious standard of intellectual development independent of any popular interference, and thus securing and preserving unspeakable blessings. I do not wish to give the impression that the educational system of Germany or of any other country could by its excellence claim the right of being transferred just as it is to another country. No educational system is transferable *in toto*. The very difference that exists between the character and life of various nations would make such a scheme impracticable. Countries may learn from each other, but each must work out its own national education. Here, too, as in so many spheres of life, the maxim holds good that "one thing is not befitting for all," and it applies especially in regard to discipline. Having been for sixteen years a teacher in American schools, which means as many years as I was a student in German institutions, I have arrived at the firm conviction that American boys can be managed to better advantage by what I may call the American method of discipline, which consists to a great extent of a judicious

appeal to the manliness and honor of the boys, than by the German method, which is rather an absolutism on the part of the teacher. But the German boy is by nature differently constituted; his surroundings, his home life, the whole aspect of private and public life, are different; his future differs in all these respects. Next to complete mastery of the subjects to be taught and natural or acquired ability for imparting knowledge, the most essential requisite for real success on the part of the teacher is sound judgment and understanding of the very character of those he has to deal with, and of the circumstances under which they live and will have to live. There is a dissimilarity of national character and life which must be taken into account with reference to pedagogy in shaping the educational system.

The regular German gymnasium is divided into six classes, Prima, Secunda, Tertia, Quarta, Quinta, Sexta; the upper three forms requiring a course of two years each, the lower three a course of one year each, so that the time a pupil is expected to spend at the gymnasium amounts to nine years in all. A boy who is to enter Sexta must have passed his ninth year, and must prove by written and oral examinations, to be held in the presence of all the faculty, that he has had such a preparation as is equivalent to three years' regular instruction in a public school or private fitting-school of good standing. He must be able to read ordinary German and Latin type with fluency; must be acquainted with the elementary rules of the parts of speech; must be capable of following dictation of easy German in good, plain writing without any gross mistakes in spelling; must be firm in the principles of addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division of whole numbers; must be acquainted with the outlines of the history of the Old and New Testaments; must have some ele-

mentary knowledge of geography, especially of the geography of the state in which he lives; and must have acquired the first elements of drawing. This seems, indeed, a large requirement for a boy at the age of nine or ten, but it is accomplished, and how? During the earlier years the whole tendency of the instruction is to have the boy do as much work as possible in the class-room, under the guidance of the teacher. Consequently the number of recitations appears exorbitant during that period, but we must take into consideration that the hours for preparing the lessons are comparatively few. All the principles involved in the lesson have been most carefully explained and practically applied beforehand, so that it requires comparatively little time to get the lessons ready for recitation. In this way much misapplied time and useless labor are saved, there is little to be unlearned, and at an early age the boy becomes acquainted with proper habits of thinking and working. The large number of hours in the gymnasium, especially for the lower forms, must likewise be considered from this point of view, else thirty or thirty-two hours a week—that is, from seven to eleven in summer, eight to twelve in winter, during the forenoon, and two to four during the afternoon, with the exception of Wednesday and Saturday, when no afternoon sessions are held—would seem an unreasonable amount for a boy at the age from nine to fourteen. But during this period it took us, to the best of my recollection, only one hour and a half or two hours a day to prepare our lessons; and the study-hours were chosen judiciously, so that we might do good work in the least possible time. Work never followed closely upon a substantial meal, for "*Plenus venter non studet libenter*" is a maxim with which we became early acquainted, and which I should like to translate into English thus: The condition of digesting a heavy

meal is not the proper condition for doing good mental work. We were, as a rule, not allowed to eat as much as we felt inclined to, nor at all times when it suited our pleasure; and, on the whole, everything was avoided that might interfere with our work and distract our minds when we were studying. The hours of play were strictly divided from those of study, absolute quiet was required and provided for when we prepared our lessons, and from the very beginning we learned to look at work earnestly, as at something which demanded our full and undivided attention. Nine hours for sleep, seven or eight hours for work, and seven or eight hours for recreation is, after all, a division of time that will not injure the health of an average boy between nine and fourteen. The excellent methods of guidance on the part of the teachers, together with the judicious regulation of life in general, enabled us to accomplish, with such a division of time, the large requirements set before us at that age, and at the same time imbued us early with habits of punctuality, order, resignation, earnestness, and concentration, which contribute greatly to the saving of time, and thus permit a larger amount of work to be done.

All this could readily be effected by the mutual understanding which existed between teachers and parents. As a rule, the father of the boy had been in the gymnasium himself, and valued highly what he had carried away from it. He listened to no complaints on the part of the boy; he had the utmost confidence in the teachers whose competency had been so thoroughly tested, and he granted them the privilege of advising him as to the best plans and methods to which the life and work of the boy should conform outside of school. The student whose parents did not reside in the town where the gymnasium was located could live only in such families as were recommended by the

principal, and was visited constantly in his quarters by the teachers who watched his habits. If a boy were seen too much in the street at times when he ought to study, both he and his guardians were given warning. The teacher was, indeed, everything to the boy,—he was *the* absolute authority; and disagreeable as it seemed at times even to the naturally submissive German student, as a rule he looks back upon these stern masters with gratitude and respect; for not only were they able men, but they labored day and night for the welfare of those entrusted to them, and for the purpose of securing high attainments at an early age they took a great deal of work upon their own shoulders.

The subject which is always placed first in the catalogue of any gymnasium is religion. It absorbs three hours a week in the lower forms, and two in the upper. The course includes Bible history, catechism, with memorizing of Bible verses as references and of old church hymns, Bible reading with exegesis, moral philosophy as based upon the teachings of Christianity, and church history. The teachers of religion are invariably theologians, it being the law that no religious instruction shall be given, at least in the upper and middle forms, by any one but a teacher who is a graduate in theology; and being a graduate in theology means to have passed through the gymnasium, and to have pursued the study of theology for three or four years at one of the universities. Men who have undergone such training successfully are apt to know what they are about when they come to teach; and it has always seemed strange to me that while in all other branches we should demand skilled men as instructors, religion should be considered a subject which anybody might undertake to teach. All teaching ought to be done by persons whose minds have been sufficiently educated to treat the subject systematically, logically, and in general

judiciously. If it is lacking in these respects, it hurts not only the common cause of education, but above all the pupil's mind, that ought never to be exposed to the dangers of inaccurate instruction. The predominant feature of the work which the theologians did in these schools was that they set forth the history of the Bible scientifically, taught its doctrines of belief and morals systematically, and adapted those doctrines to the present age judiciously. I admit that I was perhaps specially favored in regard to the teachers I had in this branch of instruction, but I certainly owe them nothing but deep-felt gratitude for the many lasting blessings they bestowed upon heart and soul; for besides treating the course scientifically, they appealed warmly to our religious feeling, and endeavored to arouse and strengthen it, being themselves thoroughly imbued with the worth of Christianity.

The next branch of study, the mother-tongue, has obtained only in this century a more prominent position in the curriculum as a separate study, with three hours a week in the lower forms, two in *Tertia* and *Secunda*, and three again in *Prima*. The phonetic element of the German language is such as to facilitate the acquisition of correct reading and spelling. Oral spelling exercises of words are hardly practiced at all, but spelling is taught almost exclusively by writing, dictation, and reading, and the dictation exercises have the excellent effect of enabling the boy at an early age to take notes during the recitations. He soon finds out that without taking notes he cannot keep pace at all in any branch of study, since in his further course of education the teacher elaborates the work to a great extent from his own resources; creates what is called class-grammars, suited to the needs of the class; and requires the student to remember such commentations as he furnishes with the reading. It is evident

what vitality the work must gain in this way.

At the age of thirteen a German boy has been carried so far as to write and speak his language correctly; and as to reading, a boy is not admitted to the third form unless he can read firmly, distinctly, and intelligently. The greatest exactness is required in this respect. The laws of punctuation are closely watched; the slightest transposition of words, be it ever so insignificant, is never allowed to pass; and here too, at an early age, the boy becomes deeply impressed with that leading principle which runs through the whole system of education, that there are no two ways about truth. Parsing is never practiced in connection with reading in the student's vernacular, and exactness in distinguishing the parts of speech is obtained through the medium of other languages by comparison. Such a thing, for instance, as parsing a classical poem like Goethe's *Hermann und Dorothea*, analogous to the practice of parsing Milton's *Paradise Lost* until it really becomes a lost paradise, was unheard of in those schools. As the instruction in German advances, the "gymnasiast" reads in the class-room the leading works of prose and poetry. Special stress is laid upon developing the faculty of expounding thoughts in all their bearings, and upon developing the faculty of individual thinking. Free composition exercises are required every month, the sphere of subjects widening with the general course of the class, be it in Latin, Greek, history, French, or German, all teachers keeping in touch with each department, which they can do the more easily as the whole course runs in fixed channels. During the last four years the composition exercises consist of more extensive essays, only one being required every quarter of a year; and special stress is laid upon a clear, logical division and arrangement of the subject, it being usually required that the student

should set forth by numbers the main divisions of his essay, and confine his thoughts to the headings, without indulging in vague digressions. The course in reading is now laid out in connection with the history of literature, a good deal of attention being paid to Middle-High-German and the language of the Nibelungen; also to ancient German mythology, which, as all mythology, introduces the student to the very spirit and character of the people of ancient times. The final results to be attained from the instruction in German are these: to render the student perfectly familiar with the spirit and history of German literature, to sharpen his critical judgment, to educate his taste, and above all to make him master of a correct and skillful use of his own language both in speaking and writing, and thus master of a systematic and logical way of thinking; for there is "no reason without language" and "no language without reason," as appears on the title-page of Max Müller's recent work on *The Science of Thought*. The composition exercises or essays are considered by all teachers as the best criterion of the student's general mental development, and he who does not come up to the standard in these can never expect to be promoted, especially as deficiency in this respect, from its very nature, must usually be coincident with deficiency in other branches.

I approach now those two subjects which, in the way they are taught, are preëminently the exclusive property of the gymnasium, namely, Latin and Greek. To Latin were given, in my time, nine years, with about ten or eleven hours a week; the number is now, however, reduced to eight or nine. It is the language *κατ' ἐξοχὴν*, with which the student becomes so well acquainted that he finally uses it for speaking and writing by the side of his vernacular in the class-room. It is the comparative language from which he learns to under-

stand his own more thoroughly; for the saying that no one understands his own language until he has learned another is quite true. It seems to me a wise plan to have chosen for this purpose a language which is no longer subject to any change. Moreover, there is such a thing as denationalization, and the very first step to it is taken by acquiring a second language so as to use it equally with one's own every day; for no one can deny the reciprocal influence which language exercises on man who made language, and in turn is to a great extent made by language what he is. With a dead language there is no possibility of its having a practically denationalizing effect upon the character of its devotees, and the very remoteness and difference of the Roman age from the modern Christian age on the one hand diminish the danger of an exaggerated assimilation, and on the other hand increase the facilities for enlarging the horizon of thought. The time when the French literature and language were used equally with German in Germany was not a prosperous time in German history. Rome's decline was coincident with the introduction of another language into the very life of the people. Those nations which have not one established language are not the leading nations of the world. Moreover, the necessity for having one language as the general medium of expression is most apparent in this country, where English has superseded and does constantly supersede all other languages, in spite of a large foreign population. The saying that no one can speak two languages is by no means a contradiction to the above saying that no one can understand his own language until he has learned another; but it must be taken *cum grano salis*. My own experience has made me take it in this sense: it is most essential that one's daily thoughts should find expression in one fixed channel of speech; it is most essential not only for the sake of

communication, but also for the sake of being in full harmony with one's self and with one's surroundings. When I came to this country and found the English language prevailing everywhere, my first resolution was to strain every nerve to make myself as familiar with English as with my mother-tongue, — to abandon the practical use of German, which I could never forget after having been so thoroughly rooted in it; and I found, as soon as the channel for conveying thought was unobstructed and uniform, that I was what I desired to be, in harmony with the people and myself. Now, in the gymnasium, the Latin course, it seems to me, tends to make the student as well acquainted with the language as can be done by thorough-going study, and thus acquaints him with the very spirit of the people; but as there are no longer any Romans, as the language is an ancient and dead one, unfitted for practical use, the possibility of duality of speech is excluded *per se*. Latin can never have the unsettling influence which the parallel use of a coexisting language, belonging to a coexisting people, is apt to exercise, especially on the juvenile mind. I have often heard it said, How nice it is for children to speak two modern languages! I do not agree with this view: first, because in all such cases I have universally found that each language loses at the expense of the other, and it is better to speak one well than to speak two "confoundedly;" and then, even if two languages could be carried along with equal accuracy in every-day life, such a practice cannot but have an unsettling effect upon the mind. Let Latin be taught thoroughly, and it will be easy enough to acquire later any living language without much effort.

To begin with pronunciation, there is only one method for pronouncing Latin throughout Germany, and Latin text is read with the same fluency and expression as the mother-tongue. This is no

slight advantage. He who is well read in the literatures of the leading historic peoples cannot fail, indeed, to see the universality of human thought. The truth, to be sure, exists before men express it; but as its expression would lose force if we read its statement like a vocabulary of disconnected words in our own language, so it must gain reality when we read it according to its very spirit in a foreign tongue. I will not enter here into the question of what method of Latin pronunciation can claim the best right for universal acceptance, but one appeal I desire to make, namely: let the Latin professors of colleges and academies come to an understanding as to one method, which shall be rigidly enforced and shall be one of the requirements for admission. What a firm basis uniformity of pronunciation would lend to the knowledge of Latin in this country, how much labor and time it would save both teacher and student, how much misunderstanding it would exclude! As the simplest method seems to be the one used at Harvard, I wish it would be adopted throughout the country.

As Latin is the first language besides his own with which the student becomes acquainted, the teaching of Latin grammar is very minute. From the Latin grammar the student is expected to acquire such grammatical knowledge as is applicable to all languages. The grammatical channel to which Latin can be confined will indeed hold all other tongues. Grammar is read carefully in the class-room during the first years; its rules are thoroughly explained and recited afterwards; the student is instructed accurately as to the bearing of the principles involved, while his *pensum* consists chiefly in their practical application. A great deal of translation at sight is carried on from the very beginning, under the guidance of the teacher. One written exercise is handed in every week; besides this, one so-called *extemporale*,

which is written in the class-room from dictation; that is, the teacher reads in German and the class writes in Latin. These exercises are corrected outside of the class, are marked according to their merit, and are discussed during the first half hour of the next recitation. Connected prose is not taken up before the third year, Cornelius Nepos being the first author that is read. Up to that time the reading consists of easy prose sentences, well chosen, and introducing the student gradually to more complicated constructions. In preparing the lessons the student is not allowed to use special dictionaries; at least we were not. Each student was required to have a large dictionary; for instance, the one by Georges. I am glad now that this rule was enforced. A scholarly, comprehensive dictionary develops the meanings of a word step by step, shows the history of the word, and furnishes the connecting links between the various meanings. Thus it cultivates the habit of cohesive thinking, at the same time compelling the student to use and sharpen his own judgment in selecting from a variety of meanings. We were required to write down any word with which we were unfamiliar, in the form in which we found it in the lexicon, and then always the literal meaning first; and if this meaning did not seem to fit, one or two other meanings which we thought proper. These vocabularies were inspected by the teacher and committed to memory, special stress being laid on a knowledge of the literal meaning, which furnishes, indeed, in most instances the key to a variety of significations. The word had more or less become our own property already when we wrote it down and chose its rendering, and it was much easier to commit it to memory from our own handwriting than from any vocabulary found in books. We took pleasure in seeing these lists of words constantly grow smaller, and together with the excellent exercise of the *extemporalia*

they helped us greatly in acquiring a ready command of words.

The authors read were: Nepos, six books of Cæsar, Cicero's Catilinarian, Ovid's Metamorphoses, Cicero's De Imperio Cn. Pompeii, Pro Roscio, Pro Archia, Cato Major, Sallust's Catilinarian Conspiracy, Livy, Vergil, Cicero's Tusculanæ, De Officiis, Lælius, Pro Milone, Pro Sestio, Pro Murena, Verrinæ IV. and V., Tacitus, Horace, Terence, Catullus. Latin verses were constantly committed to memory, especially such as might introduce us to the philosophy of Roman life and thought. Versification was practiced in the upper forms, and tended to give us command of synonymous expressions as well as knowledge of syllabic quantity. From Secunda upwards a Latin composition had to be handed in every three months on a given subject, ten pages at least being required for each essay. Written translations and extemporalia were continued. In translating a Latin author into our vernacular great stress was laid on entering into the very spirit of the passage, and rendering it as it would be expressed naturally in our own language. Comical mistakes happened quite often in this process of forcing the student to jump from ancient times and expressions to modern ones. Thus a student once rendered "*Quibus rebus cognitis Cæsar summa diligentia in Galliam profectus est*" by "After hearing of this condition of affairs, Cæsar traveled on the top of the diligence into France." Exercises in Latin discussion are carried on in the upper forms: the student is required to read five chapters a week, for instance, from Tacitus or Livy, and to state the contents in Latin freely, or in reply to Latin questions. The whole aim of the course is this: to secure by careful grammatical instruction not only a thorough acquaintance with the Latin language, but a firm basis of universal grammatical knowledge which may enable the student to acquire readily the

mastery of any language, and to introduce him to the spirit and life of classical antiquity.

The course in Greek covers seven years at six or seven hours a week, beginning with *Quarta*. Greek is pronounced with the same fluency as Latin. Grammatical instruction is also very much the same as with Latin; free composition exercises are, however, excluded. *Extemporalia* from dictation are continued throughout the course. The authors read are Xenophon, who is taken up towards the end of the second year; Homer, who is kept alive throughout the course, as all the *Odyssey* and *Iliad* are to be read; Lysias; Herodotus; Plato's *Apologia*, *Crito*, *Phædo*; four books of Thucydides; six orations of Demosthenes; three plays of Sophocles, one of Euripides, and one of Æschylus. The weekly hours for reading are divided between prose and poetry, with a preponderance in favor of prose. Well-chosen passages from the respective authors are committed to memory. In *Prima*, students were sometimes appointed to declaim in German a whole oration of Demosthenes which had been translated and thoroughly explained. Of course the preparation for such an exercise did not consist simply in memorizing, but in a careful analysis of the whole oration. The practice of directing our attention to special passages was also a very excellent one. Such passages were constantly called for in the further course of reading, and thus we attained skill in looking up references. The aim of the instruction was to bring about a thorough-going knowledge of the grammar and the structure of the language, so that the student might be able to read at sight, with due allowance for very difficult passages, the authors appointed for *Prima*, — for example, Thucydides; and, above all, to introduce him, by means of the excellent mental discipline the course implies, to the very spirit of the Grecian age, in which so many

treasures of human knowledge, art, and science lie concealed, and which can never be fully appreciated and understood without a knowledge of the beautiful language of the Greeks itself.

In connection with Greek there was also in *Prima* a course in philosophic propædæutics. Trendelenburg's handbook of logic was used for this purpose, which contains chiefly passages from Aristotle, and sets forth the outlines of logic. The teacher supplemented these by lectures.

French takes the fifth position in the curriculum. Instruction in this language was taken up in *Quinta*, when three hours a week were given to it, the next year five, and the remaining six years two, so that it formed a regular branch of instruction for eight years at an average of two or three hours a week. Thorough-going grammatical groundwork was required. Composition exercises had to be written every week, and later on we were drilled in writing French from dictation in German. Our French professor managed these composition exercises with a great deal of judgment, raising the standard from year to year; so that on entering the second form we found ourselves quite able to write free composition exercises, and in the first form French essays. The reading we did after the elementary instruction was principally historical in the third form, in the second and first forms classical. Explanations of the subject matter were occasionally rendered in French in the upper forms, with the exception of grammatical explanations, which were invariably given in the vernacular, so as to make us firmer in German grammar by comparing it with that of another language. The principal aim of the instruction was on the whole that we should become able to read French at sight, to pronounce it with ease and with good accent, and to write it with correctness.

The sixth subject is history, which is taught for nine years.



After the boy had been rooted in Bible history during his preparatory course, two hours were given in Sexta to the outlines of ancient history. The main divisions and dates were committed to memory from history tables, the lives of eminent men were read or narrated in connection with the principal events these heroes brought about, and we were called upon to repeat from memory at the following recitation these *Geschichtsbilder*, or historical pictures. In Quinta, besides constant reviews of ancient history, a similar course was pursued with the universal history of the Middle Ages; and in Quarta the same was done with modern history, special attention being paid throughout these two years to German history. Thus during the first three years we gained a general view of the history of the world, setting forth the leading men, events, divisions, and dates; furnishing, so to speak, the framework of history. In the following six years this framework was filled out by special history; that is, in the first year, Oriental and Greek history; in the second, Roman, to 375 A. D.; in the third and fourth years, mediæval history to 1517, with special attention to German history, and constant reviews on Greek history and observations on the constitutional government of the Greeks; in the last two years, finally, modern history from 1517, with special reference to Germany, and constant reviews on Roman history and observations on the constitutional government of the Romans. In this historical course there was comparatively little book-learning. To be sure, we had a handbook which set forth the leading events and dates. The paragraph which was to be treated on was pointed out to us beforehand, so that we might make ourselves familiar with the main facts; then the professor delivered a lecture on this paragraph from his own notes, which he had carefully prepared, founding them on the

original works of ancient and modern historians. The students listened, and took down such parts of the lecture as constituted its main features. In the next hour two or three students were called upon to repeat in connected speech the outlines of the preceding lecture. The accuracy with which facts were elaborated and discrepancies of statements were sifted could not but make a deep impression on the mind. It has often occurred to me since that the way in which Germans look at history is in close keeping with the word they have for it in their language. The word *Geschichte* (history) conveys at once the idea of *das Geschehene* (that which has happened), and the careful and convincing truthfulness of the German historians no one will doubt. Whether it was drudgery at times or not, when I look back on this historical course I cannot speak too highly of it. It was the broadest and at the same time the most exact and judicious treatment of facts, men, and nations, bearing on its very face the stamp of truth. And it was not simply book-learning and book-teaching; it was life-giving and life-receiving, because the men who taught knew life, knew the world, and thus could understand and disclose the mainsprings of human action. The aim of the instruction was, on the whole, to make the student acquainted with the leading events of universal history, and especially of Greek, Roman, and German history; to bring about a conception of the continuity and cohesion of events, and of the connection between causes and results; to enable him to read the leading historical works intelligently, for which purpose it is most essential that he should have a wide, exact knowledge of the times when and the places where these events occurred. Besides this, historical instruction was intended to awaken and foster patriotism, and to arouse in the hearts love for the ideal tasks of humanity as they appear from

the moral lessons of history, "which is the judgment-seat of the world." Geography is taught separately from history only in the lower forms of the gymnasium; in the upper forms it is reviewed in connection with history. The geographical text-books used in the lower forms connect this study likewise with history by giving a *résumé* of each country's history before entering upon its geographical description.

The last subjects in the course are mathematics, natural history, and physics. Mathematics absorbed three hours a week in Sexta, four throughout the rest of the course. Natural history claimed two hours for four years, and one hour for the first half of the fifth year; physics, one hour during the second half of the fifth year, and two hours for the remaining four years. The course was about the same as any ordinary mathematical course spread over an equal amount of time. One exercise was rather unusual, and one from which we derived good discipline for mental activity and quickness, namely, mental arithmetic, to which one hour a week was given for two years. The rapidity with which we solved problems without using pencil or paper was due to the skill with which the teachers introduced us to and trained us in the easiest methods of dealing with numbers mentally.

Examinations, though occurring twice a year, did not play, to the best of my recollection, as important a part in the course as they do with us here, with the exception of the final examination, the *Abiturienten-Examen*, or "examination of maturity." The class examinations were both written and oral at Easter. The written consisted, with the upper forms, of a Latin, German, and French essay, a translation into Greek, and a mathematical paper; and with all other classes, in translations from the German into Latin, Greek, and French, a German composition, and a mathematical paper. Translating from

the languages into our own vernacular, and grammatical questions, as well as examination in religion, history, natural history, and physics, were confined to oral exercises. These were carried on in the presence of invited guests, who had also the privilege of inspecting the papers, and thus of obtaining some insight into the work which had been done. About the first week of October written examinations alone took place, and they were private. Whether a student should be promoted from one class to another depended principally on the work he had done during the year. Those who, from want either of application or of ability, had not come up to the standard during the year stood little chance for advancement, and were ultimately advised to pursue another course in life. Absolute continuity of work, without any gaps, was a most essential requirement for promotion, and thus the classes were pretty thoroughly sifted, and could do better work. The graduation examination, however, was an affair of great significance. It covered one week for written papers, beginning with a Latin essay the first day, a German the second, a French the third, a Greek translation the fourth, a mathematical paper the fifth, and a Latin *extemporale* the sixth. The subjects for the three essays were assigned by the teacher who stayed with the class. We were allowed eight hours for each essay. A few weeks later, after the papers had been corrected by the teachers and inspected by the government, those who had passed were examined orally on some appointed day, from eight in the morning to four in the afternoon, with one hour's intermission. This examination covered all subjects of the course, and was carried on in the presence of all the faculty and a government commissioner. After giving thoroughly satisfactory evidence of having attained the prescribed proficiency in all branches of the curriculum, the student receives a

diploma, which contains a statement of his advancement in every department; also of his conduct and application. It bestows upon him the privilege of becoming matriculated at any of the German universities. As the university holds out only post-graduate courses in law, medicine, philosophy, and theology, by which the student may prepare for his profession, and as all recitations are dispensed with at these institutions, the gymnasium corresponds to our grammar, high-school, and college courses combined.

Catalogues are published every year. The professors take turns in writing a paper for each year's issue. Most interesting treatises on philological, historical, literary, theological, and mathematical subjects lend importance to these catalogues, and give at the same time evidence to government, patrons, and students that the teachers have not stood still in their respective fields of learning, but have carried on individual research and study beside their work in the class-room.

George Moritz Wahl.

THE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS.

Nor long ago, a French scholar announced that he had discovered in the Louvre an Arabic manuscript of the tale of Aladdin, whereupon there was great rejoicing among Orientalists. This charming history had been under a cloud. Galland, indeed, had included it in his *Contes Orientales*, but since his day no one had seen it in the original, and there was doubt of its genuineness. The late Professor E. H. Palmer, he who met an untimely death at the hands of the Arabs, believed that it was not of Oriental origin, but a European re-hash of Eastern material; others reserved opinion. The question has been set at rest by the discovery of the manuscript, and the lovers of the story may enjoy it with the assurance that it is a genuine product of Arabian fancy.

It is less than two hundred years that the Nights have been known to Europe; for a hundred years they have been a European classic, one of the few books that please all classes and ages. We owe our knowledge of them to the distinguished French Orientalist, Antoine Galland, who, coming as a poor boy to Paris, rose by his energy and talents to be antiquary to the king and member

of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres. He had prepared himself for his translation by many years of study and of travel in the East. In 1704 appeared the first part of his *Mille et Une Nuits, Contes Arabes traduits en Français*; he was then fifty-eight years old. The work was to consist of four volumes, of which only three have come down to us. The first two include, according to the edition of De Sacy, printed at Paris in 1840, two hundred and thirty-four Nights (elsewhere the number is given as two hundred and sixty-four); the third volume contains a number of stories in which there is no division of Nights. As this last group of tales differed somewhat in tone from the rest and were not found in the manuscripts known to scholars, it was surmised that Galland had picked them up from story-tellers in the East; but the discovery above mentioned gives probability to De Sacy's opinion that he found them in the public libraries of Paris.

The popularity of the *Contes* was immediate and widespread. The novelty and freshness of the scenes, representing the extremes of Oriental splendor and squalor, the fancifulness and *naïveté* of

the supernatural machinery, the variety and charm of sentiment, the delicacy of the humor, in a word the richness and mystery of the strange life thus revealed, made the book immensely attractive to the French public of that day. France had been nourished on the plays of Corneille and Racine, the discourses of Bossuet, and the skeptical philosophy of Bayle, with only Molière to express the humor of life; here were opened the doors of unlimited and delicious romance. All Paris was full of the wonderful stories; it was a triumph resembling that achieved by the *Waverley Novels*. In his *Biographie Universelle*, Michaud (quoted by Burton) tells a story that illustrates the popularity of the *Nights*: In the first part of the work Galland always introduced the narration by the formula, "My dear sister, if you are not asleep, I beg you to relate one of those pleasant stories that you know." Some young persons, tired of this dull repetition, went on a very cold night to Galland's house, knocked at his door, and called him to the window, where he appeared in scant clothing. After a number of unimportant questions, during which he stood shivering, they said to him, "Oh, M. Galland, if you are not asleep, tell us one of those beautiful stories that you know." Galland took the hint, and suppressed the formula in the subsequent parts of the book. If the literal correctness of this story cannot be vouched for, it at any rate suggests that Galland in some way discovered that his standing phrase was thought to be a little ridiculous, and therefore dropped it.

No doubt the *Contes* owed their popularity in part to the pleasant modern French in which they were written. Galland did not attempt to reproduce the peculiarities of the Arabic prose style, nor did he use the Oriental modes of address. His instinct as translator led him to avoid whatever might seem barbarous to his generation. Public taste has changed since then; we prefer to pre-

serve the Oriental coloring of manner and style, partly on account of its novelty, partly from the historical feeling which delights in the precise presentation of old customs. In the beginning of the eighteenth century there was danger that people might be appalled by strange expressions; at any rate, Galland's gallicized *Contes* received universal applause. It seemed quite natural that the king should be addressed as "Sire" and "votre Majesté," and that in speaking to one another people should say "Monsieur" and "Madame," that the young ladies should be "aimables" and "agréables" and the men "seigneurs" and "cavaliers." Everywhere the straightforward, matter-of-fact Arabic is transformed into fine French phrases. The translation bears somewhat the same relation to the original that Pope's *Iliad* does to Homer; and as Pope has introduced Homer to thousands of persons who would not have read a better translation, so Galland gave the *Nights* a position which a scientifically accurate rendering would certainly have failed to secure. The fame of the new work speedily spread outside of France. In a few years four editions of an English translation of Galland were published, and the stories became as popular in England as in France. It was, indeed, on these reproductions of the French that the English-speaking world depended for nearly a century, — perhaps we may say till the appearance of Lane's independent translation in 1839. It is to Galland that we owe the spelling of some of the famous names in the *Nights*, as those of the two sisters Scheherazade and Dinarzade, which doubtless sound well enough in French, but in English, it is to be feared, become barbarous, and ought to be abandoned for the proper spellings, *Shahrzad* ("the child of the city") and *Dinazad* ("the child of the treasure") or *Dunyazad* ("the child of the world"); the famous *Calif* of Bagdad we continue to write *Haroun al-*

Raschid (which I have heard pronounced "Raskeed") instead of Harun al-Rashid. But in spite of Galland's modernisms and inaccuracies, his book had a genuine flavor of Oriental sentiment and adventure, and achieved a brilliant success; it made the Nights a European classic.

The origin of *The Thousand and One Nights* is almost as difficult to trace as that of the *Iliad* or the *Pentateuch*. These are all, not products of single minds, but masses of literature, shaped anew from generation to generation; the beginnings of them wrapped in obscurity, because there was no one to chronicle the first silent growths. The tales which make up the Arabian book are varied in character. There are fables, in which a moral or prudential lesson is expressed by beasts; stories of everyday life, of commerce and travel, love and intrigue and adventure, in which the marvelous is more or less mingled; fanciful and wild fairy stories, in which loose rein is given to the imagination and the fancy, and the ordinary conditions of life are turned topsy-turvy; anecdotes of historical personages, and long quasi-historical stories of wars between Moslems and their enemies; and theological narratives, in which a heroine, for example, undergoes an examination in Mohammedan dogmatics which would do honor to a modern theological seminary or examining board. Any reader would be inclined to judge that all this material has not come from the same stratum of culture or the same period of history; the natural inference is that it has grown by successive deposits, by a continued process of elaboration, and the question arises, Where and how did the process of growth begin? On this point scholars are divided, some preferring India as the starting-place, others Persia, and still others some Moslem land, as Syria or Egypt. The first view is favored by Galland and Benfey; the second by Hammer-Purgstall and Burton and others; and the third by De

Sacy (who selects Syria) and Lane (who prefers Egypt). Instead of giving the arguments of these writers in chronological order, I will state the general considerations which, as it appears to me, may lead us to an approximate solution of the question.

In the first place, it seems clear that the body of the stories in their present form are Moslem and Arabian. The language is pure Arabic: not, indeed, of the classic type, not that of the Koran nor even of the great historians; rather comparatively modern and popular, but still genuine Arabic. It contains a number of Persian words, but not more than it would naturally appropriate from its Persian-speaking neighbors, not more in number than the French words which many an English book of to-day contains. The style also is Arabian, sharply contrasted for the most part with the Persian; possibly somewhat affected by Persian influence, yet far from that deliberate and persistent system of balanced short phrases which to the Western mind becomes sometimes positively irritating. The manners and customs of the Nights may many of them be found in the Arabic-speaking world of to-day. Lane's notes to his translation are a treasure of sociological information, and a large part of his illustrations are derived from his own observation of life in Egypt. All domestic details, such as the construction of houses, customs of eating, sleeping, education of children, marriages, social intercourse; methods of commerce, the forms of shops and khans, habits of commercial travel, the organization of bazaars, modes of attracting customers; the political organization, califs, sultans, kings, wazirs, judges, courts, officers of police, prisoners, laws of debtors and creditors; regulations of religion, mosques, imams, prayers, ablutions, Koran-recitations, funerals, — all these are Moslem and Arabian. There is an accurate knowledge of the topography and life of Bagdad, Damas-

cus, and Cairo. When the scene is laid in Cairo, one may now trace the fortunes of the personages by the streets and gates mentioned in the story. Even when the history deals with remote lands, as China and India, the narrator transfers thither his own Moslem customs; for example, in the long and dramatic story of Kamar al-Zaman, which moves almost over the face of the globe, one is not conscious of change of social and religious conditions; and so everywhere, unless indeed there be specially introduced a city of the fire-worshippers, which the writer's historical sense forces him, of course, to represent as non-Moslem. The attitude of the Nights toward the Persian Zoroastrianism, or fire-worship, is noteworthy. The Magians are represented as fiends in human shape, mostly clever adventurers, adepts in diabolical arts and inspired by a fiendish hatred of Moslems,—a representation that we should refer more naturally to Arabian Moslems than to converted Persians; it points to the period when the conflict between Islam and Zoroastrianism was still raging, and religious differences were magnified and distorted by political hate.

But while the material of the body of the Nights is thus Arabian, there are clear traces of Persian influence. The personages of the Introduction, which gives the framework of the tales, are Persian. The two kings, Shahryar and Shah Zaman, are Sassanian, and the wazir's two daughters bear Persian names. Here again the manners are Moslem, but one naturally asks why a collection of Arabian stories should be attached to an adventure of Persian kings. If the tales had grown up originally on Arabic soil, one would expect the occasion to be Arabian; one naturally refers the Persian form of the Introduction to a well-established tradition which connected the Nights with the Persian land. It is no objection to this view that Persia is called by a

name which signifies "outside, or barbarian land;" this would be the ordinary Arabic designation of the country, and the evidence of a tradition of Persian origin is not affected by the geographical term employed.

There is, however, much stronger proof of Persian origin in the existence of Persian material in the Nights. One of the most famous Eastern books of wisdom and of entertainment is Sindibad, or The Seven Wazirs, a Persian work which was probably in existence in the seventh century of our era, at the time of the Moslem conquest of Persia. The framework is simple: A young prince, who has been instructed in philosophy and religion by the sage Sindibad, is accused of a crime by a damsel of the court, and is defended by the seven wazirs. Accuser and defenders endeavor to move the king to severity or clemency by short stories which illustrate the dangers that beset monarchs and the wiles of women. The king oscillates daily between the two extremes: having heard a story from the damsel, he will put his son to death; but after one of the wazirs has spoken, he inclines to mercy. So the round of stories goes on, until, at the end, the innocence of the prince is demonstrated, and the accuser is put to death. The book speedily made its way from Persia into other lands; it was translated into Arabic, Syriac, Spanish, Hebrew, Greek, Turkish; it appears in later Persian forms, and a good deal of its material is to be found in the *Gesta Romanorum*. The point of special interest for us, in this connection, is that the story of The Seven Wazirs is actually found in our edition of *The Thousand and One Nights* (Nights 578-606). The Introduction is the same as in our copies of the Sindibad book and a later form of the same work, known as the *Bakhtyar* book. It is unnecessary to mention the stories in detail. They are such as The Prince and the Gul (ghoul), The Lady

in the Glass Case, and The Lion's Track. One of them, called sometimes The Concealed Robe, and sometimes The Burnt Veil, is a current story in Cairo to-day, and is found in the collection of tales which Dr. Spitta took down from the mouths of the people of that city. Other stories also of the Nights are found in Sindibad; its tale of The Four Liberators, for example, is identical in idea with the stories of The Enchanted Horse, and Prince Ahmad and Pari Bann. There can be no doubt, therefore, that a considerable mass of Persian material has been taken bodily into our present redaction of the Nights; and when we combine this fact with the Persian form of the Introduction, it is a natural inference that the genesis of the book is Persian.

One might then suppose that the Arabs, having learned the art of this sort of literature from their neighbors, and continued to cultivate it, had in the course of time partly recast the borrowed material, and partly invented new material out of their own social conditions and experiences. No small support is lent to this view by the fact that the Arabs do not seem to have been originally narrators of stories. The earliest form of their literature known to us is that of short poems, in which the hero describes his own prowess. There is no prose piece earlier than the Koran, and Mohammed's narratives are either borrowed from Jews and Christians, or are very curt renderings of popular traditions. There is no trace of fable or apologue. One great prose romance there is, the story of the great warrior-poet Antar; but that is nothing but a string of adventures interspersed with poetry, and, moreover, belongs to a comparatively late period, when the Arabs were fully under Persian influence. An outburst of story-telling, therefore, would seem to come more naturally from foreign impulse than from national Arabic tendencies.

We have direct testimony on this point, which, if it can be accepted as trustworthy, would seem to be decisive, — statements made in two Arabic historical works, and first brought to the attention of the learned world by Hammer-Purgstall. The first witness is the celebrated Masudi, who, in the beginning of the tenth century of our era, composed a famous encyclopædia of history, entitled *Meadows of Gold*. Speaking of collections of stories existing in his time, he expresses the opinion that they were the work of men who commended themselves to kings and people by their recitations. Such, he says, are the books which have been translated into Arabic from the Persian, Indian, and Greek, and he adds, "Such is the book entitled *Facetiæ*, or *The Thousand Tales*, known to the public under the name of *The Thousand and One Nights*: it is the history of a king and his wazir, the wazir's daughter and a slave-girl, named Shirzad and Dinarzad. Such also is the book of *Sindibad*." This is explicit testimony to the existence of a book whose contents resemble those of our Nights, and under the same name; the only variation in the framework is that the second woman, instead of being the wazir's daughter, is a slave-girl, — just such a variation as we might expect in a growing work. The difference of the titles, *Thousand Tales* and *Thousand and One Nights*, if indeed the figures can be relied on, is quite natural. It is doubtful whether the number of Nights was at first so great; in the course of time they may have reached the thousand, and the one may have been added to make assurance doubly sure.

The second witness is the Arabic bibliographical work called the *Fihrist*, or *Index*, composed in the latter part of the tenth century. In the section treating of tales and fanciful adventures, the author says that the old Persian kings were the first to collect fanciful stories and beast-fables and deposit them in

libraries, and that these collections were added to by the Sassanian monarchs, the dynasty which was destroyed by the Moslem conquest. These Persian works, he adds, were translated into Arabic; then further enlarged, embellished, and imitated by the Arabs. As the first Persian work of this kind, our author cites the book of *Facetiae*, mentioned above, and gives as the framework of the stories precisely that which we have in the *Introduction* to our *Nights*, except that *Dinarzad* is not sister, but nurse, to *Shahrzad*, the sultanness. He gives the number of *Nights* as one thousand, but the number of stories as less than two hundred; finally he declares that he himself has often seen the book complete.

It must be confessed that the *Fihrist's* account of the origin of the Arabian stories is very natural and plausible, and it agrees perfectly with what we know of the literary relations between the Arabs and the Persians of the eighth century. In the middle of that century the second Abbaside calif, *Al-Mansur*, caused many Greek, Syriac, and Persian works to be rendered into Arabic. It was a time of keen literary interest and activity. The Arabs had come from their long isolation in the desert with a robust appetite for learning. The califs of Damascus had begun the process of absorbing the contents of Greek and Syrian books, and the califs of Bagdad continued the work with the added zeal which sprang from their proximity to the great Persian civilization. The Arabs came into possession of the most eminent works of the Greeks, philosophical, mathematical, geographical, — *Aristotle*, *Euclid*, and *Ptolemy*. The sciences of grammar and *Koran-exegesis* were founded or organized; the poems and legends of the old Arabian heroic period were collected, expounded, and imitated; the Persian *Ibn al-Mokaffa* translated into Arabic the famous *Prince's Manual*, *Kalila and Dimna*, and the great Persian epic of *Firdusi*, the *Shahnameh*,

or *King's Book*. If there then existed a Persian collection of amusing stories, nothing would be more natural than that it should be translated into Arabic.

But there remains a further step to take. The *Sindbad* book, so closely connected with *The Thousand and One Nights*, stands, on the other hand, in close relation with some famous Indian books. Its opening chapters are substantially identical with those of the *Panchatantra*, a book of every-day wisdom, based on the instruction given to the three sons of a king; and parts of this last work are again found in the *Kalila and Dimna*, which certainly came to the Arabs from the Persians, and to the Persians from the Indians. It would seem, therefore, that it was from India the Persians received their impulse in story-telling. In the present form of *The Thousand and One Nights* there are remains of that apologue and beast-story which are characteristic of the Hindu books; for example, in the *Introduction* and in *Nights* 146–152. When we consider that this is a new apparition in Arabic literature, but comparatively old in India, and that the tradition speaks confidently of the passage of such books from India to Persia and from Persia to the Arabs, the natural inference is that we have in the *Nights* survivals of this old Hindu philosophy of life.

We may then represent to ourselves the history of the Arabian story-book somewhat as follows: For many centuries, beginning at a point not known to us, the Indians had been used to embody their ideas of true life-wisdom in beast-stories and apologues, and these had in some cases been combined into a continuous narrative, the framework being often furnished by the education of a young prince. When the intercourse between Indians and Persians became closer, the latter obtained and translated these works, then expanded and imitated the stories, recasting them in accordance with their own customs and modes of

thought. In this enlarged form, the tales coming to the Arabs were in like manner appropriated by them, but with further embellishments, so that the stories gradually assumed a purely Arab form. And we have also to suppose that the men of Arabia, transferred from the desert to city life, acquiring new tastes and experiences, developed a great capacity for the invention of stories, and out of very little material brought at last into being the rare collection that has come down to us.

The tales are of different dates, some probably going back to the time of Al-Rashid, in the latter part of the eighth century, and others falling as late as the sixteenth century. The book is thus an epic of story-telling; chronicling the exploits of the Arabs in this sort of literature, growing and taking new coloring from generation to generation, — a kind of epitome of the national life, rounded off at last and finished by some hand or hands. The completion of the great body of the work may fall in the thirteenth century or the fourteenth, but additions continued to be made to it up to the sixteenth century. The recitation of stories did not, however, cease when this book was finished. In hundreds of coffee-houses in the East, people still gather to listen to the reciter, who from night to night carries on his interminable stories, which he has learned from other reciters, or from manuscripts the origin of which nobody knows, and to which he may make additions or embellishments, to be received from him by others, and after further changes to be at last perhaps published in a book as a new series of Arabian Nights' Entertainments. That much of the social coloring of the Nights is such as may be seen in Egypt to-day is doubtless true; but Lane is not thereby justified in regarding the present form of the book as wholly or substantially Egyptian, for Eastern customs remain long unchanged, and what one now observes

in a Cairo khan may have occurred a thousand years ago in a Bagdad bazaar. It was in many quarters of the Moslem world that the stories took their final shape, receiving local color here and there, and were gathered into collections of different extent in divers places. The time has not come to trace their history minutely, but the beginning has been made, and further research will no doubt bring to light new facts, and satisfy our curiosity more fully.

Fortunately our literary enjoyment of the Nights does not depend on our knowing their genealogy. Like all such literary organisms of slow growth, their beauties and treasures lie partly on the surface, partly deeper down. The adventure, magic, drollery, wit, and passion are easily recognizable; the profounder social and religious sentiments must sometimes be searched for. The book is both the history of Moslem culture and the record of Moslem *esprit* in the palmy days of the Arabs in Asia; it gives a truer as well as a more vivid picture of their life than all the ordinary histories combined. To learn what an Arab's religion is to him, one must go, not to the Koran nor to the commentaries and theological treatises, but to the actual men and women of the tales, who are devout or superstitious, serious or scoffers, conscientious or perverse, very much as people in Christian lands show themselves to be, and are generally not without the art of making their religion accept and sanctify their desires; yet in the main there is a simple, earnest religious faith, which is real, though it may not always stand the tests of life. Here we have the self-respecting courtesy of the Arab gentleman, the devotion of friendship, wiles and tricks, passion and treachery, soberness and silliness, nobility and meanness, the Arab individual independence standing beside the uttermost political despotism, the high intellectual and social position assigned to women, — all the elements of life.

The literary charm of the Nights is of course best felt in the original, where there are a thousand happy turns that cannot be precisely reproduced in an English translation. Still, from a really good translation one gets the literary substance, the color and timbre of the thought, and the English-speaking world may congratulate itself that it has the best of the European renderings. Lane, though some are inclined to ridicule his stiffness and formality, has given us a readable book, more uniformly grave and dignified than is necessary, with too little attention to the shadings of the style, yet on the whole a fair presentation of the original. There is also in the Nights, as is well known, besides the literary attraction, a great mass of material ready at hand for those who like to trace the genesis and distribution of folk stories. It may happen to one to read in the Nights some tale or anecdote that he once heard as a nursery rhyme, and one is sure to find in the Gesta, Boccaccio, and Chaucer some echo of the Arabian tales. I have already spoken of the way in which stories seem to have passed from India to Persia, Arabia, and Europe, and one might also suppose a movement in the opposite direction; but those who have read Mr. Andrew Lang on this subject need not be cautioned against rashness in drawing conclusions as to the relation between similar forms of fables and tales in different lands. Whether in the case of such stories there has been actual borrowing on one side, or independent origination in different places, or mutual influence and slow assimilation, — these questions can be answered by no general rule, but only by a careful study of the facts in each particular instance.

I should like, if there were space in this article, to call up some of the personages of the Nights, and to follow their adventures of body and mind: the gracious and noble figure of the sultanness in the Introduction, who risks her life for the sake of her people; the sad Aziza, devoting her life with complete self-abandonment to secure the happiness of the man who repays her love with indifference and harshness; the admirable slave-girl, Tawaddud, who, being a miracle of beauty, was able to state to the Calif Harun al-Rashid her accomplishments in the following terms: "O my lord, I am versed in syntax, poetry, jurisprudence, exegesis, and philosophy, and skilled in music and the knowledge of the divine ordinances, in arithmetic, geodesy, geometry, and the fables of the ancients; I know the Koran by heart, what parts of it were revealed at Medina and what at Mecca, and the holy traditions of the apostle's sayings, both the certain and the doubtful; I have studied medicine, logic, rhetoric, composition, have learned many things by heart, am fond of poetry, and play the lute;" the revolting Queen Budur, the barber and his brothers, the famous court-jester Abu Nuwas, and a hundred others whom even to name would be too long. They are permanent figures in literature, the outcome of a peculiar combination of social and cultural conditions. The Arabs have preserved for us the gist of Indian and Persian folklore and practical wisdom in a setting of quaint and serious adventure, reflecting the most brilliant life of one of the most brilliant civilizations of the world, — a worthy and acceptable gift, for which we should offer them our heartfelt thanks.

C. H. Toy.

THE TRAGIC MUSE.

XIII.

[Continued.]

For an instant Lady Agnes seemed not to understand, and to be on the point of laying her finger quickly to her lips with a "Hush!" as if the late Sir Nicholas might have heard the "only." Then, as if a comprehension of the young man's words promptly superseded that impulse, she replied with force, "You will be in the Lords the day you determine to get there."

This remark made Nick laugh afresh, and not only laugh, but kiss her, which was always an intenser form of mystification for poor Lady Agnes, and apparently the one he liked best to practice; after which he said, "The odd thing is, you know, that Harsh has no wants. At least it is not sharply, not eloquently conscious of them. We all talked them over together, and I promised to carry them in my heart of hearts. But upon my word I can't remember one of them. Julia says the wants of Harsh are simply the national wants — rather a pretty phrase for Julia. She means *she* does everything for the place; *she's* really their member, and this house in which we stand is their legislative chamber. Therefore the *lacunæ* that I have undertaken to fill up are the national wants. It will be rather a job to rectify some of them, won't it? I don't represent the appetites of Harsh — Harsh is gorged. I represent the ideas of my party. That's what Julia says."

"Oh, never mind what Julia says!" Lady Agnes broke out, impatiently. This impatience made it singular that the very next words she uttered should be: "My dearest son, I wish to heaven you'd marry her. It would be so fitting now!" she added.

"Why now?" asked Nick, frowning.

"She has shown you such sympathy, such devotion."

"Is it for that she has shown it?"

"Ah, you might *feel* — I can't tell you!" said Lady Agnes, reproachfully.

Nick blushed at this, as if what he did feel was the reproach. "Must I marry her because you like her?"

"I? Why, we are *all* as fond of her as we can be."

"Dear mother, I hope that any woman I ever may marry will be a person agreeable not only to you, but also, since you make a point of it, to Grace and Biddy. But I must tell you this — that I shall marry no woman I am not unmistakably in love with."

"And why are you not in love with Julia — charming, clever, generous as she is?" Lady Agnes laid her hands on him — she held him tight. "My darling Nick, if you care anything in the world to make me happy, you'll stay over here to-morrow and be nice to her."

"Be nice to her? Do you mean propose to her?"

"With a single word, with the glance of an eye, the movement of your little finger" — and Lady Agnes paused, looking intensely, imploringly, up into Nick's face — "in less time than it takes me to say what I say now, you may have it all." As he made no answer, only returning her look, she added insistently, "You know she's a fine creature — you know she is!"

"Dearest mother, what I seem to know better than anything else in the world is that I love my freedom. I set it far above everything."

"Your freedom? What freedom is there in being poor? Talk of that when Julia puts everything that she possesses at your feet!"

"I can't talk of it, mother — it's too

terrible an idea. And I can't talk of *her*, nor of what I think of *her*. You must leave that to me. I do her perfect justice."

"You don't, or you'd marry her to-morrow. You would feel that the opportunity is exquisitely rare, with everything in the world to make it perfect. Your father would have valued it for you beyond everything. Think a little what would have given *him* pleasure. That's what I meant when I spoke just now of us all. It was n't of Grace and Biddy I was thinking — fancy! — it was of him. He is with you always; he takes with you, at your side, every step that you take yourself. He would bless devoutly your marriage to Julia; he would feel what it would be for you and for us all. I ask for no sacrifice, and he would ask for none. We only ask that you don't commit the crime" —

Nick Dormer stopped her with another kiss; he murmured, "Mother, mother, mother!" as he bent over her.

He wished her not to go on, to let him off; but the deep deprecation in his voice did not prevent her from saying: "You know it — you know it perfectly. All, and more than all that I can tell you, you know."

He drew her closer, kissed her again, held her there as he would have held a child in a paroxysm, soothing her silently till it should pass away. Her emotion had brought the tears to her eyes; she dried them as she disengaged herself. The next moment, however, she resumed, attacking him again —

"For a public man she would be the ideal companion. She's made for public life; she's made to shine, to be concerned in great things, to occupy a high position and to help him on. She would help you in everything, as she has helped you in this. Together, there is nothing you could n't do. You can have the first house in England — yes, the first! What freedom is there in

being poor? How can you do anything without money, and what money can you make for yourself — what money will ever come to you? That's the crime — to throw away such an instrument of power, such a blessed instrument of good."

"It is n't everything to be rich, mother," said Nick, looking at the floor in a certain patient way, with a provisional docility and his hands in his pockets. "And it is n't so fearful to be poor."

"It's vile — it's abject. Don't I know?"

"Are you in such acute want?" Nick asked, smiling.

"Ah, don't make me explain what you have only to look at to see!" his mother returned, as if with a richness of allusion to dark elements in her fate.

"Besides," Nick went on, "there is other money in the world than Julia's. I might come by some of that."

"Do you mean Mr. Carteret's?"

The question made him laugh, as her reference, five minutes before, to the House of Lords had done. But she pursued, too full of her idea to take account of such a poor substitute for an answer: "Let me tell you one thing, for I have known Charles Carteret much longer than you, and I understand him better. There is nothing you could do that would do you more good with him than to marry Julia. I know the way he looks at things, and I know exactly how that would strike him. It would please him, it would charm him; it would be the thing that would most prove to him that you are in earnest. You need to do something of that sort."

"Have n't I carried Harsh?" asked Nick.

"Oh, he's very canny. He likes to see people rich. *Then* he believes in them — then he's likely to believe more. He's kind to you because you're your father's son; but I am sure your being poor takes just so much off."

"He can remedy that so easily," said Nick, smiling still. "Is being kept by Julia what you call making an effort for myself?"

Lady Agnes hesitated; then, "You need n't insult Julia!" she replied.

"Moreover, if I've *her* money, I sha'n't want his," Nick remarked.

Again his mother waited an instant before answering; after which she produced, "And pray would n't you wish to be independent?"

"You're delightful, dear mother — you're very delightful! I particularly like your conception of independence. Does n't it occur to you that at a pinch I might improve my fortune by some other means than by making a mercenary marriage or by currying favor with a rich old gentleman? Doesn't it occur to you that I might work?"

"Work at politics? How does that make money, honorably?"

"I don't mean at politics."

"What do you mean, then?" Lady Agnes demanded, looking at him as if she challenged him to phrase it if he dared. Her eye appeared to have a certain effect upon him, for he remained silent, and she continued, "Are you elected or not?"

"It seems a dream," said Nick.

"If you are, act accordingly, and don't mix up things that are as wide asunder as the poles!" She spoke with sternness, and his silence might have been an admission that her sternness was wholesome to him. Possibly she was touched by it; at any rate, after a few moments, during which nothing more passed between them, she appealed to him in a gentler and more anxious key, which had this virtue to touch him, that he knew it was absolutely the first time in her life Lady Agnes had begged for anything. She had never been obliged to beg; she had got on without it and most things had come to her. He might judge therefore in what a light she regarded this boon for which,

in her old age, she humbled herself to be a suitor. There was such a pride in her that he could feel what it cost her to go on her knees even to her son. He did judge how it was in his power to gratify her; and as he was generous and imaginative he was stirred and shaken as it came over him in a wave of figurative suggestion that he might make up to her for many things. He scarcely needed to hear her ask, with a pleading wail that was almost tragic, "Don't you see how things have turned out for us; don't you know how unhappy I am — don't you know what a bitterness" — She stopped for a moment, with a sob in her voice, and he recognized vividly this last tribulation, the unhealed wound of her bereavement and the way she had sunken from eminence to flatness. "You know what Percival is, and the comfort I have from him. You know the property, and what he is doing with it, and what comfort I get from *that*! Everything is dreary but what you can do for us. Everything is odious, down to living in a hole with one's girls who don't marry. Grace is impossible — I don't know what's the matter with her; no one will look at her; and she's so conceited with it — sometimes I feel as if I could beat her! And Biddy will never marry, and we are three dismal women in a filthy house; and what are three dismal women, more or less, in London?"

So, with an unexpected rage of self-exposure, Lady Agnes talked of her disappointments and troubles, tore away the veil from her sadness and soreness. It almost frightened Nick to perceive how she hated her life, though at another time it might have amused him to note how she despised her gardenless house. Of course it was not a country-house, and Lady Agnes could not get used to that. Better than he could do — for it was the sort of thing into which, in any case, a woman enters more than a man — she felt what a lift into brighter

air, what a regilding of his sisters' possibilities, his marriage to Julia would effect for them. He could n't trace the difference, but his mother saw it all as a shining picture. She made the vision shine before him now, somehow, as she stood there like a poor woman crying for a kindness. What was filial in him, all the piety that he owed, especially to the revived spirit of his father, more than ever present on a day of such public pledges, was capable, from one moment to the other, of trembling into sympathetic response. He had the gift, so embarrassing when it is a question of consistent action, of seeing in an imaginative, interesting light anything that illustrated forcibly the life of another; such things effected a union with something in *his* life, and the recognition of them was ready to become a form of enthusiasm in which there was no consciousness of sacrifice — none scarcely of merit.

Rapidly, at present, this change of scene took place before his spiritual eye. He found himself believing, because his mother communicated the belief, that it was in his option to transform the social outlook of the three women who clung to him and who declared themselves dismal. This was not the highest kind of inspiration, but it was moving, and it associated itself with dim confusions of figures in the past — figures of authority and expectancy. Julia's wide kingdom opened out around him, making the future almost a dazzle of happy power. His mother and sisters floated in the rosy element with beaming faces, in transfigured safety. "The first house in England," she had called it; but it might be the first house in Europe, the first house in the world, by the fine air and the high humanities that should fill it. Everything that was beautiful in the place where he stood took on a more delicate charm; the house rose over his head like a museum of exquisite rewards, and the image of poor

George Dallow hovered there obsequious, as if to confess that he had only been the modest, tasteful forerunner, appointed to set it all in order and punctually retire. Lady Agnes's tone penetrated further into Nick's spirit than it had done yet, as she syllabled to him, supremely, "Don't desert us — don't desert us."

"Don't desert you?"

"Be great — be great," said his mother. "I'm old, I've lived, I've seen. Go in for a great material position. That will simplify everything else."

"I will do what I can for you — anything, everything I can. Trust me — leave me alone," said Nick Dormer.

"And you'll stay over — you'll spend the day with her?"

"I'll stay till she turns me out!"

His mother had hold of his hand again now; she raised it to her lips and kissed it. "My dearest son, my only joy!" Then, "I don't see how you can resist her," she added.

"No more do I!"

Lady Agnes looked round the great room with a soft exhalation of gratitude and hope. "If you're so fond of art, what art is equal to all this? The joy of living in the midst of it — of seeing the finest works every day! You'll have everything the world can give."

"That's exactly what was just passing in my own mind. It's too much."

"Don't be selfish!"

"Selfish?" Nick repeated.

"Don't be unselfish, then. You'll share it with us."

"And with Julia a little, I hope," said Nick.

"God bless you!" cried his mother, looking up at him. Her eyes were detained by the sudden perception of something in his own that was not clear to her; but before she had time to ask for an explanation of it Nick inquired, abruptly —

"Why do you talk so of poor Biddy? Why won't she marry?"

"You had better ask Peter Sherringham," said Lady Agnes.

"What has he got to do with it?"

"How odd of you to ask, when it's so plain how she thinks of him that it's a matter of common chaff!"

"Yes, we've made it so, and she takes it like an angel. But Peter likes her."

"Does he? Then it's the more shame to him to behave as he does. He had better leave his actresses alone. That's the love of art, too!" laughed Lady Agnes.

"Biddy's so charming — she'll marry some one else."

"Never, if she loves him. But Julia will bring it about — Julia will help her," said Lady Agnes, more cheerfully. "That's what you'll do for us — that *she* 'll do everything!"

"Why then more than now?" Nick asked.

"Because we shall be yours."

"You are mine already."

"Yes, but she is n't. However, she's as good!" exulted Lady Agnes.

"She'll turn me out of the house," said Nick.

"Come and tell me when she does! But there she is — go to her!" And she gave him a push toward one of the windows that stood open to the terrace. Mrs. Dallow had become visible outside; she passed slowly along the terrace, with her long shadow. "Go to her," Lady Agnes repeated — "she's waiting for you."

Nick went out with the air of a man who was as ready to pass that way as any other, and at the same moment his two sisters, freshly restored from the excitements of the town, came into the room from another quarter.

"We go home to-morrow, but Nick will stay a day or two," their mother said to them.

"Dear old Nick!" Grace ejaculated, looking at Lady Agnes.

"He's going to speak," the latter went on. "But don't mention it."

"Don't mention it?" said Biddy, staring. "Has n't he spoken enough, poor fellow?"

"I mean to Julia," Lady Agnes replied.

"Don't you understand, you goose?" Grace exclaimed to her sister.

XIV.

The next morning brought Nick Dormer many letters and telegrams, and his coffee was placed beside him in his room, where he remained until noon answering these communications. When he came out he learned that his mother and sisters had left the house. This information was given him by Mrs. Gresham, whom he found at one of the tables in the library, dealing with her own voluminous budget. She was a lady who received thirty letters a day, the subject-matter of which, as well as of her punctual answers, in a large, free hand, was a puzzle to those who observed her.

She told Nick that Lady Agnes had not been willing to disturb him at his work to say good-by, knowing she should see him in a day or two in town. Nick was amused at the way his mother had stolen off; as if she feared that further conversation might weaken the spell she believed herself to have wrought. The place was cleared, moreover, of its other visitors, so that, as Mrs. Gresham said, the fun was at an end. This lady expressed the idea that the fun was, after all, rather a bore. At any rate, now they could rest, Mrs. Dallow and Nick and she, and she was glad Nick was going to stay for a little quiet. She liked Harsh best when it was not *en fête*: then one could see what a sympathetic old place it was. She hoped Nick was not dreadfully tired; she feared Julia was completely done up. Mrs. Dallow, however, had transported her exhaustion to the grounds

—she was wandering about somewhere. She thought more people would be coming to the house, people from the town, people from the country, and had gone out so as not to have to see them. She had not gone far—Nick could easily find her. Nick intimated that he himself was not eager for more people, whereupon Mrs. Gresham said, rather archly, smiling—

“And of course you hate *me* for being here.” He made some protest, and she added, “But I’m almost a part of the house, you know—I’m one of the chairs or tables.” Nick declared that he had never seen a house so well furnished, and Mrs. Gresham said, “I believe there *are* to be some people to dinner: rather an interference, is n’t it? Julia lives so in public. But it’s all for you.” And after a moment she added, “It’s a wonderful constitution.” Nick at first failed to seize her allusion—he thought it a retarded political reference, a sudden tribute to the great unwritten instrument by which they were all governed. He was on the point of saying, “The British? Wonderful!” when he perceived that the intention of his interlocutress was to praise Mrs. Dallow’s fine robustness. “The surface so delicate, the action so easy, yet the frame of steel.”

Nick left Mrs. Gresham to her correspondence and went out of the house; wondering, as he walked, whether she wanted him to do the same thing that his mother wanted, so that her words had been intended for a prick—whether even the two ladies had talked over their desire together. Mrs. Gresham was a married woman who was usually taken for a widow; mainly because she was perpetually “sent for” by her friends, and her friends never sent for Mr. Gresham. She came, in every case, and had the air of being *répandue* at the expense of dingier belongings. Her figure was admired—that is it was sometimes mentioned—and she

dressed as if it was expected of her to be smart, like a young woman in a shop or a servant much in view. She slipped in and out, accompanied at the piano, talked to the neglected visitors, walked in the rain, and, after the arrival of the post, usually had conferences with her hostess, during which she stroked her chin and looked familiarly responsible. It was her peculiarity that people were always saying things to her in a lowered voice. She had all sorts of acquaintances, and in small establishments she sometimes wrote the *menus*. Great ones, on the other hand, had no terrors for her: she had seen too many. No one had ever discovered whether any one else paid her.

If Lady Agnes, in a lowered tone, had discussed with her the propriety of a union between the mistress of Harsh and the hope of the Dormers, our young man could take the circumstance for granted without irritation and even with cursory indulgence; for he was not unhappy now, and his spirit was light and clear. The summer day was splendid, and the world, as he looked at it from the terrace, offered no more worrying ambiguity than a vault of airy blue arching over a lap of solid green. The wide, still trees in the park appeared to be waiting for some daily inspection, and the rich fields, with their official frill of hedges, to rejoice in the light which approved them as named and numbered acres. The place looked happy to Nick, and he was struck with its having a charm to which he had perhaps not hitherto done justice; something of the impression that he had received, when he was younger, from showy “views” of fine country-seats, as if they had been brighter and more established than life. There were a couple of peacocks on the terrace, and his eye was caught by the gleam of the swans on a distant lake, where there was also a little temple on an island; and these objects fell in with his humor,

which at another time might have been ruffled by them as representing the tawdry in ornament.

It was certainly a proof of youth and health on his part that his spirits had risen as the tumult rose, and that after he had taken his jump into the turbid waters of a contested election he had been able to tumble and splash, not only without a sense of awkwardness, but with a considerable capacity for the frolic. Tepid as we saw him in Paris, he had found his relation to his opportunity surprisingly altered by his little journey across the Channel. He saw things in a new proportion, and he breathed an air that excited him unexpectedly. There was something in it that went to his head — an element that his mother and his sisters, his father from beyond the grave, Julia Dallow, the Liberal party and a hundred friends were both secretly and overtly occupied in pumping into it. If he was vague about success, he liked the fray, and he had a general rule that when one was in a muddle there was refreshment in action. The embarrassment, that is the revival of skepticism, which might produce an inconsistency shameful to exhibit, and yet very difficult to conceal, was safe enough to come later; indeed, at the risk of making our young man appear a purely whimsical personage, I may hint that some such sickly glow had even now begun to color one quarter of his mental horizon.

I am afraid, moreover, that I have no better excuse for him than the one he had touched on in the momentous conversation with his mother, which I have thought it useful to reproduce in full. He was conscious of a double nature; there were two men in him, quite separate, whose leading features had little in common, and each of whom insisted on having an independent turn at life. Meanwhile, if he was adequately aware that the bed of his moral existence would need a good deal of mak-

ing over if he was to lie upon it without unseemly tossing, he was also alive to the propriety of not parading his inconsistencies, not letting his unreconciled interests become a spectacle to the vulgar. He had none of that wish to appear complicated which is at the bottom of most forms of fatuity; he was perfectly willing to pass as simple; he only aspired to be continuous. If you were not really simple, this presented difficulties; but he would have assented to the proposition that you must be as clever as you can and that a high use of cleverness is in consuming the smoke of your inner fire. The fire was the great thing, and not the chimney. He had no view of life which counted out the need of learning; it was teaching, rather, as to which he was conscious of no particular mission. He liked life, liked it immensely, and was willing to study the ways and means of it with a certain patience. He cherished the usual wise monitions, such as that one was not to make a fool of one's self and that one should not carry on one's subjective experiments in public. It was because, as yet, he liked life in general better than it was clear to him that he liked any particular branch of it, that on the occasion of a constituency's holding out a cordial hand to him, while it extended another in a different direction, a certain bloom of boyhood that was on him had not resisted the idea of a match.

He rose to it as he had risen to matches at school, for his boyishness could take a pleasure in an inconsiderate show of agility. He could meet electors, and conciliate bores, and compliment women, and answer questions, and roll off speeches, and chaff adversaries, because it was amusing and slightly dangerous, like playing football or ascending an Alp — pastimes for which nature had conferred on him an aptitude not so very different in kind from a gallant readiness on platforms. There

were two voices which told him that all this was not really action at all, but only a pusillanimous imitation of it: one of them made itself fitfully audible in the depths of his own spirit, and the other spoke in the equivocal accents of a very crabbed hand, from a letter of four pages by Gabriel Nash. However, Nick acted as much as possible under the circumstances, and that was simplifying—it brought with it enjoyment and a working faith. He had not gone counter to the axiom that in a case of doubt one was to hold off; for that applied to choice, and he had not at present the slightest pretension to choosing. He knew he was lifted along, that what he was doing was not first-rate, that nothing was settled by it, and that if there was essentially a problem in his life it would only grow tougher with keeping. But if doing one's sum to-morrow instead of to-day does not make the sum easier, it at least makes to-day so.

Sometimes, in the course of the following fortnight, it seemed to him that he had gone in for Harsh because he was sure he should lose; sometimes he foresaw that he should win precisely to punish him for having tried and for his want of candor; and when, presently, he did win, he was almost frightened at his success. Then it appeared to him that he had done something even worse than not choose—he had let others choose for him. The beauty of it was that they had chosen with only their own object in their eye: for what did they know about his strange alternative? He was rattled about so for a fortnight (Julia took care of that) that he had no time to think save when he tried to remember a quotation or an American story, and all his life became an overflow of verbiage. Thought retreated before increase of sound, which had to be pleasant and eloquent, and even superficially coherent, without its aid. Nick himself was surprised at the

airs he could play; and often when, the last thing at night, he shut the door of his room, he mentally exclaimed that he had had no idea he was such a mountebank.

I must add that if this reflection did not occupy him long, and if no meditation, after his return from Paris, held him for many moments, there was a reason better even than that he was tired, or busy, or excited by the agreeable combination of hits and hurrahs. That reason was simply Mrs. Dallow, who had suddenly become a still larger fact in his consciousness than active politics. She *was*, indeed, active politics; that is, if the politics were his, how little soever, the activity was hers. She had ways of showing she was a clever woman that were better than saying clever things, which only prove at the most that one would be clever if one could. The accomplished fact itself was the demonstration that Mrs. Dallow could; and when Nick came to his senses, after the proclamation of the victor and the cessation of the noise, her figure was, of all the queer phantasmagoria, the most substantial thing that survived. She had been always there, passing, repassing, before him, beside him, behind him. She had made the business infinitely prettier than it would have been without her, added music and flowers and ices, a charm, and converted it into a social game that had a strain of the heroic in it. It was a garden-party with something at stake, or to celebrate something in advance, with the people let in. The concluded affair had bequeathed to him not only a seat in the House of Commons, but a perception of what women may do, in high embodiments, and an abyss of intimacy with one woman in particular.

She had wrapped him up in something, he did not know what—a sense of facility, an overpowering fragrance—and they had moved together in an immense fraternity. There had been no

love-making, no contact that was only personal, no vulgarity of flirtation: the hurry of the days and the sharpness with which they both tended to an outside object had made all that irrelevant. It was as if she had been too near for him to see her separate from himself; but none the less, when he now drew breath and looked back, what had happened met his eyes as a composed picture — a picture of which the subject was inveterately Julia and her ponies: Julia wonderfully fair and fine, holding her head more than ever in the manner characteristic of her, brilliant, benignant, waving her whip, cleaving the crowd, thanking people with her smile, carrying him beside her, carrying him to his doom. He had not supposed that, in so few days, he had driven about with her so much; but the image of it was there, in his consulted conscience, as well as in a personal glow not yet chilled; it looked large as it rose before him. The things his mother had said to him made a rich enough frame for it, and the whole impression, that night, had kept him much awake.

XV.

While, after leaving Mrs. Gresham, he was hesitating which way to go, and was on the point of hailing a gardener to ask if Mrs. Dallow had been seen, he noticed, as a spot of color in an expanse of shrubbery, a far-away parasol moving in the direction of the lake. He took his course that way, across the park, and as the bearer of the parasol was strolling slowly it was not five minutes before he had joined her. He went to her soundlessly over the grass (he had been whistling at first, but as he got nearer he stopped), and it was not till he was close to her that she looked round. He had watched her moving as if she were turning things over in her mind, brushing the smooth walks and the clean turf with

her dress, slowly making her parasol revolve on her shoulder, and carrying in the hand which hung beside her a book which he perceived to be a monthly review.

"I came out to get away," she remarked when he had begun to walk with her.

"Away from me?"

"Ah, that's impossible," said Mrs. Dallow. Then she added, "The day is so nice."

"Lovely weather," Nick dropped. "You want to get away from Mrs. Gresham, I suppose."

Mrs. Dallow was silent a moment. "From everything!"

"Well, I want to get away too."

"It has been such a racket. Listen to the dear birds."

"Yes, our noise is n't so good as theirs," said Nick. "I feel as if I had been married and had shoes and rice thrown after me," he went on. "But not to you, Julia — nothing so good as that."

Mrs. Dallow made no answer to this; she only turned her eyes on the ornamental water, which stretched away at their right. In a moment she exclaimed, "How nasty the lake looks!" and Nick recognized in the tone of the words a manifestation of that odd shyness — a perverse stiffness at a moment when she probably only wanted to be soft — which, taken in combination with her other qualities, was so far from being displeasing to him that it represented her nearest approach to extreme charm. *He* was not shy now, for he considered, this morning, that he saw things very straight and in a sense altogether superior and delightful. This enabled him to be generously sorry for his companion, if he were the reason of her being in any degree uncomfortable, and yet left him to enjoy the prettiness of some of the signs by which her discomfort was revealed. He would not insist on anything yet: so he observed that his

cousin's standard in lakes was too high, and then talked a little about his mother and the girls, their having gone home, his not having seen them that morning, Lady Agnes's deep satisfaction in his victory and the fact that she would be obliged to "do something" for the autumn — take a house, or something.

"I'll lend her a house," said Mrs. Dallow.

"Oh, Julia, Julia!" Nick exclaimed.

But Mrs. Dallow paid no attention to his exclamation; she only held up her review and said, "See what I have brought with me to read — Mr. Hoppus's article."

"That's right; then *I* sha'n't have to. You'll tell me about it." He uttered this without believing that she had meant or wished to read the article, which was entitled *The Revision of the British Constitution*, in spite of her having encumbered herself with the stiff, fresh magazine. He was conscious that she was not in want of such mental occupation as periodical literature could supply. They walked along, and then he added, "But is that what we are in for — reading Mr. Hoppus? Is that the sort of thing that constituents expect? Or even worse, pretending to have read him when one has n't? Oh, what a tangled web we weave!"

"People are talking about it. One has to know. It's the article of the month."

Nick looked at his companion askance a moment. "You say things every now and then for which I could kill you. 'The article of the month,' for instance: I could kill you for that."

"Well, kill me!" Mrs. Dallow exclaimed.

"Let me carry your book," Nick rejoined, irrelevantly. The hand in which she held it was on the side of her on which he was walking, and he put out his own hand to take it. But for a couple of minutes she forbore to give it up, and they held it together, swing-

ing it a little. Before she surrendered it he inquired where she was going.

"To the island," she answered.

"Well, I'll go with you — and I'll kill you there."

"The things I say are the right things," said Mrs. Dallow.

"It's just the right things that are wrong. It's because you're so political," Nick went on. "It's your horrible ambition. The woman who has a salon should have read the article of the month. See how one dreadful thing leads to another."

"There are some things that lead to nothing."

"No doubt — no doubt. And how are you going to get over to your island?"

"I don't know."

"Is n't there a boat?"

"I don't know."

Nick had paused a moment, to look round for the boat, but Mrs. Dallow walked on, without turning her head. "Can you row?" her companion asked. "Don't you know I can do everything?"

"Yes, to be sure. That's why I want to kill you. There's the boat."

"Shall you drown me?" asked Mrs. Dallow.

"Oh, let me perish with you!" Nick answered with a sigh. The boat had been hidden from them by the bole of a great tree, which rose from the grass at the water's edge. It was moored to a small place of embarkation, and was large enough to hold as many persons as were likely to wish to visit at once the little temple in the middle of the lake, which Nick liked because it was absurd and Mrs. Dallow had never had a particular esteem for. The lake, fed by a natural spring, was a liberal sheet of water, measured by the scale of park scenery; and though its principal merit was that, taken at a distance, it gave a liquid note to the rather stuffy verdure of the prospect, doing the office of an

open eye in a dull face, it could also be approached without derision on a sweet summer morning, when it made a lapping sound and reflected candidly various things that were probably finer than itself — the sky, the great trees, the flight of birds.

A man of taste, a hundred years before, coming back from Rome, had caused a small ornamental structure to be erected, on artificial foundations, on its bosom, and had endeavored to make this architectural pleasantry as nearly as possible a reminiscence of the small ruined rotunda which stands on the bank of the Tiber and is believed by tourists to have been dedicated to Vesta. It was circular, it was roofed with old tiles, it was surrounded by white columns and it was considerably dilapidated. George Dallow had taken an interest in it (it reminded him not in the least of Rome, but of other things that he liked), and had amused himself with restoring it.

"Give me your hand; sit there, and I'll ferry you," Nick Dormer said.

Mrs. Dallow complied, placing herself opposite to him in the boat; but as he took up the paddles she declared that she preferred to remain on the water — there was too much malice prepense in the temple. He asked her what she meant by that, and she said it was ridiculous to withdraw to an island a few feet square on purpose to meditate. She had nothing to meditate about which required so much attitude.

"On the contrary, it would be just to change the *pose*. It's what we have been doing for a week that's attitude; and to be for half an hour where nobody's looking and one has n't to keep it up is just what I wanted to put in an idle, irresponsible day for. I am not keeping it up now — I suppose you have noticed," Nick went on, as they floated and he scarcely dipped the oars.

"I don't understand you," said Mrs. Dallow, leaning back in the boat.

Nick gave no further explanation than to ask in a minute, "Have you people to dinner to-night?"

"I believe there are three or four, but I'll put them off if you like."

"Must you *always* live in public, Julia?" Nick continued.

She looked at him a moment, and he could see that she colored slightly.

"We'll go home — I'll put them off."

"Ah no, don't go home; it's too jolly here. Let them come — let them come, poor wretches!"

"How little you know me, when, ever so many times, I have lived here for months without a creature!"

"Except Mrs. Gresham, I suppose."

"I have had to have the house going, I admit."

"You are perfect, you are admirable, and I don't criticise you."

"I don't understand you!" she tossed back.

"That only adds to the generosity of what you have done for me," Nick returned, beginning to pull faster. He bent over the oars and sent the boat forward, keeping this up for ten minutes, during which they both remained silent. His companion, in her place, motionless, reclining (the seat in the stern was very comfortable), looked only at the water, the sky, the trees. At last Nick headed for the little temple, saying first, however, "Shan't we visit the ruin?"

"If you like. I don't mind seeing how they keep it."

They reached the white steps which led up to it. Nick held the boat, and Mrs. Dallow got out. He fastened the boat, and they went up the steps together, passing through the open door.

"They keep it very well," Nick said, looking round. "It's a capital place to give up everything."

"It might do for you to explain what you mean," said Julia, sitting down.

"I mean to pretend for half an hour that I don't represent the bourgeois of Harsh. It's charming — it's very del-

icate work. Surely it has been re-touched."

The interior of the pavilion, lighted by windows which the circle of columns was supposed, outside and at a distance, to conceal, had a vaulted ceiling and was occupied by a few pieces of last-century furniture, spare and faded, of which the colors matched with the decoration of the walls. These and the ceiling, tinted and not exempt from indications of damp, were covered with fine mouldings and medallions. It was a very elegant little teahouse.

Mrs. Dallow sat on the edge of a sofa, rolling her parasol and remarking, "You ought to read Mr. Hoppus's article to me."

"Why, is *this* your salon?" asked Nick, smiling.

"Why are you always talking of that? It's an invention of your own."

"But is n't it the idea you care most about?"

Suddenly, nervously, Mrs. Dallow put up her parasol and sat under it, as if she were not quite sensible of what she was doing. "How much you know me! I don't care about anything — that you will ever guess."

Nick Dormer wandered about the room, looking at various things it contained — the odd volumes on the tables, the bits of quaint china on the shelves. "They keep it very well; you've got charming things."

"They are supposed to come over every day and look after them."

"They must come over in force."

"Oh, no one knows."

"It's spick and span. How well you have everything done!"

"I think you have some reason to say so," said Mrs. Dallow. Her parasol was down, and she was again rolling it tight.

"But you're right about my not knowing you. Why were you so ready to do so much for me?"

He stopped in front of her and she

looked up at him. Her eyes rested on his a minute; then she broke out, "Why do you hate me so?"

"Was it because you like me personally?" Nick asked. "You may think that an odd, or even an odious question; but is n't it natural, my wanting to know?"

"Oh, if you don't know!" Mrs. Dallow exclaimed.

"It's a question of being sure."

"Well, then, if you're not sure" —

"Was it done for me as a friend, as a man?"

"You're not a man; you're a child," said his hostess, with a face that was cold, though she had been smiling the moment before.

"After all, I was a good candidate," Nick went on.

"What do I care for candidates?"

"You're the most delightful woman, Julia," said Nick, sitting down beside her, "and I can't imagine what you mean by my hating you."

"If you have n't discovered that I like you, you might as well."

"Might as well discover it?"

Mrs. Dallow was grave; he had never seen her so pale and never so beautiful. She had stopped rolling her parasol now; her hands were folded in her lap and her eyes were bent on them. Nick sat looking at them, too, a trifle awkwardly. "Might as well have hated me," said Mrs. Dallow.

"We have got on so beautifully together, all these days: why should n't we get on as well forever and ever?" Mrs. Dallow made no answer, and suddenly Nick said to her: "Ah, Julia, I don't know what you have done to me, but you have done it. You've done it by strange ways, but it will serve. Yes, I hate you," he added, in a different tone, with his face nearer to hers.

"Dear Nick — dear Nick" — she began. But she stopped, for she suddenly felt that he was altogether nearer, nearer than he had ever been to her before,

that his arm was round her, that he was in possession of her. She closed her eyes, but she heard him ask, "Why should n't it be forever, forever?" in a voice that was kinder in her ear than any voice had ever been.

"You've done it — you've done it," Nick repeated.

"What do you want of me?" she demanded.

"To stay with me, this way, always."

"Ah, not this way," she answered, softly, but as if in pain, and making an effort, with a certain force, to detach herself.

"This way, then — or this!" He took such insistent advantage of her that he had quickly kissed her. She rose as quickly, but he held her yet, and while he did so he said to her in the same tender tone, "If you'll marry me, why should n't it be so simple, so good?" He drew her closer again, too close for her to answer. But her struggle ceased and she rested upon him for a minute, she buried her face on his breast.

"You're hard, and it's cruel!" she then exclaimed, breaking away.

"Hard — cruel?"

"You do it with so little!" And with this, unexpectedly to Nick, Mrs. Dallow burst straight into tears. Before he could stop her she was at the door of the pavilion, as if she wished to quit it immediately. There, however, he stopped her, bending over her while she sobbed, unspeakably gentle with her.

"So little? It's with everything — with everything I have."

"I have done it, you say? What do you accuse me of doing?" Her tears were already over.

"Of making me yours; of being so precious, Julia, so exactly what a man wants, as it seems to me. I did n't know you could," he went on, smiling down at her. "I did n't — no, I did n't."

"It's what I say — that you have always hated me."

"I'll make it up to you."

She leaned on the doorway with her head against the lintel. "You don't even deny it."

"Contradict you *now*? I'll admit it, though it's rubbish, on purpose to live it down."

"It does n't matter," she said, slowly; "for however much you might have liked me, you would never have done so half as much as I have cared for you."

"Oh, I'm so poor!" Nick murmured, cheerfully.

She looked at him, smiling, and slowly shook her head. Then she declared, "You never can."

"I like that! Have n't I asked you to marry me? When did you ever ask me?"

"Every day of my life! As I say, it's hard — for a proud woman."

"Yes, you're too proud even to answer me."

"We must think of it, we must talk of it."

"Think of it? I've thought of it, ever so much."

"I mean together. There are things to be said."

"The principal thing is to give me your word."

Mrs. Dallow looked at him in silence; then she exclaimed, "I wish I did n't adore you!" She went straight down the steps.

"You don't, if you leave me now. Why do you go? It's so charming here, and we are so delightfully alone."

"Detach the boat; we'll go on the water," said Mrs. Dallow.

Nick was at the top of the steps, looking down at her. "Ah, stay a little — *do* stay!" he pleaded.

"I'll get in myself, I'll put off," she answered.

At this Nick came down, and he bent a little to undo the rope. He was close

to her, and as he raised his head he felt it caught; she had seized it in her hands and she pressed her lips to the first place they encountered. The next instant she was in the boat.

This time he dipped the oars very slowly indeed; and while, for a period that was longer than it seemed to them, they floated vaguely, they mainly sat and glowed at each other, as if everything had been settled. There were reasons enough why Nick should be happy; but it is a singular fact that the leading one was the sense of having escaped from a great mistake. The final result of his mother's appeal to him the day before had been the idea that he must act with unimpeachable honor. He was capable of taking it as an assurance that Julia had placed him under an obligation which a gentleman could regard only in one way. If *she* had understood it so, putting the vision, or at any rate the appreciation, of a closer tie into everything she had done for him, the case was conspicuously simple and his course unmistakably plain. That is why he had been gay when he came out of the house to look for her: he could be gay when his course was plain. He could be all the gayer, naturally, I must add, that in turning things over, as he had done half the night, what he had turned up oftenest was the recognition that Julia now had a new personal power over him. It was not for nothing that she had thrown herself personally into his life. She had by her act made him live twice as much, and such a service, if a man had accepted and deeply tasted it, was certainly a thing to put him on his honor. Nick gladly recognized that there was nothing he could do in preference that would not be spoiled for him by any deflection from that point. His mother had made him uncomfortable by intimating to him that Julia was in love with him (he did n't like, in general, to be told such things); but the responsibility seemed

easier to carry, and he was less shy about it, when once he was away from other eyes, with only Julia's own to express that truth and with indifferent nature all around. Besides, what discovery had he made this morning but that he also was in love?

"You must be a very great man," she said to him, in the middle of the lake. "I don't know what you mean, about my salon; but I *am* ambitious."

"We must look at life in a large, fine way," Nick replied, resting his oars.

"That's what I mean. If I did n't think you could I would n't look at you."

"I could what?"

"Do everything you ought — everything I imagine, I dream of. You *are* clever: you can never make me believe the contrary, after your speech on Tuesday. Don't speak to me! I've seen, I've heard, and I know what's in you. I shall hold you to it. You are everything that you pretend not to be."

Nick sat looking at the water while she talked. "Will it always be so amusing?" he asked.

"Will what always be?"

"Why, my career."

"Shan't I make it so?"

"It will be yours; it won't be mine," said Nick.

"Ah, don't say that; don't make me out that sort of woman! If they should say it's me, I'd drown myself."

"If they should say what's you?"

"Why, your getting on. If they should say I push you, that I do things for you."

"Well, won't you do them? It's just what I count on."

"Don't be dreadful," said Mrs. Dalow. "It would be loathsome if I were said to be cleverer than you. That's not the sort of man I want to marry."

"Oh, I shall make you work, my dear!"

"Ah, that!" exclaimed Mrs. Dalow, in a tone that might come back to a man in after years.

"You will do the great thing, you will make my life delightful," Nick declared, as if he fully perceived the sweetness of it. "I dare say that will keep me in heart."

"In heart? Why should n't you be in heart?" Julia's eyes, lingering on him, searching him, seemed to question him still more than her lips.

"Oh, it will be all right!" cried Nick.

"You'll like success, as well as any one else. Don't tell me—you're not so ethereal!"

"Yes, I shall like success."

"So shall I! And of course I am glad that you'll be able to do things," Mrs. Dallow went on. "I'm glad you'll have things. I'm glad I'm not poor."

"Ah, don't speak of that," Nick murmured. "Only be nice to my mother; we shall make her supremely happy."

"I'm glad I like your people," Mrs. Dallow dropped. "Leave them to me!"

"You're generous—you're noble," stammered Nick.

"Your mother must live at Broadwood; she must have it for life. It's not at all bad."

"Ah, Julia," her companion replied, "it's well I love you!"

"Why should n't you?" laughed Julia; and after this there was nothing said between them till the boat touched the shore. When she had got out Mrs. Dallow remarked that it was time for luncheon; but they took no action in consequence, strolling in a direction which was not that of the house. There was a vista that drew them on, a grassy path skirting the foundations of scattered beeches and leading to a stile from which the charmed wanderer might drop into another division of Mrs. Dallow's property. This lady said something about their going as far as the stile; then, the next instant, she exclaimed, "How stupid of you—you've forgotten Mr. Hoppus!"

"We left him in the temple of Vesta.

Darling, I had other things to think of there."

"I'll send for him," said Mrs. Dallow.

"Lord, can you think of him now?" Nick asked.

"Of course I can—more than ever."

"Shall we go back for him?" Nick inquired, pausing.

Mrs. Dallow made no answer; she continued to walk, saying they would go as far as the stile. "Of course I know you're fearfully vague," she presently resumed.

"I was n't vague at all. But you were in such a hurry to get away."

"It does n't signify. I have another one at home."

"Another summer-house?" suggested Nick.

"A copy of Mr. Hoppus."

"Mercy, how you go in for him! Fancy having two!"

"He sent me the number of the magazine; and the other is the one that comes every month."

"Every month—I see," said Nick, in a manner justifying considerably Mrs. Dallow's charge of vagueness. They had reached the stile and he leaned over it, looking at a great mild meadow and at the browsing beasts in the distance.

"Did you suppose they come every day?" asked Mrs. Dallow.

"Dear, no, thank God!" They remained there a little; he continued to look at the animals, and before long he added: "Delightful English pastoral scene. Why do they say it won't paint?"

"Who says it won't?"

"I don't know—some of them. It will in France; but somehow it won't here."

"What are you talking about?" Mrs. Dallow demanded.

Nick appeared unable to satisfy her on this point; at any rate, instead of answering her directly he said, "Is Broadwood very charming?"

"Have you never been there? It shows how you've treated me. We used to go there in August. George had ideas about it," added Mrs. Dallow. She had never affected not to speak of her late husband, especially with Nick, whose kinsman, in a manner, he had been and who had liked him better than some others did.

"George had ideas about a great many things."

Julia Dallow appeared to be conscious that it would be rather odd, on such an occasion, to take this up. It was even odd in Nick to have said it. "Broadwood is just right," she rejoined at last. "It's neither too small nor too big, and it takes care of itself. There's nothing to be done; you can't spend a penny."

"And don't you want to use it?"

"We can go and stay with *them*," said Mrs. Dallow.

"They'll think I bring them an angel." And Nick covered her hand, which was resting on the stile, with his own large one.

"As they regard you yourself as an angel they will take it as natural of you to associate with your kind."

"Oh, *my* kind!" murmured Nick, looking at the cows.

Mrs. Dallow turned away from him, as if she were starting homeward, and he began to retrace his steps with her. Suddenly she said, "What did you mean, that night in Paris?"

"That night?"

"When you came to the hotel with me, after we had all dined at that place with Peter."

"What did I mean?"

"About your caring so much for the fine arts. You seemed to want to frighten me."

"Why should you have been frightened? I can't imagine what I had in my head: not now."

"You *are* vague," said Julia, with a little flush.

"Not about the great thing."

"The great thing?"

"That I owe you everything an honest man has to offer. How can I care about the fine arts now?"

Mrs. Dallow stopped, looking at him. "Is it because you think you *owe* it?" — and she paused, still with the heightened color in her cheek; then she went on — "that you have spoken to me as you did there?" She tossed her head toward the lake.

"I think I spoke to you because I could n't help it."

"You *are* vague!" And Mrs. Dallow walked on again.

"You affect me differently from any other woman."

"Oh, other women! Why should n't you care about the fine arts now?" she added.

"There will be no time. All my days and my years will be none too much to do what you expect of me."

"I don't expect you to give up anything. I only expect you to do more."

"To do more I must do less. I have no talent."

"No talent?"

"I mean for painting."

Mrs. Dallow stopped again. "That's odious! You *have* — you must."

Nick burst out *laughing*. "You're altogether delightful. But *how* little you know about it — about the *honorable* practice of any art!"

"What do you call practice? You'll have all our things — you'll live in the midst of them."

"Certainly I shall enjoy looking at them, being so near them."

"Don't say I've taken you away then."

"Taken me away?"

"From the love of art. I like them myself now, poor George's treasures. I did n't, of old, so much, because it seemed to me he made too much of them — he was always talking."

"Well, I won't talk," said Nick.

"You may do as you like — they're yours."

"Give them to the nation," Nick went on.

"I like that! When we have done with them."

"We shall have done with them when your Vandykes and Moronis have cured me of the delusion that I may be of *their* family. Surely that won't take long."

"You shall paint *me*," said Julia.

"Never, never, never!" Nick uttered these words in a tone that made his companion stare; and he appeared slightly embarrassed at this result of his emphasis.

To relieve himself he said, as they had come back to the place beside the lake where the boat was moored, "Sha'n't we really go and fetch Mr. Hoppus?"

She hesitated. "You may go; I won't, please."

"That's not what I want."

"Oblige me by going. I'll wait here." With which Mrs. Dallow sat down on the bench attached to the little landing.

Nick, at this, got into the boat and put off; he smiled at her as she sat there watching him. He made his short journey, disembarked and went into the pavilion; but when he came out with the object of his errand he saw that Mrs. Dallow had quitted her station — she had returned to the house without him.

He rowed back quickly, sprang ashore and followed her with long steps. Apparently she had gone fast; she had almost reached the door when he overtook her.

"Why did you basely desert me?" he asked, stopping her there.

"I don't know. Because I'm so happy."

"May I tell mother?"

"You may tell her she shall have Broadwood."

XVI.

Nick lost no time in going down to see Mr. Carteret, to whom he had written immediately after the election and who had answered him in twelve revised pages of historical parallel. He used often to envy Mr. Carteret's leisure, a sense of which came to him now afresh, in the summer evening, as he walked up the hill toward the quiet house where enjoyment, for him, had ever been mingled with a vague oppression. He was a little boy again, under Mr. Carteret's roof — a little boy on whom it had been duly impressed that in the wide, plain, peaceful rooms he was not to "touch." When he paid a visit to his father's old friend there were in fact many things — many topics — from which he instinctively kept his hands. Even Mr. Chayter, the immemorial blank butler, who was so like his master that he might have been a twin brother, helped to remind him that he must be good. Mr. Carteret seemed to Nick a very grave person, but he had the sense that Chayter thought him rather frivolous.

Our young man always came on foot from the station, leaving his portmanteau to be carried: the direct way was steep and he liked the slow approach, which gave him a chance to look about the place and smell the new-mown hay. At this season the air was full of it — the fields were so near that it was in the small, empty streets. Nick would never have thought of rattling up to Mr. Carteret's door. It had an old brass plate, with his name, as if he had been the principal surgeon. The house was in the high part, and the neat roofs of other houses, lower down the hill, made an immediate prospect for it, scarcely counting, however, for the green country was just below these, familiar and interpenetrating, in the shape of small but thick-tufted gardens. There was something

growing in all the intervals, and the only disorder of the place was that there were sometimes oats on the pavements. A crooked lane, very clean, with cobblestones, opened opposite to Mr. Carteret's house and wandered towards the old abbey; for the abbey was the secondary fact of Beauclere, after Mr. Carteret. Mr. Carteret sometimes went away and the abbey never did; yet somehow it was most of the essence of the place that it possessed the proprietor of the squarest of the square red houses, with the finest of the arched hall-windows, in three divisions, over the widest of the last-century doorways. You saw the great abbey from the doorstep, beyond the gardens of course, and in the stillness you could hear the flutter of the birds that circled round its huge, short towers. The towers had never been finished, save as time finishes things, by perpetuating their incompleteness. There is something right in old monuments that have been wrong for centuries: some such moral as that was usually in Nick's mind, as an emanation of Beauclere, when he looked at the magnificent line of the roof, riding the sky and unsurpassed for length.

When the door with the brass plate was opened and Mr. Chayter appeared in the middle distance (he always advanced just to the same spot, like a prime minister receiving an ambassador), Nick saw anew that he would be wonderfully like Mr. Carteret if he had had an expression. He did not permit himself this freedom; never giving a sign of recognition, often as the young man had been at the house. He was most attentive to the visitor's wants, but apparently feared that if he allowed a familiarity it might go too far. There was always the same question to be asked — had Mr. Carteret finished his nap? He usually had not finished it, and this left Nick what he liked — time to smoke a cigarette in the garden, or even, before dinner, to take a turn about the place. He

observed now, every time he came, that Mr. Carteret's nap lasted a little longer. There was, each year, a little more strength to be gathered for the ceremony of dinner; this was the principal symptom — almost the only one — that the clear-cheeked old gentleman gave of not being so fresh as of yore. He was still wonderful for his age. To-day he was particularly careful: Chayter went so far as to mention to Nick that four gentlemen were expected to dinner — an effusiveness perhaps partly explained by the circumstance that Lord Bottomley was one of them.

The prospect of Lord Bottomley was, somehow, not stirring; it only made the young man say to himself with a quick, thin sigh, "This time I *am* in for it!" And he immediately had the unpolitical sense again that there was nothing so pleasant as the way the quiet bachelor house had its best rooms on the big garden, which seemed to advance into them through their wide windows and enlarge their dullness.

"I expect it will be a lateish eight, sir," said Mr. Chayter, superintending, in the library, the production of tea on a large scale. Everything at Mr. Carteret's appeared to Nick to be on a larger scale than anywhere else — the tea-cups, the knives and forks, the door-handles, the chair-backs, the legs of mutton, the candles and the lumps of coal: they represented, and apparently exhausted, the master's sense of pleasing effect, for the house was not otherwise decorated. Nick thought it really hideous, but he was capable at the same time of extracting a degree of amusement from anything that was strongly characteristic, and Mr. Carteret's interior expressed a whole view of life. Our young man was generous enough to find a hundred instructive intimations in it even at the time it came over him (as it always did at Beauclere) that this was the view he himself was expected to take. Nowhere were the boiled eggs, at breakfast, so

big or in such big receptacles; his own shoes, arranged in his room, looked to him longer there than at home. He went out into the garden and remembered what enormous strawberries they should have for dinner. In the house there was a great deal of Landseer, of oilcloth, of woodwork painted and "grained."

Finding that he should have time before the evening meal, or before Mr. Carteret would be able to see him, he quitted the house and took a stroll toward the abbey. It covered acres of ground, on the summit of the hill, and there were aspects in which its vast bulk reminded him of the ark, left high and dry upon Ararat. At least it was the image of a great wreck, of the indestructible vessel of a faith, washed up there by a storm centuries before. The injury of time added to this appearance — the infirmities around which, as he knew, the battle of restoration had begun to be fought. The cry had been raised to save the splendid pile, and the counter-cry by the purists, the sentimentalists, whatever they were, to save it from being saved. They were all exchanging compliments in the morning papers.

Nick sauntered round the church — it took a good while; he leaned against low things and looked up at it while he smoked another cigarette. It struck him as a great pity it should be touched: so much of the past was buried there that it was like desecrating, like digging up, a grave. And the years seemed to be letting it down so gently: why jostle the elbow of slow-fingering time? The fading afternoon was exquisitely pure; the place was empty; he heard nothing but the cries of several children, which sounded sweet, who were playing on the flatness of the very old tombs. He knew that this would inevitably be one of the topics at dinner, the restoration of the abbey; it would give rise to a considerable deal of orderly debate. Lord Bottomley, oddly

enough, would probably oppose the expensive project, but on grounds that would be characteristic of him even if the attitude were not. Nick's nerves, on this spot, always knew what it was to be soothed; but he shifted his position with a slight impatience as the vision came over him of Lord Bottomley's treating a question of æsthetics. It was enough to make one want to take the other side, the idea of having the same taste as his lordship: one would have it for such different reasons.

Dear Mr. Carteret would be deliberate and fair all round, and would, like his noble friend, exhibit much more architectural knowledge than he, Nick, possessed: which would not make it a whit less droll to our young man that an artistic idea, so little really assimilated, should be broached at that table and in that air. It would remain so outside of their minds, and their minds would remain so outside of it. It would be dropped at last, however, after half an hour's gentle worrying, and the conversation would incline itself to public affairs. Mr. Carteret would find his natural level — the production of anecdote in regard to the formation of early ministries. He knew more than any one else about the personages of whom certain cabinets would have consisted if they had not consisted of others. His favorite exercise was to illustrate how different everything might have been from what it was, and how the reason of the difference had always been somebody's inability to "see his way" to accept the view of somebody else — a view usually, at the time, discussed, in strict confidence, with Mr. Carteret, who surrounded his actual violation of that confidence, thirty years later, with many precautions against scandal. In this retrospective vein, at the head of his table, the old gentleman always enjoyed an audience, or at any rate commanded a silence, often profound. Every one left it to some one else to ask another

question; and when by chance some one else did so every one was struck with admiration at any one's being able to say anything. Nick knew the moment when he himself would take a glass of a particular port and, surreptitiously looking at his watch, perceive it was ten o'clock. It might as well be 1830.

All this would be a part of the suggestion of leisure that invariably descended upon him at Beauclerc — the image of a sloping shore where the tide of time broke with a ripple too faint to be a warning. But there was another admonition that was almost equally sure to descend upon his spirit in a summer hour, in a stroll about the grand abbey; to sink into it as the light lingered on the rough red walls and the local accent of the children sounded soft in the churchyard. It was simply the sense of England — a sort of apprehended revelation of his country. The dim annals of the place appeared to be in the air (foundations bafflingly early, a great monastic life, wars of the Roses, with battles and blood in the streets, and then the long quietude of the respectable centuries, all corn-fields and magistrates and vicars), and these things were connected with an emotion that arose from the green country, the rich land so infinitely lived in, and laid on him a hand that was too ghostly to press and yet, somehow, too urgent to be light. It produced a throb that he could not have spoken of, it was so deep, and that was half imagination and half responsibility. These impressions melted together and made a general appeal, of which, with his new honors as a legislator, he was the sentient subject. If he had a love for this particular scene of life, might it not have a love for him and expect something of him? What fate could be so high as to grow old in a national affection? What a grand kind of reciprocity, making mere soreness of all the balms of indifference!

The great church was still open, and

he turned into it and wandered a little in the twilight, which had gathered earlier there. The whole structure, with its immensity of height and distance, seemed to rest on tremendous facts — facts of achievement and endurance — and the huge Norman pillars to loom through the dimness like the ghosts of heroes. Nick was more struck with its human than with its divine significance, and he felt the oppression of his conscience as he walked slowly about. It was in his mind that nothing in life was really clear, all things were mingled and charged, and that patriotism might be an uplifting passion even if it had to allow for Lord Bottomley and for Mr. Carteret's blindness on certain sides. Presently he perceived it was nearly half past seven, and as he went back to his old friend's he could not have told you whether he was in a state of gladness or of gloom.

"Mr. Carteret will be in the drawing-room at a quarter to eight, sir," Chayter said; and Nick, as he went to his chamber, asked himself what was the use of being a member of Parliament if one was still sensitive to an intimation on the part of such a functionary that one ought already to have begun to dress. Chayter's words meant that Mr. Carteret would expect to have a little comfortable conversation with him before dinner. Nick's usual rapidity in dressing was, however, quite adequate to the occasion, and his host had not appeared when he went down. There were flowers in the unfeminine saloon, which contained several paintings, in addition to the engravings of pictures of animals; but nothing could prevent its reminding Nick of a comfortable committee-room.

Mr. Carteret presently came in, with his gold-headed stick, a laugh like a series of little warning coughs and the air of embarrassment that our young man always perceived in him at first. He was nearly eighty, but he was still shy — he

laughed a great deal, faintly and vaguely, at nothing, as if to make up for the seriousness with which he took some jokes. He always began by looking away from his interlocutor, and it was only little by little that his eyes came round; after which their limpid and benevolent blue made you wonder why they should ever be circumspect. He was clean shaven and had a long upper lip. When he had seated himself he talked of "majorities," and showed a disposition to converse on the general subject of the fluctuation of Liberal gains. He had an extraordinary memory for facts of this sort, and could mention the figures relating to elections in innumerable places in particular years. To many of these facts he attached great importance, in his simple, kindly, presupposing way; returning five minutes later and correcting himself if he had said that some one, in 1857, had had 6014 instead of 6004.

Nick always felt a great hypocrite as he listened to him, in spite of the old man's courtesy — a thing so charming in itself that it would have been grossness to speak of him as a bore. The difficulty was that he took for granted all kinds of positive assent, and Nick, in his company, found himself immersed in an atmosphere of tacit pledges which constituted the very medium of intercourse and yet made him draw his breath a little in pain when, for a moment, he measured them. There would have been no hypocrisy at all if he could have regarded Mr. Carteret as a mere sweet spectacle, the last, or almost the last, illustration of a departing tradition of manners. But he represented something more than manners; he represented what he believed to be morals and ideas — ideas as regards which he took your personal deference (not discovering how natural that was) for participation. Nick liked to think that his father, though ten years younger, had found it congruous to make his best friend of the

owner of so nice a nature: it gave a softness to his feeling for that memory to be reminded that Sir Nicholas had been of the same general type — a type so pure, so disinterested, so anxious about the public good. Just so it endeared Mr. Carteret to him to perceive that he considered his father had done a definite work, prematurely interrupted, which had been an absolute benefit to the people of England. The oddity was, however, that though both Mr. Carteret's aspect and his appreciation were still so fresh, this relation of his to his late distinguished friend made the latter appear to Nick even more irrecoverably dead. The good old man had almost a vocabulary of his own, made up of old-fashioned political phrases and quite untainted with the new terms, mostly borrowed from America; indeed, his language and his tone made those of almost any one who might be talking with him appear by contrast rather American. He was, at least nowadays, never severe nor denunciatory; but sometimes, in telling an anecdote, he dropped such an expression as "the rascal said to me," or such an epithet as "the vulgar dog."

Nick was always struck with the rare simplicity (it came out in his countenance) of one who had lived so long and seen so much of affairs that draw forth the passions and perversities of men. It often made him say to himself that Mr. Carteret must have been very remarkable to achieve with his means so many things requiring cleverness. It was as if experience, though coming to him in abundance, had dealt with him with such clean hands as to leave no stain, and had never provoked him to any general reflection. He had never proceeded in any ironic way from the particular to the general; certainly he had never made a reflection upon anything so unparliamentary as Life. He would have questioned the taste of such an obtrusion, and if he had encountered it on the part of another would have re-

garded it as a kind of French toy, with the uses of which he was unacquainted. Life, for him, was a purely direct function, not a question of phrasing. It must be added that he had, to Nick's perception, his variations — his back windows opening into more private grounds. That was visible from the way his eye grew cold and his whole polite face rather austere when he listened to something that he did n't agree with or perhaps even understand; as if his modesty did not in strictness forbid the suspicion that a thing he did n't understand would have a probability against it. At such times there was something a little deadly in the silence in which he simply waited, with a lapse in his face, without helping his interlocutor out. Nick would have been very sorry to attempt to communicate to him a matter which he probably would not understand. This cut off, of course, a multitude of subjects.

The evening passed exactly as Nick had foreseen, even to the rather early

dispersal of the guests, two of whom were "local" men, earnest and distinct, though not particularly distinguished. The third was a young, slim, uninitiated gentleman whom Lord Bottomley brought with him, and concerning whom Nick was informed beforehand that he was engaged to be married to the Honorable Jane, his lordship's second daughter. There were recurrent allusions to Nick's victory, as to which he had the fear that he might appear to exhibit less interest in it than the company did. He took energetic precautions against this, and felt, repeatedly, a little spent with them, for the subject always came up once more. Yet it was not as his but as theirs that they liked the triumph. Mr. Carteret took leave of him for the night directly after the other guests had gone, using at this moment the words that he had often used before —

"You may sit up to any hour you like. I only ask that you don't read in bed."

Henry James.

THE WAR-CRY OF CLAN GRANT.

A BONNY bird frae France has flown,
A breeze blawn o'er the sea;
The White Rose yet shall hae its throne
Beside the Fleur de Lys.
In whispers low gaes on the word
To bid us do or dee;
The cry fu' mony a field has heard,
"Stand fast, Craig Ellachie!"

He comes, auld Scotia's rightfu' king,
Who twice has come in vain;
He proves the sooth, "The third time wins,"
King Charles shall o'er us reign.
For Falkirk's flight and Preston's rout
Once taught King George what we
Can do when peals Clan Grant's wild shout,
"Stand fast, Craig Ellachie!"

The oak that hid a royal Charles
 A royal Charles maun see ;
 For brows o' Hanoverian carles
 Nae leaf grows on that tree.
 An' rantin' Rob, wha buys and sells,
 To "Herring-House" will flee
 When our victorious war-cry swells,
 "Stand fast, Craig Ellachie!"

There's no' an exile's heart that bleeds
 Beside the banks o' Seine,
 There's no' a wife wears widow's weeds
 And weeps Culloden's slain,
 But now shall cast their care aside
 And change their dool to glee,
 When echoes wide o'er Teviot's tide,
 "Stand fast, Craig Ellachie!"

They wha the ancient faith maintain
 To the old line are true ;
 They'll gie the king his own again,
 And Holy Kirk her due.
 Then, Claymores, out and send the shout
 Frae Berwick-law to Dee,
 Till Windsor's towers aince mair are ours,
 "Stand fast, Craig Ellachie!"

'T will bid Dundee's brave wraith look down
 On Killiecrankie's Pass,
 When Holyrood shall see the crown,
 St. Giles's Kirk the mass.
 Mons Meg shall speak to Arthur's Seat
 And Calton Hill, when we
 With loyal cry our monarch greet,
 "Stand fast, Craig Ellachie!"

Walter Mitchell.

THE STATE, THE CHURCH, AND THE SCHOOL.

AN acute if somewhat near-sighted critic has traced what he is pleased to call the emancipation of Massachusetts, meaning by that term a release of the commonwealth from the tyranny of priestcraft; but there is a wider and nobler sense in which this commonwealth worked out its emancipation in

common with other English colonies on the Atlantic coast. Under the rapid evolution of free social and political life, the great experiment was tried and proved of detaching the church from a pragmatic relation to the state, without rendering the state less Christian or the church less vigorous. The evolution

tended not to disintegrate an essential integrity, but to discriminate functions.

This separation of church and state in America is indeed one of the great landmarks in human history, but the attention of students has been directed too exclusively to the effect upon the state and the person; the effect upon the church hardly has had adequate consideration. Americans, especially, have been so greatly interested in political studies, and accept the separation of church and state so much as a matter of course, that they fail to realize that the contribution which the country is making to ecclesiastical history is quite as momentous as that which it is making to political history. Only when some conflict arises between the state and that organized body which claims, *par éminence*, to be the church does the citizen bethink himself of the very different conditions under which his life is led from those which prevail in England, Germany, or Italy.

The conversion of Constantine, by which the Roman Empire and the church ceased outwardly to be antagonists and began to coalesce, took place early in the fourth century. At the beginning of the tenth century the establishment of the Holy Roman Empire seemed to make organic the union of church and state. The contest between Hildebrand and Henry IV., in the last quarter of the eleventh century, marks the height of supremacy of the ecclesiastical power in this union. The next four centuries show the church outwardly appearing to strengthen its position, yet really, by the silent working of that spiritual power which inhered in it, moulding and shaping the forms of human freedom. The rise of nationality had its legitimate issue in the revolution which we call Protestantism. That name, as all students know, was not given to a revolt against the errors of the church, but to a bold assertion of national independence of the Vatican. The first Diet of Spire,

in 1526, was both the register of the independence of the states in the empire as regarded allegiance to the Pope, and the starting-point whence the notion of religious freedom was to make rapid progress.

Out of the general movement which goes by the name of the Protestant revolution came the religious independence of England, the reformation of the English church, most of all in this: that it was now to be part and parcel of the English nation, and was to be the great spiritual guardian of the life of the English people. But again was set in motion on new lines that activity which had caused humanity to refuse to be bound by the swaddling-clothes of ecclesiasticism. Just as the great Elizabethan expansion of England in the fields of commerce, science, literature, and art was very intimately connected with the separation of the English church from Roman superintendence, so the Jacobean and Carolan expansion of England in colonial operations was very intimately associated with the separation of the Puritan party from a close connection with Episcopal superintendence. The revolt of the Puritans in England issued in a temporary independence, a momentary disintegration of church and state; but the formal relation was quickly restored, and the real change is to be sought in the gradual relaxation, during the generations which have followed, of ecclesiastical restrictions, as instanced in the abolition of tests and the disestablishment of the Irish church, while these releases have been attended by great spiritual advances in the church of England itself.

But the most remarkable as well as the most fruitful result of the Protestant revolution is to be seen in the condition of things in the United States. The removal of a large section of the Puritan party to New England made it possible for the ideas underlying the Puritan movement to have free exer-

cise, and the issue is seen in such a differentiation of the functions of church and state as the world has never witnessed on so great a scale and with such promise of permanence. These ideas have had gradual expression, and they are but partial exponents of the fundamental idea of the Christian church. The founders of New England, though they were out of sympathy with the Episcopal form, had by no means reached the point where they could understand the significance of those essentially modern words, a free church in a free state. They also established a church in New England. They sought an even closer identification of the church with the state than existed in the mother country, and it was in pushing this notion of a state-church and church-state to an extreme that they demonstrated the truth that the pragmatic connection of the two is an historic incident, not an underlying and essential relation.

We have rid ourselves, in historical studies, of the crude belief that our institutions in America are the result exclusively of the Declaration of Independence and the formation of a written Federal Constitution. We are accustomed to the thought that American social, religious, and political life, as formulated in organizations and institutions, has been the outcome of an indefinite series of developing forces, and that such great advantage as we possess over European nations lies in the freedom of the conditions under which our national development has taken place. The immense advantage at the start of a virgin continent upon which to exercise our power, the absence of a marked feudal system, the preponderating influence of a race educated to the practice of political power, — all these prime favors have accelerated the movement of a development which is more sluggish in Europe because it is more embarrassed by the inert accumulations of centuries. Institutions which had been buttressed by

custom, long endurance, and an intricate interdependence with other institutions, when transferred to these shores could not survive the change, and went down under the shock of vital forces.

Was the church one of these institutions? Or is the church like the nation, a moral organism, which not only survives in spite of changes in organization, but has within it a vital force which is the author of these very changes? No student of the history of the United States fails to see that it was the people of the thirteen colonies who instituted the nation. With what noiseless ease, their political instincts trained and under control, they destroyed the colonial fabric, and substituted the more perfect fabric of the commonwealth; and though with the throes of labor, yet with equal certainty they erected an independent Union in the place of a dependent congeries of states. The postulate is in an inherent political power, and this is the postulate also in the church, namely, that there is an inherent spiritual power. The possibility of change, of reform, in the church and society rests on this great truth, that there is a light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world; and however any man, or any society, or any generation may suffer this light to be obscured by the coverings which untoward systems, education, or sentiment may produce, the light is essential, the coverings are accidental and temporary. There never is a moment when in some church, in some organization, in some human being, that everlasting light may not blaze forth with such incandescent fury as to burn away all the flimsy coverings which have seemed so impervious to light. The miracles of reform which have been wrought are the same as the miracles wrought by the Christ in the field of physical nature; they are the destruction of obstructions, not the creation of what did not previously exist. New eyes are not given, but the scales fall.

If one apprehends the deep spiritual energy which is at work in Christianity, he may reach some apprehension of the processes by which this energy constantly is transmuting the forms of Christianity; he may be able to note the moments when the church, having existed long enough in one form to permit the expansion of the spiritual idea inclosed in it, gives way when that spirit can no longer be contained within it. Again and again does the prophecy come true, "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will build it again;" I, because the I within the temple is greater than the temple. There was a great destruction of that temple when the church which owned the Holy Father at Rome as its one earthly head was broken and appeared to lie in fragments over Christendom, but the building again is going on. From the gathering of the Apostles after the Sermon on the Mount, that Magna Charta of Christianity, to the upper chamber in Jerusalem; from the upper chamber to Constantine; from Constantine to Hildebrand; from Hildebrand to the Diet of Spire; from the Diet of Spire to the establishment of the First Church in Boston; from that day to this year of grace, there is a series of steps which marks the development of redeemed humanity. At every stage it has been possible for the prophets of God and man to see essential coincidence with that primitive Christian society which had its presentation in the Beatitudes, or the ten-sided base of human character, and yet to look forward eagerly to a more complete resolution of all the forces of human society into that twofold relation summed up in the first and great commandment, and the second like unto it.

Freedom brings rights, and rights have their correspondent duties. The release of the church from pragmatic connection with the state means an access of power to the church within its scope as a great spiritual factor; and upon the superficial

evidence of material prosperity there has unquestionably been given an immense momentum to the growth of organized Christianity in America. Whatever the future may hold for us, we may confidently aver that the differentiation of political and ecclesiastical functions in America will deepen, not lessen. In all our vaticinations, we need not consider the hypothesis of a return to an organic union of church and state. The more interesting and far more practical question relates to the independent and interdependent action of these two great organizations upon the same person, and when this question is put in the terms of education it becomes of supreme moment.

Time was, even in our own country, when state, church, and school were only three manifestations of the same organism. In the separation which has come about between the church and the state, the school has been partitioned between them, not formally, but through the operation of natural laws. Looking over the field to-day, we see a few instances of what may be termed educational independence of both church and state. The most notable illustration is Harvard University, which once was formally united to each. We see a great many illustrations in the higher and secondary institutions of a connection between the school and the church. Such are our denominational colleges and academies. The charter of Yale requires that a certain number of her trustees shall be clergymen of the Congregational order, and though the university in its expansion has risen above mere denominational lines, still it is identified with Congregationalism of the Trinitarian type; while Trinity College at Hartford and S. Paul's School at Concord are illustrations of the most manifest association of church and school. We see also by far the largest body of educational institutions in intimate dependence on the state. Under this category come

the public schools, the state academies, and those state colleges and universities which flourish especially in Western soil. Finally, we see a number of institutions which, while having no organic connection either with the state or with any one corporate ecclesiastical body, are yet openly and distinctively religious and Christian schools; having, indeed, sometimes in their articles of corporation a provision for establishing and preserving both a Christian character and an independence of any one body of Christians. Such is Wellesley College, which provides for an adherence to the evangelical type of Protestant Christianity, both in the *personnel* of administration and in the college curriculum.

Thus it appears that the conditions of education as regards direct Christian teaching vary greatly. In separating church and state we have not determined under which organization the school shall be fostered,—we have left this to the operation of general social laws; but by a necessity of the very nature of the state as conceived by Americans, primary education has come to be the special charge of the state. Now the state has no formal religious character; can it then provide for the religious education of the young? And if it does not, are the schools therefore non-Christian or anti-Christian?

We have referred to the contribution which America is making to the conception of Christianity in its separation of the functions of church and state, in its heroic use of the voluntary system, in the enlargement of religious freedom. Yet no one can take note of this momentous fact without observing also the existence in the United States of an ecclesiastical power which in its history, its official utterances, and its alliances stands opposed to the interpretation of Christianity which is denoted by American Protestantism. The Roman Catholic church has thriven under the enormous advantages which our liberty has given it.

No state alliance could afford it such an impetus as it has received from occupying the same privileges with other religious bodies in America. It lies within the great circle of American religious freedom, but by the very charter of its organization, so to speak, it is a protest against the life which nourishes it.

It is inevitable that in one form or another a conflict should arise between this body and American Protestantism, nor is it strange that the conflict should appear first and most emphatically in the arena of education. The theory of the Roman Catholic church makes the prime element in education to consist in loyalty to the church of God as interpreted by its tenets. The theory of American Protestant Christianity makes the prime element in education to consist in the formation of right character. Hence the former says to the child, Whatever else you may or may not learn, you shall first of all know your catechism and become familiar with the ritual of the church; the latter says, You shall learn all you can in school, but the end in view is always your character.

The Roman Catholic church has begun to put its theory into systematic practice by the general adoption of the policy of parochial schools, into which are withdrawn pupils who would otherwise receive their training in the public schools. A test through results may therefore be looked for. By their fruits ye shall know them. I do not say that the parochial schools fail to give a thorough training in character and the development of the faculties, though I hear many complaints of their inferiority to the neighboring public schools; we must bear in mind also that they collect boys and girls whose antecedents do not make the best material of them, and they deprive these pupils of contact with minds quickened by inheritance of generations of freedom. Nor do I say that our public schools necessarily produce

boys and girls of a high type of character; on the contrary, those most familiar with the public schools are most sharp in their criticism of the results in this respect. What I assert is that we have the spectacle of two antagonistic systems, and that the issue will prove which of the two is more vital. In other words, we are witnessing a trial between two phases of Christianity,—the Christianity of Hildebrand and the Christianity of the American republic.

We who heartily believe in this later phase have a task before us which may well inspire us with enthusiasm. We have to convince an apparently securely entrenched church that the God whom they worship is not, as each nation of antiquity fancied, their own peculiar divinity, inaccessible to the voice of any beyond the pale. We have to build an invisible temple, whose true catholicity shall render a material assumption of catholicity ignoble and self-destructive. The church of Rome, with its compact and magnificent visible strength, appeals to our imagination, and by its apparent solidarity seems to render the opposing force of American Protestantism broken and irresolute. How insignificant, how jealous of each other, how incapable of union, appear our separate bodies of Methodists, Congregationalists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians! We cannot so misinterpret the issue. The opposition to this great hierarchy is not in any one of these churches or societies, nor in all of them combined. The true opposition is to be found in Christianity itself, in that larger, fuller conception of the life of God in the world which is only feebly expressed by our separate churches. The thought of Romanism is that God is manifest only in and through the Roman Catholic church; and just so far as our Protestant churches faintly echo that same notion, and say, *Lo, He is here*, and only here, do they stand in the same category as against the eternal idea

which was manifested to the world in the Christ.

In this most interesting contest, one factor should not be left out of sight. We must not forget that the Roman Catholic church in America is itself working out a problem. No more than the rest of the world has it reached its final change, and in its edict commanding the establishment of parochial schools it is taking up a weapon of defense whose handle may prove a blade. It is working in America under very different conditions from those under which it works in the Old World. In opposing its church schools to the public schools it suffers the enormous disadvantage of being compelled to use authority and a certain extrinsic force as against a freedom which is self-determined. So long as parochial schools are mainly the imposition of an order, and not the spontaneous outgrowth of the people supporting them, they are foreign, not native, and they exist with overwhelming odds against them. They even threaten themselves, for the state is profoundly jealous of any foreign power which seems to interfere with the liberty of its citizens; and events have shown that those who are directing the policy of parochial schools find themselves at once on the defensive and compelled to use circumspection, if they wish to carry on their experiment unopposed. Let the people of any commonwealth be convinced that a church is deliberately exercising supremacy in political rights, and they will make short work of such pretensions.

Assuming, then, in the absence of any systematic effort to establish primary schools except on the part of the Roman Catholics, that American Christians expect to work out the problem of primary education through the agency of the state, the question may be repeated, How far is their Christianity recognizable in the school system, and what function does the church play along-

side of the state in the education of the young?

We are not giving a definite and comprehensive answer when we contend that the Bible shall be read every day in every school without comment. I am not denying the value of this exercise. In the hands of a reverent, thoughtful teacher it may be of inestimable worth; but the Bible is not a charm nor a talisman, and the merely formal, perfunctory use of it in the presence of the young is mischievous and deadening. The Bible is a divine instrument, to be used wisely and rationally; not a fetic from which the divinity has fled. Least of all is it desirable to make a test of such an exercise. Happy they who can begin the school-day with their children with a message from God's word, with the offering of the Lord's Prayer, with some hymn of praise! Is one shut out from all this in the public school, and is the source of Christian education therefore dried? Our conception of Christianity will determine our conception of Christian education; and as education, in the last analysis, is the influence of one person on another, so Christian education is the outflow of that influence from a person who owns in his or her life the power of a Christian faith.

Mr. Bryce, in his far-reaching book *The American Commonwealth*, has illustrated by many examples the discovery which thoughtful men are making of the real seat of power in America. He traces the working of power through various organizations of government and society only to find it finally resident in the people. Public opinion, he avers, is the court of final appeal, and legislatures and administrations are becoming steadily more sensitive reflections of public opinion. We accept the conclusion. We perceive that the schools of the country represent the public that institutes them. The community in one place is homogeneous, religious, high-minded; its schools are expressions of

its character. Elsewhere the community is honeycombed with corruption, religious indifference, a low spiritual temper; its schools will scarcely show a higher standard. Yet in the one case eternal vigilance is requisite to preserve a high ideal; in the other the aggressive force of a true Christianity may work upon the schools through the community, upon the community through the schools. A warm-hearted, large-minded Christian woman or man will transform the shady place into one of sunshine. The spread of the Christian faith is more than the augmentation of any one religious order, and its exercise is through a multitude of channels which have not a religious name. As the prime, fundamental notion of that faith subsists in a personal relation, so its development and exercise are in and through personal relations, and those personal relations extend to the entire organization of human society; nor can they stop short of that universal application. Business, government, literature, art, education, yes, the church itself,—these are all under the transforming influence of that faith which subdues kingdoms and works righteousness.

It is here that, speaking in a large way, the church has its great part to play in Christianity in America. Because the state, the church, and the school have become in a degree separate organisms, so much the greater freedom and power has the church; so much the more surely is it to penetrate the state, to infuse the spirit of its Master into the school. Withdrawn from official, perfunctory relations, with how much more pervasive force shall it establish spiritual, invisible, and healthful relations! Nay, in the very separation of the church from the school we see the precious power of the church in education. Command that the church be invested with the education of the young, and you introduce the insidious peril of formalism; you make Christian faith to

be a thing of rules; you make it possible for arid religious training to take the place of the expansion of character under the force of vital Christian faith.

We cannot shut up the idea of education within the boundaries of the school-room; nor can we crowd into that room all the influences which directly affect character. In the development of modern American civilization there is a disposition to distinguish the functions of the church and the school. The church is to assume the distinctively religious education of the child; the school is to be concerned with its mental and industrial education. But in the development of spiritual Christianity, the public which is imbued with the principles of Christ recognizes no such sharp distinctions in practice. It will study to spiritualize the public schools by making the teacher's desk the honorable goal of a devout disciple of Jesus; by using the great spiritual forces of art and literature in the formal lessons of the day, and, so far as Christian wisdom will sanction, the Bible, the prayer, and praise; most of all, by making Christian character the lever to lift the whole mass into a nobler place.

There is no short and easy road to such an end. By no system of legislation can we expect to enforce Christianity. Nor is any skillful manipulation of school committees or boards of education to secure devout Christian men and women at the head of our schools. No; the spread of Christianity in the school-room, like the spread of Christianity in the world, is by the consecration of the children of God. Our school system is like our political system. There are those who think we never shall be a Christian nation so long as the name of God is not in the Constitution of the United States. There are those who think our public schools cannot be Christian so long as they do not directly teach Christian dogmas. The answer is in the sublime words of the Master: "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven;" and in education as in national life, Christianity is not a thing of names and phrases, but a real manifestation of the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

Horace E. Scudder.

BREVET MARTYRS.

I SOMETIMES think we have, each one of us, a kind of private gold mine, which affords us a store of pleasant memories and fancies. It is strictly our own property, and may be as devoid of interest to mankind in general as are, to the unpracticed eyes, the desert places of a treasure-bearing soil. It would puzzle us to be asked the "open sesame" to this secret store, for often the perfume, the color, the strain, the chance grouping of familiar objects which worked the spell, cannot be recalled at will.

There is an old record book in numerous volumes, with dingy covers and well-thumbed pages adorned with many a blot and rectifying finger-mark, which contains for me such hidden treasure. It is the record of the sixty thousand enlisted men who, in the far-off war times, were fed, clothed, lodged, and generally sustained at a sanitary commission "Soldiers' Home" in northern Ohio, situated on one of the great centres of railroad travel.

To eyes unanointed with the true,

particular balsam there is nothing to attract or interest in what seems a mere business ledger, but to those of us who can still recall the recorded as clothed in flesh and blood these ill-spelt names are characters, recalling almost as many histories, grave and gay. They are names now entered on earthly and heavenly rolls of honor, and of the story of their lives circumstance has too often given us only stray pages, a prologue, an *entr'acte*, a finale. Can nothing be done to rescue these memories from certain oblivion, — nothing to save John Smith, martyr, and once private in the 20th Alaska Infantry, from being known solely as the recipient of one lodging in a Soldiers' Home, three meals, and a flannel shirt? It is something to remember that his name and rank are recorded in that carefully cherished volume; but how can this John Smith, saint, preserve his identity in the immediate neighborhood of John Smith, sinner, since both are represented only by certain thick strokes of the enactic pen of that recording official who, for unknown cause, signs himself "*per J. Jardine, Superintendent Soldiers' Home*"?

The ink fades, the page discolors; time is stealing away distinctness of form and clearness of outline. Virtues and faults are melting on memory's horizon into a gentle haze of tender blue. In that sanctified region incipient halos are dawning over even the least worthy brows. Before it is too late, let us reanimate some of those shadowy personalities, beginning with a handful of memories of people who, while really but common flints, aspired to be estimated as gems from the old mine.

THE REFUGEE.

There was a time — now far removed within the mists of the dim 1860s — when the loyal public heart responded promptly to the watchword "refugee." It was less stirred than at the mention of the stars and stripes, or at sight of

the familiar pale blue of the faded army coats, even when in intimate association with barrel-organs, but still it is undeniable that for the thronging exiles from the Land of Dixie, whose number increased so enormously and so unaccountably during the last year of the war, the sympathy of the Northern public was prompt and ever on draught.

In those stormy days, indeed, the mantle of charity was broad, and in the case of the refugees covered many deserters from the South, who, while claiming to have suffered on account of the imputed righteousness of Union proclivities, were really, politically, neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. In the second year of the rebellion a slender stream of emigration trickled northward, which at last became a mighty torrent overflowing the land. We believed — how willingly! — that all of these Southern refugees had seen the error of their ways; we forgot the parable of the rats and the sinking ship. We prepared for the manifold prodigal the robe and the ring, and introduced him to the heritage of the beloved elder son.

We inhabitants of the Border States can well remember those dismal wagon trains of emigration which crept along our white roads by day, and at night encamped under that strictly neutral flag, the star-set sky. What a vast proportion of women and children the caravans contained! What mystery too often shrouded the absent husbands and brothers! I believe we knew as well then as we know now the probable color of the absentees' uniforms, convinced that the wearers were even then confronting loyal cannon, or, mustered out, lying under Virginia sod.

But Union colors were always flying at the peak, and the wagon trains coming to us from Tennessee brought many and many a family of loyal people, driven from their homes, insulted, persecuted, exiled by local tyranny. What sad freight those humble processions often

bore! — the pitiful wrecks of modest homes, those few household goods of the Tennessee mountaineers, endeared by inherited possession, made sacred by the usage of a lifetime, shabby and poor enough when torn from familiar association and unveiled to indifferent eyes. There was also that other freight of shadowy personal possessions which occupied no place in the crowded caravan, — the memory of things still more precious, destroyed in the course of the domiciliary visits made by neighbors of differing political creed, and warranted by Heaven knows what martial code. Some of the sad stories we heard and remember: of that cherry bureau, the boast of the Tennessee mountain home, chopped to pieces by the axes of suspicious acquaintances; of the wedding-quilt, the fireside chair, which had met the fate of common destruction.

But of these loyal refugees I do not propose to write. They have nothing in common with the martyrs of brevet rank whom I have in mind, and association with those who left their homes from motives of purest self-interest, unanimated by a spark of political principle, would but degrade the noble character of men who staked in defense of patriotism and loyalty all that can make life dear. We must earnestly wish that the history of those obscure men, remote from the sympathy of their fellows, to whom the expression of duty meant the surrender of home, of daily bread, often of life, may be worthily written. Our brevet martyr is one whom neither North nor South can honor.

The wandering caravans of refugees were like meteors in the orderly regions of planetary space. They roamed aimlessly from county to county, from town to town, and when the conditions appeared favorable made deposits of one or more families, who remained, generally the charge of the citizens, unassimilated, foreign, distinct, until the return of peace restored them to their

former homes. Wherever the tents of these nomads were pitched in the unknown, despised North, some sweet spring of charity was sure to bubble up to the wayfarers' refreshment. How many of these strangers were loyal through inward conviction, or were converts to the Union plenty, we were wise enough not to inquire too closely. The immediate question regarding those pinched, hatchet-faced men and women, with complexions of *café-au-lait*, was the one so satisfactorily answered by Mr. Dick, who, when asked by Miss Betsey Trotwood what to do with David Copperfield, replied, "Give him something to eat." The Soldiers' Homes of the Sanitary Commission were ordinarily the objective point of all or any whose sufferings could be traced even indirectly to the war. In the hurry, the hot haste, of stirring times, these Homes afforded the relief of immediate want even to those who applied with all their equipment of public and private prejudice.

With the opening of 1864 came an influx of deserters from the Confederate army, and the passing charity of a meal or a lodging was never refused them by the Soldiers' Homes. There were sometimes almost as many gray as blue coated men in the common sitting-room of these institutions, where, gathered about the huge stove, war stories were told and favorite commanders discussed and compared. But the strangers were silent, these men seemingly of alien race, posing as that historic prodigal, confessing sin and imploring protection, — men who had fought three years for a cause, and deserted only when success under its flag became uncertain. They contributed nothing to the fervid discussions as to which general was the best leader: Grant, who "led his men straight up to fortifications," or Sherman, who "always flanked 'em." The prodigals were on other thoughts intent: how to get away from the drafting-wheel of Union provost-marshals, and on what de-

gree of the map of the Northern States the line of perfect safety from enlistment could be drawn. Anything more hopeless can hardly be imagined than the attempts made by the local officers of the Sanitary Commission to help these "truly loyal" applicants, who had no remotest idea how to help themselves. If further progress northward could not be effected, employment must be obtained for the brevet martyr, a peaceful old age spent by the fireside of a Soldiers' Home being the alternative. Philanthropy has ever a weighty profit-and-loss account to keep, and even subsequent enlightenment cannot induce vain regrets over the occasional unworthy recipients of the bounty, so broad and free, of the great North.

Here is a typical specimen of the genus brevet martyr, species *Virginien-sis*, entered on memory's ledger. Behold "Jeems" Brown *redivivus*, loose-jointed, shambling, inert, butternut in complexion as in coat. Do you not wonder that energy was developed in that limp personality to procure his escape from the Confederate States, the necessary crawling through hostile lines, the struggling through nature's sterner defenses of marsh and tangled forests? He has his credentials from the Confederate authorities, descriptive list unrecorded, unsigned, but unmistakable. His history as verbally related is simple: Jeems, born near Petersburg, Virginia, the son of a small planter, or farmer, who was the owner of fifteen slaves, was drafted into the Confederate army in 1862, deserted virtuously and repeatedly, was three times conscripted with ever-fresh zeal, and, in view of the inevitable, discovered that he could not "fight against the old flag;" so, summoning his brothers five, who had also, apparently, passed the time in endeavoring to avoid the draft and cultivating the arts of peace, they took to their heels one fine night, swam rivers, waded swamps, hid by day, progressed by night, deftly eluded

sentinels, and reached at last the land of safety, with only a bullet-hole through Jeems's right sleeve and a corresponding vacuum in the flesh of the right arm as a parting token of esteem from a watchful Confederate picket.

All these dangers past, and full three hundred miles stretching between themselves and possible capture, the Brown brothers presented themselves at the Sanitary Commission Soldiers' Home of a flourishing and patriotic Northern town as candidates for the sympathy of the loyal, as suffering Unionists, — in short, as brevet martyrs in defense of constitutional right.

What could be done with them? We of the Sanitary Commission were not unused to having various species of distress gently assisted to our observation by a loyal but preoccupied public. We found it absolutely necessary to remove that solid presentment of martyrdom in six divisions, seated in helpless despondency by the stove of our office. That was, indeed, a circle of hopeless figures, with shabby coats of dead-leaf shades, boots, with autobiographic soil attached, extended to the reviving heat, drooping forms, shock heads, bad hats; the only sentiment discernible a mild revival of vital force, as the warmth and sense of comfort penetrated the outer mail of wretchedness. But let us remember that around the youngest Brown brother, a boy of fifteen, the solitary warm garment, an old shepherd's plaid, was pinned.

Yes, the problem was there, not to be ignored, — a many-headed problem, which must be fed, clothed, warmed, and suitably established on the high-road to fortune. Thank Heaven, at that period we still kept open the Soldiers' Home, whose charity was broad as its white face, and into that fold the wandering flock was turned, while the next step was anxiously discussed.

The Brown brothers were open to any proposition from any quarter what-

ever on the question of employment, provided the exact kind of work suited to their capacity and experience could be found.

"What can you do?" we asked of Jeems. "What have you done?" "Merchandising," was the too frequent reply from the brevet martyr.

But we had already ten exiles registered upon the books of our Sanitary Commission Employment Agency for that particular industry. In 1864 we had systematized our efforts to find occupation for the disabled discharged soldiers, a task imperative and disheartening, opened the books of an employment agency, and provided our office with a blackboard at its door, setting forth the nature of our wants.

Ben Brown's tastes and habits inclined him to the profession of horse-dealing, and we were again discouraged. Another exile proposed to borrow from the "Sanitary" the money wherewith to build an attractive saloon commanding the Union railroad depot, and sure to ensnare returning paid-off soldiers. With these propositions the way was blocked on the part of the brevet martyrs. But what were benevolent and distracted institutions to do, with ten exiles on their hands to be fed, lodged, and salaried?

Emphatic and startling notices were chalked upon our bulletin-board, bristling with capitals and underscored with triple lines:—

"WANTED!

Situations for ten able-bodied men as clerks, merchants, tailors, draymen, blacksmiths, shoemakers. Apply at Employment Agency, Sanitary Commission Office, No. 20 Independence Street."

Now they really could do one of these things as well as the other.

Our friends were personally entreated:—

"Dear Mr. Railroad Superintendent, good Mr. Engineer, kind Mr. Bridge-Builder, can you not find something

to do for a refugee or two, or possibly nine or ten? The poor fellows have had a hard time of it, and are quite destitute,—loyal, too, you know; Southern Unionists, rare species," etc., etc. Then followed the singular and oft-told tale of loyalty and flight,—nouns in unpleasant conjunction.

Hearts of stone could not resist such a plea, and a personal interview was appointed with a tenth part of the applicants. Alas that the outward man of our brevet martyr did not always convey conviction of inward worth! But perhaps we were at last so fortunate as to find an employer whose requirements were modest enough to be filled by our Jeems, and a fractional part of the burden was lifted from our soul. Let it not be supposed that the object of so much solicitude had shared our anxiety. His confidence in the protecting properties of the old flag was quite childlike. He dined, lounged, and possessed his soul in peace.

Unluckily there seemed no affinity between man and place. Can this be the refugee returning to the home, expectant of robes and fatted calf? 'Tis he, a little depressed, yet calmly resigned. We receive him with mild displeasure. We begin to cast longing glances at the recruiting office over the way, but on that point our Jeems can be firm. We suspect that an armed neutrality may not be the best method of showing devotion to the oft-adjured "old flag." "Why *don't* you enlist?" "Cos I'd be hung ef I was kitched." "But need you be caught?" we murmur.

One lucky investment relieved us of several stalwart but unresolvable refugees, who, replying to the advertisement of a new railroad company, were provided with axes and pitted against those primeval forests which are currently supposed to be stepping on the toes of our young Western cities. But our brevet martyrs speedily reduced themselves to a pensionable condition, and we knew

that there was no pension law applicable to their case, yet we were briefly, rapturously happy. This happiness not even the periodical return of one and another refugee, on foraging intent, who appeared by favor of a passing train or other fortunate circumstance, could reduce to its antecedent despair. A lean, lank, shambling figure still haunts the door of memory's chamber, as — how often! — it leaned against a palpable door casing, the features of the brevet martyr contorted into what was supposed to be an engaging expression.

"Jeems, are you here again?"

"Yes, um. I dun come for to tote some stores. Could yer gimme a tin cup?"

"No!" firmly. "Everything necessary was given you when you went down on the railway."

"Any sugar? Jes' a chaw of ter-bacca?"

"No!" crescendo.

"Well, missus, can't yer gimme some coffee?"

"No, no!" with an attempt to interpose the door between ourselves and that horrible leer.

"Butter?" is inserted between the jaws of the closing door, and a faint murmur of "Cheese?" dies away in the distance.

So much for the brevet martyr in outline. Numerous, indeed, were the variations of that type. Like the captive Israelites, the brevet-martyr host dwelt in the land of strangers, a separate people, relinquishing none of the strange habits of life which mark the wide divergence of their species; viewing the comfort and luxury of the North with more than the stolid indifference of the Indian, — with the silent contempt of the resident in Jackson County, Florida. It was not an unusual spectacle, that of a cracker family established under a tent pitched on a vacant lot in the heart of the city, or settled in an empty shed, the centre of every small eddy of pass-

ing curiosity, unconscious of it all; dipping, smoking, chewing, squatting about a small fire; eating how, when, and what fate might direct; throwing the responsibility of continuing this half existence upon the "Yankee," because of that shadowy flag which, like the shadow of the cross, blessed all beneath its shelter.

Indeed, the generic name "refugee" seemed that typical omnibus which was always able to contain one more variety of the species.

Let me recall another example, — a brevet martyr from the Tennessee Mountains, he claimed, — unfortunately and mistakenly visited with the wrath of his disloyal neighbors, and suffering martyrdom most unjustly and to his own amazement.

He was a man of tall, commanding presence, shabby black alpaca coat, over which streamed age's flag of truce in silvered locks. So organically connected with his personality was his black leather portmanteau that it emphasized his sentences, and served to elucidate descriptive statements. He was a mendicant of rare ability, and poured forth to the auditor his tale of woe, from the first inexplicable but unlucky conviction of loyalty in his Tennessee home to the consequent destruction of his personal property and his own too hasty flight.

The crisis of the story was heralded and accompanied invariably by frantic wavings of the black portmanteau, as the martyr drew near and still nearer to his audience in the *élan* of narration, which always culminated in this peroration denunciatory of "the neighbors" at home: "An' when Gabriel blows, dear, what'll they do *then*, dear, when they see *me* a-coming up to judgment?" What, indeed?

THE SPY.

A strange variation of the species brevet martyr was Charlotte Anderson;

hardly to be classed among the refugees, although pleading suffering and loss through the war as a claim for the honors of the type.

It is an old saying that corporations have no souls, but the war gave evidence to the fallacy of that proposition as upon many another disputed point. Only those who, as agents of the people's bounty to its soldiers, had occasion to ask the help of the great railroad companies of the West know the enormous sum of unheralded good done by their officers to the penniless wives and children of men sick in hospital, and to discharged soldiers returning from the front. We of northern Ohio fully appreciate the tax upon the charity of the Cleveland, Columbus, and Cincinnati and the Cleveland and Pittsburg railroad companies from the beginning to the end of the war.¹ We remember that no favor for soldier, for his wife or widow, was ever refused when the plea was supported by the reasonable judgment of the officers of the local Sanitary Commission, who, on this account, pledged themselves to the utmost care in protecting the generous companies from imposition.

In the winter of 1865, the number of spies and deserters had marvelously increased, the government's plans of campaigns were frequently and mysteriously betrayed, and undoubtedly too many of the refugee recipients of Northern bounty, in their safe and comfortable places of refuge, were discharging the debt of hospitable reception by eager and accurate reports of observations to the authorities of the Confederate States; in short, it was impossible at that period to know who might not be taking treasonable notes. On a day of this year two women entered the rooms of the Sanitary Commission in the very city of northern Ohio of which we have been writing.

¹ The Cleveland and Toledo and Lake Shore railroad companies were equally generous, al-

The ladies who were the officers of the local Sanitary Commission were just leaving the great storehouse of hospital supplies, those articles of awful significance with which custom had made them familiar. There were the huge receptacles lining the sides of the room, marked for the collection of the rags, lint, compresses, invoiced by the donors as garments; there on the desk lay the day-book, wherein a patriotic and faithful woman, disciple of order, had labored to reconcile those discrepancies between debit and credit which were too often forced by hasty ardor. There were the boxes of hospital stores, unloaded, but yet unpacked, containing the gifts of a self-devotion and self-sacrifice of which our Western world had hitherto known nothing. A pile of neat packing-cases, which was then awaiting shipment, occupied its own space, wherein, classified, reconstructed hospital stores were sent to the front. Struggling with the shadows which sought to combine and confuse outline and shape was the great castelated stove, looking eight ways at once with its circle of unwinking eyes.

The more delicate-looking of the two strangers told their story. Mrs. Charlotte Anderson, of central New York, claimed to be the wife of a private soldier, who had recently been ill in a hospital in Louisville, Kentucky. She said she had gone to him on hearing of his illness, had nursed him until he was able to return to his regiment, and was going back to her own home, when on the train her pocket was picked, and she found herself penniless in a strange city. She said enough, and no more, and the customary close inquiry failed to shake her story on any most trivial point. She was thoroughly familiar with her Louisville surroundings, replied quietly and courteously to any searching query made, and by her appearance personally vouched for the correctness of though the roads were not such thoroughfares as those specialized above.

her position. Charlotte was essentially ladylike and refined, fair-haired, slight, and of delicate complexion. Her story was by no means improbable; indeed, was not uncommon. The general unspoken verdict was in her favor.

"But," said the shrewd little president of the Sanitary Commission, "who is this other person?"

"Oh," replied Mrs. Charlotte, "she is a soldier's wife, too. I met her on the cars; she is out of money, and would like to get a ticket for transportation."

"Well," decided the president, "I think we may promise you a ticket, but hardly this other woman, unless she can prove as good a claim as you present."

"But we can't be separated!" broke suddenly and unexpectedly from soldier's wife Number Two. The emphatic exclamation startled the little company, and a moment later the quickest witted of women, the secretary, quietly moved to the other side of the stove, to ascertain the condition of the fire. As she threw open the stove door, a broad shaft of flame-light fell full on the fair and gentle face of Mrs. Charlotte Anderson.

"It is late," said the secretary, "and the train does not leave until ten o'clock in the morning; we will talk the matter over, and let you know our decision in your friend's case early to-morrow."

Well content, the women departed, and hurriedly and secretly the secretary imparted to her associates what she had read in Mrs. Charlotte Anderson's face by the light of the tell-tale flame, — that the decorous soldier's wife from Central New York was a man in disguise, and most probably a rebel spy. The ardor of the companion's exclamation had excited the secretary's suspicion, and closer scrutiny revealed a truth which the other Sanitary Commission officers accepted as a matter of faith, unsupported by a particle of personal conviction.

The secretary was firm, and as about steadfast objects indeterminate things will collect, so, without the cooperation

of her companions, but without objection from them, she summoned the provost-marshal from the adjoining building to advise as to future action.

But Colonel Lee could not be found, nor would he return to his office that night.

At half past eight o'clock on the following morning, the Sanitary Commission corps assembled, and by the office porter, Mike, sent message after message to the provost-marshal, all of which found him still not reported.

With waning time, with obstacles accumulating, the faith of the secretary in her convictions became ever stronger. It survived the shock of seeing Mrs. Charlotte Anderson and her attached companion enter the office about nine o'clock; the former, neat, trim, fragile, delicate as before, the cruel eye of day failing to reveal joints in her armor. The body of the Sanitary Commission officers promptly deserted, but mentally only, to Mrs. Charlotte's side.

Every courteous method was employed to detain the strangers, the porter being still kept in a state of constant progression from the Sanitary Commission quarters to the office of the provost-marshal. The provost guard lounged on the stairs; there was everything at hand save the requisite authority. It was ten, twenty, twenty-five minutes past nine; no valid excuse presented itself for further delay. The order for transportation was given Charlotte, her companion was recommended to the state agent at the depot, and in her own excellent language the former expressed gratitude for the favors, graceful, sufficient. After them, at a safe distance, down the hill to the Union depot, went the faithful Mike, with orders to the station police officer to arrest the woman who should be pointed out to him, as certainly a man in female dress, and in all probability a deserter or rebel spy. He soon returned, breathless, with this note from Officer Smith Potter: —

"I bin deppo officer here this twenty year, and I know a man when I see him, and I know a woman when I see her. I can't be taken in, and I can't arrest that woman neither."

I shall always insist that it required in the secretary more than that faith which removes mountains to persevere in her theory, in face of the immense experience of a veteran policeman, and with only the limp support of her associates to back her. Only one precious space of time remained for decision, — one moment, upon whose issues who can say what fate lay trembling? But fifteen minutes remained before train time, and the station was distant a five minutes' walk. Just then Colonel Lee sauntered down to his morning duties, and with no deferring now to the rights of private judgment, was requested firmly, on sufficient grounds, to be later explained, to arrest the woman who should be indicated by the energetic Mike.

By ten o'clock Mrs. Charlotte Anderson and her friend were ushered into the provost-marshal's office, under a strong guard, and the president and vice-president of the Sanitary Commission were summoned to give evidence.

The secretary at her desk in the little glazed-in office behind the Sanitary Commission storehouse awaited the decision which should win her the gratitude of a spy-ridden country, or render her forever the scoff of the police contingent.

Time dragged on, but at last the door opened, and Colonel Lee led in a young, fair-haired man dressed in the uniform of a private in the United States army.

"Mrs. Charlotte Anderson."

There was only one unworthy, but she hopes patriotic, woman who turned away her eyes, lest over-curious gaze should increase discomfiture. But it must be said no signs of such emotion were evident on the impassive countenance of Mrs. Charlotte. She, or rather he, had undeniable grit, shown not only during this trying interview, but throughout

subsequent confinement in military prisons. Even a year later, when reported at Harper's Ferry, he had never allowed the natural sound of his voice to be heard, disguised by some unknown but effectual means. So far as known, he had never revealed anything nor betrayed anything of his real personality nor of the nature of his mission.

The inquiries made by the provost-marshal revealed the fact that Charlotte and his companion had been staying in the city for some days, at one of the second-rate respectable hotels. He had received voluminous mail through the post-office, and half an hour before appearing at the Sanitary Commission office, on that fatal morning, had obtained several letters, which he had read and destroyed, telling the postmaster to burn any which might afterwards arrive. None, however, subsequently came for him.

Charlotte Anderson's trunk, which was seized on board the train, revealed the importance of the mission. It contained disguises of many and diverse kinds: the uniform of a major-general in the United States army, one of an officer of similar rank in the Confederate army, the dress of privates in both services, female attire of various styles and degree, and a handsome citizen dress. The outfit was so costly as to indicate operations of a delicate and dangerous nature.

For one so bold and clever as the prisoner, so provided against detection, and so ready in expedient to founder upon the rock of exposure, for the sake of spoiling the Egyptians to so small an amount as a free railroad journey, is certainly mysterious, and can only be explained on the ground of the recklessness induced by a long course of successful fraud, effected by a disguise so perfect as to defy the criminal experience of a veteran police officer.

The circumstances of the case certainly sustained the assumption that in

the capture of Charlotte Anderson the Sanitary Commission had rendered important service to the government.

Upon Charlotte's arrest he made a curious affidavit, which, although minute in detail, was believed by the provost-marshal to be entirely false. In this affidavit, so called, although unsigned, he claimed to be a member of Company D, 60th Ohio Infantry, first having served in the 39th Pennsylvania V. I. He said he was a native of Hamburg, and enlisted at Erie, Pennsylvania. According to this statement, he had repeatedly deserted under both enlistments, and could not clearly explain whether the present journey was towards his regiment or in full retreat.

It must be said that the story was entirely unworthy of the clever Charlotte, who had so deftly defied inquiry from the Sanitary Commission officials, but the significance of the affidavit lay in the man's anxiety to profess himself a deserter, — no light charge to be brought against a soldier at that critical period of the war. The character was evidently assumed to hide a graver charge, — that of being a spy and informer; and as such Charles Anderson was regarded, and under that charge held a prisoner.

Emma, as his companion was called, claimed to have known nothing of Anderson's deception, but admitted the falseness of the first statement regarding her own status. She told wonderful stories of her friend's accomplishments: that he could sew, knit, crochet, and embroider; dance, sing, play on the piano, and speak three languages fluently; and to these attainments he added the unfeminine accomplishment of firing a pistol with perfect aim and of riding admirably.

Emma was allowed to go her own way, because, although false and unreliable, there was no evidence of her being the accomplice of Anderson in his more serious undertakings. One curious ad-

mission she is said to have made: that her companion expressed most vindictive feeling against the North, and threatened to kill President Lincoln. He was then, she insisted, on his way to Washington, and this was three months before the President's death.

The pretended residence of Anderson in Erie, Pennsylvania, was easily disproved, as he betrayed complete ignorance of all local features, and subsequently contradicted his previous statements on this point.

In time, the Soldiers' Homes rejected the assumed loyalty of these refugees as of base coinage, granting them only the occasional grace of a meal or lodging. Then, by some impalpable but reliable impulse of information, the majority of refugees sought assistance elsewhere. There were strangers' societies, who took the wanderers in, and by whom the compliment was, as a rule, returned. On the record books of these associations can be found many curious histories: as, for instance, that of Mr. Fly nobly refusing to consider the five dollars granted to his necessities as a gift, but receiving it simply as a loan, which of course relieved him from obligation. Exit Fly from the record and forever! — and there are many such. It is pathetic to see how faith and purest womanly feeling returned to the encounter, when so often and so brutally knocked out. Martyr after martyr proved the brevet character of his rank, but his successor was believed in, trusted, helped, encouraged. There were plenty of bright spots in this record, but, as I said before, I am concerned only with the false claimants.

The brevet martyr is a thing of the past, and a gentle curiosity prompts the query, Where and what is he now? Is he re-assimilated with his old surroundings, unchanged, unimproved? Has the touch of a finer civilization left the denizen of mountains and pine forest where

it found him, torpid, inert, or have new and restless impulses disturbed that pre-deluge quiet?

Time alone can solve this problem, — time to develop insignificant germs of higher life. Something better and loftier did germinate and display vigorous life among equally unfavorable condi-

tions, in the real martyrs which the Border States produced; in those men who, rising above the petty limitations of state and neighborhood, recognized the envioning urgency of the national peril. Is not this an earnest of possible resurrection and revivification even for their brothers of brevet rank?

E. T. Johnson.

A CITY OF REFUGE.

ON the 20th of June, 1646, Oxford surrendered to Fairfax, and Presbyterian visitors were put in possession of her university. Nine years later, Cromwell resolved to protect the political faith he deemed orthodox from the ruinous competitions of free thought, and, convinced that intellectual liberty throve sturdily in soil prepared by Wyclif, Colet, and Erasmus, issued a military proclamation requiring all recusants found within five miles of the city to be treated as spies.

In 1665, when it had become obvious to all men that the Protectorate had ceased to protect, Parliament, frightened from Westminster by the plague, sat at Oxford, and Charles II. proceeded to justify the familiar lines written by Rochester upon the door of his bed-chamber: —

"Here lies our sovereign lord, the king,
Whose word no man relies on;
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one."

Imitating the great Protector, the utter collapse of whose expensive structure, ten years after its completion, should have taught even the blind that, whatever methods of governing the English nation might prove effective, Cromwell's methods were futile, Charles set about copying those acts of his predecessor which his own presence at Oxford advertised conspicuously as failures.

In the face of vehement opposition

and carefully recorded protest from a few of the wiser sort, he procured, in 1665, the passage of the Five Mile Act. By this all persons suspected of lukewarm affection for the new order of tyranny were required to subscribe to the following oath: "I do swear that it is not lawful upon any pretense whatever to take up arms against the king; and I do abhor that traitorous position of taking arms against his person, or against those that are commissioned by him in pursuance of such commission; and that I will not at any time endure any alteration of government either in church or state."

All who failed to take this oath before six months had elapsed were forbidden, under stringent penalties, to approach except as travelers within five miles, not of Oxford alone, but of any city in the realm. Somewhat of growth here visible in the seed the Protector had planted! "My father chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions," said Solomon's sagacious son, forgetting that the scorpions might prove like the snakes on Medusa's head, from which other people could run away, but she could not.

A majority of the manliest men in England were intellectually hospitable to the ideas from which Independency had grown. The elect of the land, therefore, — those who prized their birthright

above a mess of pottage, and craved the bread of life more than a portion of the king's meat, — resigned their livings, forsook their homes, and settled in the north and midland villages, Leeds, Manchester, and others which, because incorporated towns, were exempt from the terms of the Five Mile Act. These villages which welcomed the ejected ministers with their adherents into the shelter of their own insignificance were for that reason called "cities of refuge."

One of the least among them stood on the little river Rea, near Coventry. It had done nothing to attract the notice of the great, but something to win the admiration of the wise; for its first, and for a century its only, public building had been a church. It had sturdily contended against a Niagara of ecclesiasticism for the right to choose its own chaplains, and had gained the right; so that in Wyclif's day the Lollards, who sought refuge in its hospitality, were singularly exempt from persecution. Here too John Rogers had received the training which made him stand when others blenched, the first martyr at Smithfield.

The true name of this obscure little town has been much debated, and never determined. It has been spelt in a hundred and forty different ways, because no one knows its origin or meaning. But — a fact which is unquestioned and which seems to have been prophetic — the final syllable of the name is the Saxon equivalent for "home," that sweetest among English words, which binds in one bundle of myrrh, with a band woven at Nazareth, wife, mother, child, sister, all that Englishmen hold dearest. For this village on the Rea, which was not till this year, in the English sense, a city, — because, like the New Jerusalem, there is no temple therein, nor its modern equivalent, a cathedral, — is called Birmingham.

The wisdom of Charles was justified by its results, precisely as the wisdom of

Cromwell had been. In 1685, the government which the king had established with so much sagacious foresight went the way of marsh fogs before the sun and Macbeth's witches when a true man approached; that is, "made itself into thin air and vanished." During the years immediately preceding that achievement, while the London rabble crowded daily to applaud blackguard actors for performing the play of Pope Juan and similar obscene travesties written to ridicule what Charles held dearest, the party which was busily throwing down all that the king had set up was named, by that popular intuition which rarely errs, the Birminghamers. So conspicuous and so influential in guiding the nation had the little village by the Rea become in fifteen years.

"We will not have these scoundrels in the ship!" cried the captain. "They impede the navigation of the vessel. Put them in the yawl, and let them starve as they are dragged behind!" So into the yawl they were put. But in twenty years the great steamer, puffing and paddling with all its huge might to keep its course, appears moving in the opposite direction, stern foremost too, dragged in the wake of the yawl.

The late Elihu Burritt has catalogued the causes to which he attributes the industrial preëminence of Birmingham. He finds them in her exceptional, as it is claimed her unparalleled, material resources. But these advantages existed from the beginning. In them Birmingham has no advantage over Coventry, is surpassed by Wolverhampton, and is equaled by a dozen midland towns whose names have not escaped imprisonment in gazetteers. Three facts require explanation: —

(1.) The greatness of Birmingham dates from the Five Mile Act, or, to speak more accurately, from the legislation of which that act was the consummation. Before that legislation she had neither wealth, influence, nor reputa-

tion. Twenty years after it she stood in the front rank of English communities, and has steadily advanced, until to-day she can claim without presumption a relation to London such as Boston sustains toward New York.

(2.) During the whole period of her growth she has been distinguished among English communities by this significant fact: her brains, her wealth, and her social influence have belonged, with inconsiderable exceptions, not to Churchmen, but Dissenters.

(3.) To a degree unparalleled in other English towns, her policy, both municipal and national, has been shaped by the influence of non-conforming ministers.

These facts all point in the same direction.

"What was the cause of your downfall, Sir Cardinal?"

"Had I but served my God with half the zeal I served my king!"

"With what do you mix your colors, Sir Joshua?"

"With brains, sir!"

"What have been the causes of your prosperity, Peru?"

"Gold and guano, and all things pleasant to the eyes and good for food."

"What were the causes of your prosperity, New England?"

"Character and brains."

Character and brains, mistaken for offal and flung away by Charles II., have created the greatness of Birmingham.

I ask permission to exhibit a few of the many wares she has produced. For some of them, it may be, a market might be opened in our own country without crowding our existing industries.

In 1868 Mr. Burritt wrote that it was doubtful if a single battle had taken place in the civilized or uncivilized world, since firearms superseded tomahawks, in which guns made at Birmingham had not been used. The sports-

man still looks thither before buying his weapon, though there are now other directions in which he may glance with advantage, but fishermen must still go to Heath & Co., or be satisfied with an inferior reel.

The pen, we are told, is mightier than the sword, though the truth of the statement would seem to be conditioned upon the relative skill of the hands that wield them. But Josiah Mason's pens, still manufactured by Gillott Perry & Co., still made at the old factory, but stamped in German, English, French, Italian, Russian, Spanish, with the names of the vendors who are supposed to manufacture them, have written most of the literature, state documents, private and public correspondence, and filled most of the ledgers of this century. Sheffield tried to stop the business, and petitioned Parliament to forbid it, because steel pens created no demand for Sheffield knives to sharpen their points. But Sheffield papal bulls were burnt to ashes by the comet.

Elkington taught us electrotyping. Henry Clay in his papier-maché works started us on the road to paper buckets and ear-wheels. Birmingham recovered the lost art of staining glass as they had stained it once in Florence. She first learned how to make the crystal fountain which astonished the world in Prince Albert's first exposition, and the chandeliers which adorn the palace of Berlin.

You have read the charming paper, which I believe is anonymous, upon the still unanswered question, "Where do the pins go?" If the question had been, "Whence did they come?" we should not have needed Macaulay's schoolboy to answer "Birmingham."

Even in the early part of the sixteenth century the town was noted as the abode of smiths and cutlers. In the manufacture of cutlery it has been supplanted by Sheffield, though in various other sorts of metal-work it still holds its supremacy.

Nails, wire, brass-work, the first Atlantic cable, ropes, tin plate, ploughs, machinery of all kinds, locks, — Birmingham has taught us how to make all these; in some of them to rival, and in the last to excel her.

It is true that not all her products can be commended. There was at least one snake in Paradise, though there are none in Ireland; one traitor among the Apostles, though none among the geese whose cackling saved the Capitol. When his converted sailors got drunk and began to despair in consequence, Father Taylor used to bid them take heart, because they might be sure the devil would never tug so hard to drag a bag of chaff to his own place. When the coiners of false money at Birmingham had become so skillful that bad money throughout the kingdom was called "Brummagem coin," Matthew Bolton blushed for his city. But he did not think that he had done his whole duty by blushing for her. He started a mint, stamped for the government with impress so fine that it could not be duplicated. Soon Bolton's coin became the accepted standard, and he was minting coinage for Great Britain, China, Turkey, Italy, and the countries of South America. It was he also who taught the world to do its work by steam, and before such a thing had been elsewhere attempted illuminated his factory by coal gas to celebrate the peace of 1802.

In naming these fruits of the city's exuberant vitality, I feel as the reporters do at banquets where they are compelled to pique twenty orators by their silence, while they appall five by reporting — one must be truthful, though it mars the illustration — what they did not say.

But more important wares than these has Birmingham produced. She has saved the world's thinkers and scholars from blindness. Her Baskerville first taught mankind to print books which could be read without peril to the

eyesight. Benjamin Franklin, I think, deserves the credit of inducing the great printer to make his chief work the famous edition of the Bible; for Baskerville himself hated the Bible, and was so averse to its teachings that he stipulated in his will against receiving Christian burial.

From Birmingham Rowland Hill gave the world cheap postage by proving the wisdom of taxing weight instead of distance.

Birmingham was nearly the first to follow Raikes in establishing Sunday-schools, and John Angell James is a name that must stand third, or certainly fourth, among those whose influence destroyed slavery through England's dominions.

It is not needful to describe the beauty of the palaces of Birmingham nor the comfort of her artisan dwellings. For it is not the shell, but the spirit, which makes home, and what most deserves notice is the culture and temper of her people.

Hers is the most democratic community I have ever seen. The average of her culture is higher and the thoroughness with which it permeates her society more entire than it has been my fortune elsewhere to witness. Her charitable institutions are unsurpassed. Her free library is admirably arranged and is extensively used. Workingmen frequent it in great numbers. Her Shakespearean library was the most complete in the world, and although it has been destroyed by fire a second is rapidly accumulating.

For a trifle so small that it can be spared from the wages of the day-laborer, any man, woman, or child may receive nightly the best instruction that can be had in art, music, science, history, or literature. A few facts may illustrate the results of such opportunities.

Political speakers expect their most exacting, but their most appreciative, audiences at Birmingham. Bright pre-

pared more carefully his utterances to the artisans of Birmingham than those to his associates in Parliament. When Gladstone means to arrest the ear of the English nation he goes to Birmingham.

In art the public taste has become so true and so exacting that not only was the finest collection of paintings ever brought together in the world exhibited in Birmingham, but her permanent gallery of art, though small when compared with many others, is the only public gallery in Europe which contains no single canvas an artist can afford to pass unstudied, and several of the statues in her public squares may safely challenge comparison with Landseer's work in Trafalgar Square.

In music Birmingham must yield precedence to London only because the superior size and wealth of the metropolis subsidize the world for her entertainment. But the triennial musical festivals of Birmingham are nowhere surpassed, and in few centres of musical culture are they fairly rivaled.

I attended a performance of the forest scenes from *As You Like It*, given in the open air upon the private grounds of Mr. Chamberlain, brother to the parliamentary leader. One rarely sees upon any stage an average of finer acting than was witnessed there. Yet the performers were amateurs.

The strength and grace of Birmingham have been produced by fostering the spirit which made the Non-Conformists, in the day of King Charles, count their livings a small thing when weighed against their principles. That spirit has taught her citizens to fix their gaze on things more precious than meat and drink, and houses and lands. It has created her love of liberty, her municipal patriotism, her public spirit, her true democracy.

Bolton was perhaps her most representative citizen. It was he who originated her Lunar Club. It met each

month at the full of the moon, whence its name. Its members were the ablest men of the region.

"Every man," said Robertson, "should have a vocation and an avocation." So thought these notable high priests of industry. By their vocations they re-created the world's industrial activities. By their avocations they made that possible by re-creating themselves.

Watt, Bolton, Murdoch, were the first mechanicians of their age. They were not satisfied with that. They frequented the Lunar Club to learn what Priestley could teach them of chemistry. Darwin of Lichfield turned from his lancets and his botany to hear Murdoch's wild ideas about illuminating streets by coal gas. Here Lovell Edgeworth crossed dialectic swords with Priestley; and, as these men of science believed there were other things than science worth their knowing, here John Collins may have told how

"The Romans in England they once bore sway,

And the Saxons after them led the way."

The first men of the time, Franklin, the Herschels, and their peers, made pilgrimages to attend a single session of this Lunar Club, and share its plain living and high thinking. It is probable that little Charles Darwin gained from its members much of his reverence for hard and honest intellectual work. This central club was copied in humbler forms, or rather in the same form by humbler constituencies. The artisans formed debating societies, of which the Robin Hood was the first. Others followed. Women were admitted to membership, — a startling innovation that. All subjects men chose to introduce were freely discussed. One single condition was rigorously enforced, — that no man should lose his temper.

In tracing the rise and development of intellectual liberty at Birmingham, it would be misleading to forget that there were rocks in the current. More than once the Birminghamers tried to ini-

tate, in their way, those acts of Cromwell and King Charles to the futility of which their city was a monument. Two examples of that fatuity may serve to mark the reefs which always lie near such channels as they had to navigate. These may be named respectively the battle of the feet and the battle of the heads.

At his restoration Charles II. brought from the Continent, upon his august person, metal buttons and metal shoe-buckles. These were the only articles he brought which endured a year beyond his death. They became the fashion. Presently some wretch in Birmingham began to manufacture them, to manufacture them better than any one else could do, and so to coin money at the expense of the worthy people who made cloth buttons. An act of Parliament passed under William and Mary to relieve these latter proved ineffectual. Metal buttons and metal buckles prevailed until another dastard invented shoe-strings. The day of buckle-boots grew cloudy. In vain the prince regent, the first gentleman in Europe, doubtless with Beau Brummel for chief aid, cast all his influence in favor of buckles, gave a gorgeous birthday ball, and appeared at it with the princesses, his sisters, all of them profusely adorned with metal buttons. His labor was vain. Shoe-strings won. Birmingham was furious. At the great triennial Handel festival of 1796 the pickpockets of London devised a plan to profit by the rage of its citizens. They came from London wearing gorgeous buckles, all of Birmingham manufacture. In the crowd around the concert-hall they set about hustling all who wore shoe-strings as despisers of the good old customs of England. The local prejudice was so great that neither police nor people would interfere, and after reaping a rich harvest in the confusion the strangers returned in safety to London. It was not until the next day that the good

burghers discovered that their pockets were empty, while the thieves alone had profited by their prejudice.

Again, when Burke, provoked, perhaps, by Priestley's masterly reply to his strictures upon the French Revolution, called Birmingham, Priestley's home, "the world's toy-shop," an elegant suggestion that the place was a nursery of childish theories unworthy the notice of statesmen, Birmingham justified the scornful epithet by a childish outbreak of spite. Angry with France on account of the war and the taxes it had entailed, angry with Priestley because he was not so angry as they were, they raised the cry of heretic against him. A dinner was given upon the anniversary of the capture of the Bastille. The mob assumed that Priestley was at the dinner, though he was not. They rushed to his house, whence the great thinker barely escaped with his life; burned his library, which was the finest private one in England; destroyed his chemical laboratory, which was the finest in Europe; read soon afterward in their newspaper his letter of remonstrance addressed to them, which was the noblest plea for liberty of thought since Milton's plea for the press; and at last awakened to the fact that they had driven forth their most illustrious citizen, given him to the United States, and disgraced themselves in the eyes of the civilized world. It was their last imitation of Cromwell and Charles.

From that hour they set themselves to their greatest work, and did not rest until they had perfected an engine the most powerful, the only engine wholly irresistible which has been known among men. Its name is Organized Public Opinion. They began its construction lighted by the flames of Priestley's home.

The latter part of the eighteenth century found both France and England suffering similar afflictions from similar causes. France had been helplessly op-

pressed by the tyranny of a king, England by the tyranny of an aristocracy. Louis XIV. counted himself the state. The English House of Lords counted itself "the state." The House of Commons was simply an Æolian attachment, softening somewhat the stern music to which the peers made the people march. Eighty-four individuals sent by their own authority one hundred and fifty-four members to Parliament, and the careful Molesworth indorses the statement that a decided majority of the House was returned by one hundred and fifty-four peers and wealthy commoners. The industrial classes were not represented. Legislation was effected almost solely in the fancied interest of the favored few. Aristocrats repeated with sneers what the French princess had said in ignorant sincerity: "If the people cannot get bread, why do they not eat cake?" Petitions for relief were laughed down in Parliament again and again, and yet again. Few among the people knew precisely what ailed them. They only knew that they were hungry and helpless, and taxed beyond endurance, while the nobles were pampered and powerful.

Two or three futile endeavors were made to discover and cure the ills from which the vast majority were suffering. In each of these attempts Birmingham assumed the leadership.

Napoleon's Berlin and Milan decrees had closed against English products and manufactures all the ports of Europe. The British government retorted with orders in council which double-locked those ports and closed others in America against herself. The merchants of Liverpool petitioned against these orders. Lord Brougham advocated the petition powerfully, but without result until Birmingham took the matter up and procured the abrogation of the disastrous orders.

In 1812 the East India Company began to move for the renewal of its char-

ter. By that charter no Englishman was permitted to double Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope, or to navigate any part of the Pacific or Indian Ocean, without permission of the company. Birmingham procured those modifications in the terms of the charter which led to its repeal twenty years later. England therefore owes the supremacy of her commercial marine largely to this city of refuge which never saw a ship.

The distress which followed Waterloo and the prostration of business caused by the close of the Napoleonic wars were an inevitable part of the process by which a nation changes from a camp and an arsenal back again to a home. But the suffering entailed was appalling. Industry was paralyzed. There was rioting, incendiarism, processioning with banners inscribed "Bread or Blood," Luddite outbreaks, Isle of Ely murders, famine, and panic throughout all England. The simple story was this: every one had been making guns or firing them. When guns were no longer needed, and men who could do nothing else were forbidden to fire them, all must suffer until the gun-makers and the soldiers could find something else to do, and learn to do it.

The class which suffered most was not the farmers, though of course they suffered with the rest. But the farmers were the feeders of the pockets in the House of Lords. Therefore the farmers were relieved. The corn law of 1815 was enacted. It was a reproduction of the odious act of 1670. By its terms no wheat could be imported until the price had reached eighty shillings the quarter. A majority of the people were threatened with famine that one tenth might be fed. The distress was not greatly less than that which preceded the destruction of the Bastille.

I would have you observe that it was not at Manchester, but at Birmingham, that the agitation which ultimately led to the repeal of the corn law began.

Two years before the Peterloo affair Birmingham set the example which Manchester only imitated.

The Hampden Clubs formed in Birmingham by Mr. Cartwright were copied throughout the kingdom. They made Birmingham what she has since remained, the centre of what may be correctly named English conservative radicalism; that is, of efforts which sought to attain fundamental reforms by conservative methods.

In 1815 England was in the condition of France at the death of Louis XIV. A revolution had become inevitable. The world had seen but one revolution wrought without help of swords, and that, being eighteen hundred years old, had been, like most old things, forgotten. France, in her supreme crisis, raised the *drapeau rouge*, danced the *carmagnole*, and with Napoleon for partner *ça ira'd* herself into the Place de Grève, Waterloo, and blackest perdition, where for three quarters of a century she has been lying, given over to a strong delusion that she should believe a lie and mistake fantastic tricks of political charlatans for statesmanship. Her Birmingham was Marseilles and her battle-cry its hymn.

But England had this little town in the black country by the Rea trained and ready to become her saviour from such disasters as always come of mistaking tame eagles for cherubim and a Strasburg coop for the New Jerusalem.

For the first time in their history, with William the Conqueror, Runnymede, York and Lancaster, Cromwell, Charles II., 1688, Rye House, and Gunpowder Plots, and Gordon Riots for their only national precedents, Englishmen entered a path wholly new, or rather one so old that it had been buried out of sight beneath the *débris* of eighteen centuries.

The artisans of Birmingham resolved that they would not be blinded by fury; they would search until they were sure

what they needed; they would test if public opinion were not stronger than guns. "Certain things are right," they said. "If England can be made to understand what they are, England will do them. But before we can show England her duty we must find out what that duty is."

In accordance with this rare but not unreasonable opinion, a few artisans, who had been members of the committee appointed to present to Mr. Attwood a testimonial for his successful work in checking the East India Company's monopoly, formed themselves into a society for the discussion of needed reforms. They called it the Hampden Club. Mr. Cartwright was its organizing spirit. The single condition of membership was that each candidate should answer affirmatively these three questions: (1.) Do you highly venerate the Constitution of England as vested in the three estates of King, Lords, and Commons? (2.) Do you acknowledge the necessity of parliamentary reform? (3.) Are you fully convinced of the obligation to prosecute this great object by legal and constitutional means alone?

From this seed Hampden Clubs multiplied faster than Christian Endeavor Societies have done among us. In a short time they were found in all important centres.

The workingmen had begun to suspect what Romilly and Brougham and Earl Grey had long seen clearly. At first the workingmen saw it dimly, but through the mist of their debates the stars at last came forth.

Pitt had publicly declared in 1783 that no honest man could administer the affairs of the British nation without a radical reform in the House of Commons. When Tom Sheridan exclaimed, "Parliament is so corrupt that every man in it is either hired or for hire. If I enter the House, I will be honest enough to write upon my forehead, 'To Let,'" his father replied, "But don't

forget to write beneath 'Unfurnished, Tom.' That was Brinsley Sheridan's estimate of the political virtue of his associates.

So soon as the workingmen began to realize these facts with which their rulers had been long familiar, the clubs of Birmingham in which the lesson had been learned were proscribed by government. A blouse became the badge for policemen to follow. No landlord would let a hall for a workingmen's meeting. The artisans petitioned for permission to meet in the open air. It was refused. They met without consent of bailiff on New Hall Hill. They chose a representative, Sir Charles Wolesley, and instructed him to present his credentials to the House. The men appointed to inform him of his election were arrested and imprisoned. Sir Charles escaped imprisonment only because an accident had prevented his attendance at the meeting which appointed him. In 1817 the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended by government, and with such aid the Hampden Clubs were suppressed.

For a year the reformers were paralyzed. Then followed the Peterloo massacre at Manchester. By it the coals at Birmingham were again fanned into flame. Efforts were made to revive the peaceful agitation. But the leaders in the attempt were cast into prison, whence all, some after six, some after eighteen months' detention, were released without trial.

So the first move toward parliamentary reform ended in eclipse. Through all this trying experience the reformers had not once resorted to violence, nor even to serious threats of violence.

The misery of the people continued. On the 8th of May, 1829, a meeting convened in Birmingham to consider the general distress. From it Thomas Attwood retired to his library at Harborn with certain definite plans. Upon his knees he besought God that if they were not such as would promote the liberty

and happiness of the people they might be thwarted. His purpose was to form a political union of the middle and industrial classes throughout the realm. Mr. Bardsworth opened his repository for the proposed assembly. Fifteen thousand persons — the largest number that had ever been collected under one roof in England — were present. In assuming the presidency Mr. Attwood said: "I feel it my duty to declare to you that I know my country to be on the verge of dreadful calamities. It may be thought because I come forward now that I shall be ready, come weal, come woe, to lead you through thick and thin, through the dark and dreary seasons we are approaching. As far as law will justify me I will go with you, but if the elements of law and order are disorganized I will go with you no further."

A council was appointed to consider the needs and the rights of Englishmen, and instructed to report at a future meeting. This was the origin of the famed political union.

The example of Birmingham was again followed throughout the kingdom. Branch clubs were formed in London, Manchester, Leeds, Nottingham, all taking direction and leadership from Birmingham. Under this pressure the Reform Bill was brought in. Twice it was defeated by the peers, though the king, the commons, and the people were enthusiastic for its passage. Birmingham was tempted to accept representation for herself alone. In a monster meeting she refused by voting twenty to one. In 1832 the third attempt was made to carry the bill. To strengthen its friends a monster meeting was held on New Hall Hill in Birmingham, the political unions of Warwick, Worcester, and Stafford attending. Molesworth indorses the statement that 200,000 men were present. Over every one fourth acre of the immense space they covered, and from the house-tops thronged with spectators,

banners floated, bearing mottoes new to the history of revolution,—mottoes like these: "Law and Order," "No Violence," "We are Loyal Citizens," "No Bloodshed."

Such a meeting had never been seen before. Knight declares there was "a solemnity in the enthusiasm of the vast body which may recall the enthusiasm of the old Puritans." Mr. Salt called upon every man present to repeat after him with uncovered head these words: "With unbroken faith, through every peril and privation, we here devote ourselves and our children to our country's cause." As the voice of many waters, every tongue joined in the solemn oath. When the meeting closed, all united again in an oath of loyalty to the government.

Then came the startling announcement that the bill passed by the House, favored by the king, had been again defeated by the peers. The wrath of the people seemed to make a French Revolution inevitable. Instantly the political union at Birmingham issued and sent everywhere, thick as plumed dandelion seeds, that memorable proclamation which closed with these words:—

"Friends, countrymen, brothers, listen to us. The sword must not be drawn in England. The terrible knell of the tocsin must not sound. We will have no barricades. Without blood, without anarchy, without violation of law, we will accomplish the most glorious reformation in the history of the world. God bless the king. By order of the council.

THOMAS ATTWOOD, *Chairman.*

BENJAMIN HADLEY, *Secretary.*"

This proclamation checked the popular fury, and allowed the influence of the public opinion developed by the artisans of Birmingham to do its superb work.

To meet that force, impalpable as the air we breathe, but as omnipresent, Wellington had been twice called to the ministry, because his was counted the strongest will in England. In the Iron Duke the supreme of authority was matched against the supreme of influence. The iron gave way, its strength corroded into weakness by the power of the atmosphere of Birmingham. Here he found a power stronger than the French Revolution; stronger than Napoleon, who had conquered that; stronger than himself, who had conquered Napoleon. Its name was Organized Public Opinion. It had been brought into existence by the artisans of Birmingham. There had been before their day abundance of conspiracies, rebellions, bloodshed enough and to spare. But no great body of men had ever assembled on English soil in full conviction that the one and only way of getting the right thing done was peacefully but distinctly to make all men know what it was, and that it was right. The principle had been announced by a certain Leader of men eighteen centuries before, and with due success it had been obeyed by twelve of his disciples. But for the first time, after an interval of seventeen hundred years, it was repeated at Birmingham, and the liberty, the intellectual force, the spiritual power, and the commercial supremacy of the English nation remain to testify with what results.

William Burnet Wright.

REFLECTIONS AFTER A WANDERING LIFE IN AUSTRALASIA.

SECOND PAPER.

I.

MUCH more interesting to a stranger than even the political condition of a new country is the national type that it is developing. But a brief wandering, especially through the more settled parts of a land, can tell you but little of so complex a matter as a new social type. You must camp and hunt, or do business, with the frontiersman of our race for a long time before you can comprehend him. In the cities he has arts of his own for concealing himself. You know him best when you have seen him in the wilds, and the Australian, like the New Zealander, has been long enough in his own country to be decidedly conscious of his peculiarities, and decidedly contemptuous of the traveler or of the "new chum" who pretends too easily to understand him. Only a few social features of the colonies attracted my attention sufficiently to make their mention here at all worth while.

Most noteworthy of these features is the prominence of public sports. Such prominence is natural in an English colony, but its extent surprised me. The great popularity of public sports in this country dates only a little way back in our history. For a long time we were either too pious or too busy to play; we were ashamed to seem amused; we had few holidays, and were bored by what we had. Nowadays there is an apparent change, but it still does not go so deep as might be supposed (by a careless observer). Our most popular athletes, outside of the colleges, are "professionals," who perform for our amusement like gladiators. Public sports are not in such sense popular, as they are in the colonies. There the professional

players of football and cricket are not nearly so numerous as the devoted amateurs. Young men of very fair social station, who can somehow find the time, long to become famous as amateur athletes. The athletic rivalries between clubs, towns, colonies, do not lead, as with us, to a mere buying and selling of a few prominent professional athletes to represent the contesting associations and communities. The people take warm interest, because it is the people who are carrying on the contest; and those actually engaged in the game are not hired gladiators, but picked representatives. Hence, as I was more than once assured, athletic and other sporting ambitions take up a very large place indeed in the lives of the young men of Australia and New Zealand. "Our young men do not read," said one friend to me; "they play." This was an irresponsible and very general remark, and was not meant to cover everything; but I fancy that this out-door life of the colonial population is going to affect in a very important way their future as compared with ours.

At all events, thus far life in the colonies, without being by any means idyllic or perfectly healthy, lacks some of the elements of strain and worry that make our own life bear so hard upon our constitutions. Competition is severe, but not so merciless to the individual as with us. Such, at least, was the impression that I gathered from several sources; and such is what one would be led to expect from the comparative isolation of the little nation that now occupies Australasia. When the strain comes, as of course it must come with time, as the population grows denser and the problems of existence become harder, one feels that

the colonial will always have two safeguards to fall back upon. One will be this love of healthy exercise and of sport, — a love whose dangers are surely far outweighed by its advantages; and the other will be found in the influence of that very tendency which our previous paper showed to be so marked and probably often so dangerous in colonial political life, namely, the strong tendency to close social organization. For if one leaves politics, and passes to other forms of social life, the tendency to high organization is surely one of the best that a rapidly growing community could desire.

Political organization is indeed apt to be of that artificial Frankenstein sort that in our former sketch we viewed with such suspicion. And this fact is due to the coercion that must usually attend every step in the process, from the temptations that the possession of power offers to the rulers, from the false hopes that a strong government will excite in the minds of the voters who expect to control its policy. But elsewhere in social life this is not so. Organization, if it succeeds, does so by virtue of the loyalty of the individuals, and the result must be in general normal and progressive. Now with us, in this country, the tendency has always been, until recently, decidedly individualistic. Our greatest expositor of the practical wisdom of life, Emerson, was an apostle of individualism, who found the divine plan perfectly realized in the best of possible worlds precisely because he found each atom moving according to its own sovereign will and sacred choice. In practice we have largely lived as nearly in accord with that philosophy of the sacredness of broken ties as our sound English common sense would permit us to do. In consequence, we have (not indeed by Emerson's authority) often cultivated flippancy for the sake of not seeming to ourselves too submissive to order and to social bondage, and have

preferred to be rebellious in our lives, even if we had to give ourselves the strain and wear that lonesome individualism always brings with itself. An odd result has been noticeable more than once, of late years, when remarkable and novel forms of social organization have forced themselves upon our attention. In such cases we have accepted the novelty and have enjoyed its benefits, but we have regarded it as something foreign to ourselves, as a form of tyranny or as an expression of somebody's greed. We have rebelled at our own progress. A good example is seen in the case of the organization of capital, first in the management of our great modern railway systems, and later in the formation of the trusts which are just now such a terror to our public. Nobody with his eyes open ought to doubt that these forms of organized enterprise, however selfish may be the purposes of their managers, and however corrupt may be this or that great corporation or trust, are on the whole inevitable stages in our healthy social evolution, beginnings of a higher social order. The movement towards concentration of effort in great companies is simply one of our most noteworthy forms of progress, preventing in the long run the waste of effort involved in capricious competition, and giving a great number of people fixed and rational careers, instead of leaving them to wild schemes and vain private struggles. Yet this modern tendency, irresistible as the tides, and beneficent as any sort of true social growth must be, we denounce as monopoly, and regard as a public enemy. As if it were not we ourselves whose combined will is expressed in these great organizations! They are not foreign oppressors, these "monopolies;" they are our own creatures, our most powerful servants; and, despite their sins and their failings, they represent our destiny.

Now in the colonies, if I am right, the growth of extra-political social organ-

ization will be much more rapid and much healthier than with us, simply because individualism is subordinated from the outset. The Australian will have in his past history no Declaration of Independence, no Boston Massacre, no King George, to keep alive the tradition that the higher life consists, above all things, in hating tyrants. He received his true freedom — that is, the freedom to develop his social order in his own way — long since, and quite peacefully; and with this freedom he has inherited an immense respect for the social order itself. Consider, for instance, the prevalence of lynch law amongst us, and observe that the colonies, often with quite as bad elements to deal with as we have ever known, have been everywhere almost free from lynch law. The Sydney mob has been, in its way, as much of a nuisance, in proportion to the size of the population, as our worst cities have had to show. The old convict life left behind it enough bad characters to render several great vigilance committees necessary, if the colonial frontiersman had been as much a believer in that sort of thing as our frontiersman. Meanwhile, the ordinary types of degeneracy found in new countries have been well known in both New Zealand and Australia. The colonist has often drunk hard, like our frontiersman, has often gambled, has lived his wild life; and yet, after scarcely a generation of organized freedom, the colonies show a degree of conservatism, of public spirit, of social discipline, of cheerful conformity to the general will of the community, which decidedly puts to shame, I think, such a region as our own California, as it exists at this moment. This I say not by any means solely on the basis of what I saw with my own eyes, but after a somewhat careful study of a good many sources of information. The very newspapers, as compared with our own, are evidence of a much higher and cleaner social consciousness. Only one prominent weekly

that came under my eyes, in Australia (the representative, namely, of the young Australian movement, whose motto is "Australia for the Australians") made a show of imitating our own fashions of newspaper flippancy, irresponsibility, and rebelliousness. This seemed to me a very ably edited weekly, and I took it to be the organ of an important social tendency in the colonies; but I was far from believing that Australia, whenever it comes to exist in reality "for the Australians," will conform to the ideals of this journal. On the contrary, the Australian, while loving the liberty of his wide land and of his out-door sports, will, if the present promise is fulfilled, always have a great love for social ties. New enterprises, where they are not handed over to the state, will from the first be conducted by organized association. The high development of trades-unions in such a new community as Victoria is already a sufficient indication of the general instinct. The rapid growth of Melbourne in comparison to the country population of Victoria, exemplifies the same tendency, especially if one contrasts the municipal development of this city, as shown by the very externals of the place, with the ill-kept streets that still distinguish San Francisco amongst the cities of our own land.

If we turn to other features of colonial society, we meet, indeed, with tendencies that are not altogether so promising. In New Zealand, people of intelligence complain very justly of the extravagant provincialism that characterizes life in the far too isolated districts of the two long islands. In a less degree, the same is true of the Australian colonies. Every one has heard of the jealousies, to an outsider so amusing, between Victoria and New South Wales. Such petty jealousies imbibed our own national life long enough to make the thing as comprehensible as it is lamentable in the eyes of any

American. Of course two such vigorous young states must needs have their generous rivalries; and where there exists a difference of opinion about the tariff, such rivalries must needs be somewhat hearty, not to say passionate. But when Sir Henry Parkes, the premier of New South Wales, calls the Victorians "foreigners," as he not long ago did in a very savage speech in Parliament, and when the two colonies at times wax so fierce over some boundary question, of riparian rights or of tolls, that a stranger would fancy war to be imminent, then indeed the rivalries must appear to the world rather schoolboyish than generous, and rather peevish than hearty. Yet the reality of the thing seems as clear to those engaged as its shameful triviality appears to all disinterested persons. People of the same race and nation, heirs to the same great land, separated from all the world by vast oceans, and given the common task of developing the great future empire of the southern hemisphere, waste most stupidly every moment of eternity that they spend in such absurd neighborhood squabbles, when all the interests at stake are of the sort that civilized men are wont to adjust by appealing to established courts of law.

Here, in fact, is the other side, and the darker side, of that swift and easy tendency to social organization of which we have been speaking. Each community organizes itself, and the temporary result is provincialism. The rapid growth of Victoria has become a burden on the soul of New South Wales; while the free trade and the pretension to historical dignity which characterize New South Wales excite astonishingly acute jealousies in Victoria. Accusations of want of true patriotism are freely exchanged between the two colonies. "Who stands in the way of Australian federation?" asks the Victorian. "New South Wales," he answers, "of course; for New South Wales opens her

ports to all the countries of the world, and thereby makes it impossible for us to open our markets to her industries. Hence New South Wales, driving off not only ourselves, but other self-respecting colonies as well, chooses to stand isolated amongst us, the foe to union." "Talk of union!" the dweller in New South Wales indignantly retorts,—"talk of union! And yet you will not even trade with us on even terms. Who establishes a tariff wall between the colonies? Who by this means creates continual discord among brethren? Not we, surely. We are the free traders. You are the ones to insist upon local isolation. Take down your walls, and where is the obstacle to federation?"

I happened to witness an amusing incident in this standing feud while passing through Sydney. It was my good fortune to meet several gentlemen, mostly Victorians, who were then attending a conference, held in Sydney, of an union intended to promote the cause of the federation of the colonies. These gentlemen, all of them very able and successful men, were just then in a very idealistic mood, as we of English stock are apt to be when we are on a holiday, and are about to speak for a noble cause. They pointed out to me, as a sympathetic stranger, the vast possibilities of the future of Australia. They insisted that this was the world where everything, from those somewhat doubtful six-hundred-foot gum-trees of the Australian mountains to the human spirit itself, would be sure to grow farther heavenward than anywhere else on the planet. For courtesy's sake they were willing to except America, which for the present they regarded as an elder sister, of lofty fame and great nobility; but they bade America beware of her laurels whenever Australia should come to exist, as she ere long must exist, solely "for the Australians." Then her glories would know no bounds. I cheerfully assented, with a few becoming patriotic

reservations, to all these assertions, and we feasted harmoniously together.

When the conference in question assembled, I was visiting friends in the suburbs of Sydney, and did not attend; but, as I learned from the papers, the speakers at the conference pursued these same thoughts further in their addresses, and then proved that the one thing needful to make Australia glorious was that she should be united within her own borders by all the ties of free intercolonial traffic and of close federation, whereas in relation to the world without her ports should be well guarded, her industries fully protected, her foreign trade carefully regulated.

But although this conference was held in Sydney, the voices of its orators were as the voices of men crying in the wilderness. Nobody seemed to be converted. The Sydney Chamber of Commerce declined to recognize the conference as a representative affair. The Sydney papers with one accord laughed, and said: "Aha! See these Victorian capitalists! Here they come and talk of colonial federation and the glorious future of United Australia, and all that they want is to have at their mercy the markets of New South Wales, and to set up here amongst us a protective tariff against England, so as to keep out their competitors. Intercolonial free trade indeed! When have we set up any obstacles to intercolonial free trade? Are we not the one free-trade colony? Who then stands in the way of United Australia but your Victorian protectionist?" I confess that in this controversy I somehow sympathized in the main with my Victorian friends, although I am in general no protectionist. But, at all events, this mingling of lofty ideals, of intercolonial jealousies, and of conflicting business interests formed a small comedy, with which a visiting stranger was not a little amused.

Provincialism, then, is the great curse of the Australasian; and so it must

needs be for years. Especially unfortunate, however, is the tendency already existent amongst certain young Australasians to feel indifferent towards all influences from other parts of the world. I heard indeed more of this indifference than I saw. "Many of our young men," people said, "knowing nothing of the older world, fancy that nothing can be of great value in civilization which has not already been transplanted here. They are intolerant and narrow." I confess that such bigotry is not very noticeable on the surface of things as yet. The Australian newspaper preserves, on the whole, the sound old English traditions; devotes large space to the rest of the world; has correspondents in England, and often also in America and on the continent of Europe; and discusses many of the world's current social and literary questions almost as much as we do. But the healthy sporting life of the intelligent young men does not leave them much time for reading or for thinking. Their parents still speak familiarly of "home," meaning England; but ere long this home feeling will pass away; and one questions whether that intimate union with the world's intellectual life, which we ourselves have cultivated with a very warm zeal only within the last quarter of a century, will be possible for the coming generation in the colonies. Nothing could be more dangerous for Australia than to "cut the painter" in the intellectual life, whatever may be the result in politics. And the fact remains that a land which at best is about three weeks farther removed from Europe than is our eastern border can only too easily become apathetic about so difficult a matter as the course of modern thought. Meanwhile, the very tendencies that make the Australian journals so well edited and so encyclopædic seem to threaten in another direction the cause of popular education. In early California days, newspapers were almost the

only printed matter that the mining population read. Knowing this fact, I was rather strongly impressed by the very first remark that I heard from one prominent gentleman as to the intellectual condition of Australia. "You must know," he said, "our people do not read books; they devour journals." Against this opinion one must of course put the existence of the splendid public library at Melbourne, the numerous town libraries scattered throughout the colonies, and the very respectable trade of the booksellers in Melbourne, in Sydney, and even in the much smaller city of Auckland. Yet, after all, there are undoubtedly many influences at work in the colonies against the formation of a strong literary class. I do not think these influences at all remarkable in their results so far; what I fear is the future, when the better part of the people will have forgotten the old home, and when a provincial self-consciousness will tend more and more to fight against the vast industry required to keep pace with the world's mental work. Think how vastly our own intellectual life, such as it is, would suffer if we were two or three weeks farther removed from Europe!

The most serious form that intellectual provincialism anywhere can take is the fear of being "dependent" upon foreign ideas and fashions. Now, dependence as such is always an evil; but the true relation to foreign lands is one of interaction. When we do our share of the world's work, and give while we take, then only are we mentally alive. What I think almost inevitable, however, in Australia, is a long period during which, for fear of being slaves, the Australian youth will not care for that close intercourse with the world which alone can make them freemen. And surely these foolish intercolonial jealousies and disputes will do nothing to help the lovers of true civilization in that contest with barbarism which is the

fate of all new countries. Unless the really admirable motto, "Australia for the Australians," comes to be interpreted in its true meaning, as implying also "and the Australians for mankind," the future generations will lead a dull and starved mental life under that disappointing Southern Cross of theirs.

One asks, perhaps, at this point, What literature is Australia producing to prove its power as a growing intellectual nation? Of course, one who asks this question makes at present small demands. What literature had we to show before 1825? But still, so far, after all, the literary production of the colonies, outside of the work in the journals, is not quite on a par with what the general cleverness and intelligence of the colonial population would lead one to expect. Lindsay Gordon is once for all not a poet worthy of more than a passing mention. He wrote a good song or two, and many pages where once in a while a very good line flashes out in the midst of a mass of poor stuff. As for Marcus Clarke's *His Natural Life*, that noted novel of the convict days, nobody can fail to feel that its hero is a rather poor Jean Valjean, while its incidents are too numerous, and its plot, with all the ingenuity and vigor displayed, is founded upon the absurdest possible misunderstandings on the part of certain principal characters. However, the book is an extremely intelligent one, with much fine psychology, normal and abnormal, at the basis of its inventions; and it forms, with all its faults, a fine beginning for a literature of fiction. For the rest, if Australia has thus far produced no Bret Harte, a Bret Harte is from one point of view a doubtful blessing. For he may devise such exquisite and unfounded romances concerning a new land that it will thenceforth be impossible to get anybody to hear a word of truth about the country. And that was very much what Mr. Bret

Harte actually did for early California. Marcus Clarke's book has at all events the merit of being in part based upon documents.

At best, however the literature of a new country is but a poor basis for judging the intellectual future of the place. The first genius who happens to appear will set things to rights for himself as we never can hope to imagine them beforehand. Meanwhile, it is not the literary man nor the student, but the man of the people, and especially the frontiersman, who really represents the existing capacity and promise of a new nation. He will not be a learned man, nor yet a perfect man, but he will show one the spirit of his people. I shall never forget one specimen of the true Australian bushman, of the more intellectual type, whom I chanced to have as a fellow-passenger across the Pacific, on my return from the colonies. He was a man a good way past middle life, but still full of vigor and quick of wits; a person of endless experience, character, impetuosity, ignorance of the great world, practical knowledge of his own little world, bitter humor, fearlessness, independence, and loquacity. He had been in early youth a naval officer, but had passed many years in the bush as explorer, adventurer, and country-newspaper editor. His name I found on official record as one of those who had sought out the survivors of Burke's ill-fated exploring party; he had fought the political battles of a frontier town for years as independent editor; and now, in his old age, he had resolved to see America, and to instruct us a little, I fancy, in the arts of editing and of politics, and meanwhile to interest certain people in this country and in England in the natural wonders of Australia. I think that he had some plan of giving lectures in various parts of the world, although I somehow doubt whether he will ever make a very great success in that field. He was a man

with few acquaintances and no great influence, but to talk with him was to have a fine experience of a new sort of manhood. What one most noticed was his courageous idealism. He had passed through all the bitternesses of a long and hard life without ever losing his faith in the value of faithfulness. He was himself as bitter as gall in much of his speech; he damned with a delightful heartiness; but there was after all no trace of the cynic about him. He could not believe in many men; he did believe in human life. His humor, such as it was, was totally different from the kind so characteristic of our frontiersman. The cautious self-possession, the show of half-amused melancholy which is our most common art in frontier society, the mixture of good-humor and cynicism, the affected drawl, the quiet manner with which our humorist approaches his end, — all these things were as foreign to my friend as they would be foreign to Frenchmen or Italians.

He was all fire and ferocity from the start; his every tone was a cheerful challenge, and his every remark hunted for your weak point. He was full of his own enthusiasms, and his wit was simply the fire that played above the glowing mass of them. He easily grew excited; and then he knew no bounds to his plainness of speech, except the mere natural boundary caused by the fact that at heart he was a very good fellow, who could never knowingly utter a mean thing. He was impulsive as the squalls that the sailors call the "southerly busters" of Melbourne. He cared not if you at any time saw his weakness or thrust at it; he trusted to throw you off again by main force. His impulsiveness showed itself also in the judgment of character. He knew you at first sight. You were his friend or his enemy, on God's side or the other, forthwith, and he greeted you accordingly. He surrendered himself uncerit-

ically and carelessly to the man whom he chose to like; bargained away his own rights almost without knowing the fact; expected all from his friend, as he gave all; expected the worst of his enemy, as he meant to give it; and went about everything, his wordy warfare, his friendly self-surrender, his bitter enmities, with the same merry earnestness and cheerfully impulsive fierceness. By reason of his tireless aggressiveness, he might indeed have been a fearful household companion, but he would surely have been a magnificent desert companion, — one who only needed troubles to make him the more spirited, and common foes to make him the more warm-hearted a friend. In his criticisms of Australian life and people he was as reckless as he was idealistic. He had a strong love for strong government as such, but a bitter hatred of all dominant personalities, like one who longs to have God's kingdom come on earth, but who somehow cannot bear to see any priest or any one else called holy strutting about amongst his fellows here below. Hence, with all his evident love of authority in the abstract, my friend damned most violently the colonial aristocracy for its shams, the radical politicians for their time-serving, the rich for their greed, and the workingmen for their grossness. Yet, withal, the condemnation was not the merely bitter talk of a disappointed man. It was the free speech of the nomad, who in youth had known the discipline of a quarter-deck, and who had ever since carried about, in a faithless world, the ideal of a good order, which somehow nobody near him seemed to be loyally disposed to rear. One could make, as is plain, no very practical use of my friend. His ideas were numerous, but they depended largely on a bushman's instinct; and he looked for signs of the truth in his world as he would have looked for signs of distant water in the bush. His judgments were meanwhile all his own; he despised au-

thority in matters of opinion. He was as honest a man as he was blunt.

Perhaps my friend was after all no Australian type, but merely an anomaly. In any case, I found in him a more sharply defined, loyal, and yet self-reliant character than I had met on my travels for a long time. There was a little romance, too, in his past that I learned from another fellow-traveler. And this, while I cannot undertake to repeat it at length here, was of a sort to make me think yet more of him. As the reader sees, my regard was not unmingled with a certain dread of the old man; for who could tell in intercourse with him where his quick sword would next fall? But at all events I felt that if this is the sort of independent manhood that dwelling in the bush develops, Australia ought not to want for stuff out of which to make plenty of life in the future.

II.

The preceding sketch has enumerated, along with many bright and promising features of Australian life, several dangers that seem to me to threaten the future development of the colonies. The remedy for provincialism is of course always such a breadth of ideals and purposes as enables one, not to destroy, but to transcend, one's naturally narrow interests. Great nations are never without their provincial temperament, but they have become great by more or less completely humanizing their temperament, by sharing the ideals and the work of humanity without forgetting their private concerns. The remedy for Australia's other great evil, for overactivity and hasty organization in the political sphere, is such a wealth of political duties as forces a community to move deliberately and cautiously. Therefore in any case the chief hope of Australia must lie in the federation of her now disunited communities. In fact, this work is at present slowly going on. Its significance and its future prospects

furnish the most important topic that any one interested in Australia can find there presented to his attention.

The present condition of the federation question in Australasia at large is easily summarized. In 1885 an act to constitute a Federal Council of Australasia was passed by the British Parliament.¹ This act was intended to recognize in every possible way the liberty of action of the individual colonies. No colony was to be subject to the act unless it first passed an act of its own whereby it entered the federation. The topics upon which the Federal Council could legislate were for the first limited to such obvious matters as the enforcement of civil and criminal processes throughout the colonies beyond the original jurisdiction of the courts of any colony, the relation of the colonies with the islands of the Pacific, and similar elementary subjects. No power as to more important topics of legislation was given to the Council except in so far as these topics should first be referred to it by the colonies, and then in so far as the acts of the Council should be especially ratified by each colony concerned in its individual capacity. The Federal Council as constituted is thus little more than a conference of the colonies concerned, with a few special powers added. Into the Council Victoria, Queensland, western Australia, Tasmania, and Fiji entered almost at once. New Zealand is hardly expected to enter at present. The persistent unwillingness of New South Wales to join is due in part to prejudices which our previous discussion has touched upon, but is in any case a serious obstacle in the way of the progress of the federal principle. The close of 1888 has seen south Australia also giving in its adhesion to the Federal Council, so that the isolation of

New South Wales becomes more obvious and regrettable.

Very curious, however, is the timidity which has been shown in some quarters at this approach of the coming federation. South Australia, for instance, in its recent action, limits its own acceptance of the act to a period of two years: "a needless precaution," remarks the Melbourne Leader, "seeing that there is nothing to prevent a withdrawal at any time." And the same colony declines to permit its own legislature to refer any new matter to the Council, in the way contemplated by the imperial act, without the concurrence of an absolute majority of both the provincial legislative houses. New South Wales journals, meanwhile, are in the habit of frequently ridiculing the Council as something that stupidly calls itself federal, whereas it cannot be federal since New South Wales chooses to remain outside. These jealousies and fears will remind any reader at once of parallel cases in an important period of our own history; and we shall at once be led to look forward hopefully to the ultimate triumph of true patriotism over local vanities.

But, after all, federation of the true sort is, as one sees, some distance away. The entrance of New South Wales into the Council would still be far from giving us an Australian nation; and yet such a nation, as we have said, is what must come if Australia is to rise above her crudities, and is successfully to meet her dangers. The form which this future national growth must take becomes an object of no small interest to a sympathetic observer.

In trying to define this future, friendly critics are nowadays accustomed to pretend to expect something named imperial federation. The "larger England" is to be ultimately joined, by so-called "silken ties," into an empire that will in some mysterious fashion differ from the British Empire as now

¹ For an account of the act and of the work done under it in the first session of the Council, see the Victorian Year-Book, 1886-87, page 24.

constituted, and that will accordingly represent, perhaps by means of a reformed imperial parliament, all the now widely separated political communities over which the Crown rules. The nation of the future Australasian will thus be, as before, the British nation, but this new British nation will have an unity and an organization far higher than that of to-day. To devise a possible constitution for this imperial federation is a favorite academic exercise of some men who ought to be wiser.

Now it is not hastily, but on the basis of a good deal of reflection upon many facts, that I seriously question the possibility of tying together the widely distant parts of the British Empire any more closely than they are now tied. The present British Empire, so far as it concerns the Australian colonies, exists by virtue of a general good-will, and because it is at present the most convenient fashion of life for all parties. To interfere elaborately with its forms would be to risk very seriously its unity. Enough ground there already is for friction between the colonies and the mother country. From the appointment of a governor for Queensland to the much more vexatious Chinese business, events have lately shown that the life together of mother and child is subject to many greater or less disagreements. Meanwhile, thus far, the good-will outweighs the mutual discord, and Australia is indeed in no immediate danger of "cutting the painter" to-day or to-morrow. But one thing which ought to be fairly clear is that Australia does not grow any *more* closely bound by imperial ties, and is not apt to do so. In the long run the friction must increase rather than decrease. We believe in highly organized social life, but we know also that the inner union of a mother organism and its offspring has definite biological limits. And the British Empire is already big with child, this child being the coming Australian nation. It does not

become us to desire that the pregnancy should last forever merely because unity is good, nor even because childbirth has its pangs. Let the child be born, not prematurely, but in due time, and grow, and increase in favor with God and man.

This view that, not from the mere love of discord, but from the very necessity of its own healthy development, an Australian federation must come in time to seek its destiny outside of the imperial connection needs some defense, especially in our days, when the fashion of political speculators is to proclaim the coming imperial federation, and to preach to the colonies the gospel of salvation by British unity. But the considerations which should lead us the other way in this investigation are not hard to state.

In the first place, one may ask, Of what present service is the imperial connection to the young Australian communities? The service is undoubtedly great, but it is not boundless. As a prominent Australian politician observed to me, "We need two things, above all, from the empire. Against direct foreign invasion Victoria and New South Wales could indeed already feel reasonably secure. The harbors are well defended, and our interior, with our resolute and skillful population, would be such a difficult conquest that it is very doubtful whether any foreign power could spare the means and the men to undertake the task, or would find the result worth the enormous cost. But what we do need in the way of protection is security against the violent colonization of the still unsettled parts of Australia by an enemy; for example, by Russia, or even, in an extreme case, by China. For this amount of self-protection we are still too weak; we could not spare men enough to defend the whole continent. Here the prestige of the empire must for a good while be our refuge. The other aid that we require and get from

the imperial connection lies in the investment of home capital. This would be forthcoming in no such quantity if we were to separate ourselves; and we have not enough financial strength at present to depend upon our own resources." To these two advantages one might obviously add the indirect protection which is given to the colonies by the fact that British prestige prevents a general seizure of the islands of the Pacific by various European powers. It would be somewhat hard to find what other tangible interests at present require of the Australian colonies a continuance of the imperial connection.

In the second place, we may inquire whether these ties are likely to be always as binding upon the Australians as they now are. The obvious answer is negative. To grow older is in time to outgrow these forms of dependence. English capital will not only be less needed in Australia when the country has become richer, but it will be more willing to come to Australia, even without the protection of the imperial flag, whenever Australia has grown strong enough to protect herself from all foreign foes; and then no physical obligations will longer force the Australian to hold on to his "painter."

But once more we may inquire whether the colonies can ever outgrow the strong natural affection which binds them to the British connection. True loyalty is indeed not a mere matter of money and of protection, but rests upon ties of kindred and of patriotic love. Will not the great British Empire always excite in the heart of a true Australian this loyalty? Would not separation involve a treason that the healthy colonial mind must always hate?

This question brings us at length before two problems, one of fact and one of right. The question of fact is just here the more important. Social duties never run utterly counter to social facts, but depend upon a sound and just use

of the facts. If the actual tendency of social evolution in Australia is pretty sure to forbid the permanence of a strict loyalty to the empire, we may be tolerably sure that such loyalty is not permanently defensible on moral grounds. The deeper loyalty of the Australian must always be to his own people. If it is his fate to make on his continent a nation, it will be his duty to make a strong and a free nation.

To return, then, to the facts, is the mere sentiment of imperial loyalty likely to grow stronger in the colonial mind as time goes on? Mr. Froude, in his *Oceana*, has stated the case in favor of an affirmative answer to this question, and I think that sensible readers must be surprised at the weakness of this case. Could nothing but a few rambling and unauthoritative conversations be used as evidence of the noble sentiments which Mr. Froude attributes to the colonial public? Is it true that the colonist desires only good-will from his mother country, truly estimable gentlemen for colonial governors, and his share of titles and other honors, in order to be made a true subject of the old land forever? If so, could not Mr. Froude have proved the fact by other evidence than the aforesaid conversations, and even by other evidence than the glorious public self-sacrifice which was involved in sending the Soudan contingent from New South Wales? As for that Soudan contingent, there are those who laugh at it, and say that some young men wanted adventure, and some older men wanted court favor at home; and that these together took advantage of a momentary enthusiasm to raise a "patriotic fund" for use upon an enterprise which the sound sense of the country did not approve. At all events, it seems to me extremely improbable that the experiment of the Soudan contingent is liable soon to be repeated in Australia.

Meanwhile, as against these facts, we

have the much stronger evidence of a growing spirit of independence in the colonies, which is furnished (1) by the recent troubles over the appointment of a governor for Queensland, (2) by the general unwillingness of the colonies to submit to any sort of "Downing Street" influence in their home or foreign affairs, (3) by the strong passions that were in particular shown in the course of the anti-Chinese agitation of May and June, 1888, and (4) by the size and vigor of the before-mentioned young Australian party.

As for the first of these indications, the incident in question has small momentary importance, but shows the existence of tendencies of a wider scope than the occurrences themselves can fully express. The contention of the Queensland ministry has in effect been that no governor should be appointed to the colony unless he were sure to be personally acceptable to the people. In its form this contention seemed even to involve as a practical measure the submission of any nomination of an imperial governor to the Parliament of the colony for confirmation. The *Saturday Review*, in commenting on the case, admitted that Queensland is one of the most forward of the colonies in respect of the loose popular talk about "cutting the painter." Surely, however, such tendencies, when once they appear, are hard to deal with. If the home government humors them by visibly deferring to the popular choice of the disaffected colony in every appointment of a governor, the tendencies in question are so much the more encouraged; but if they are visibly resisted by the appointment of unpopular governors, discontent is only inflamed. The serious thing is that any influential colonial party at all should become disposed to interfere actively with the choice of the representative of the Crown. For such a tendency there is no remedy but forgetfulness; and Queensland is not likely to forget,

nor is her example likely to remain without imitators.

That "Downing Street" is something of a bugbear in colonial politics, and that no ministry will gain by the reputation of deferring thereto, is plain enough to any reader of current discussion in the Australian journals. "Downing Street" is a safe object of attack, because, under the present constitution of the empire, it is so helpless, and is forced to take colonial abuse and resistance so meekly. This impotence of the home government was very clearly illustrated in the case of the Chinese agitation of last year, and we cannot do better than to pass on at once to that matter, especially because the interests therein involved are so far reaching, and because, as I feel, these interests must of themselves alone prove, in the long run, decisive of Australia's future, and especially decisive in securing her ultimate separation from the empire.

No one, on taking a really wide view of the future history of civilization in the Pacific, ought to doubt a few fundamental truths. First, China is not at all likely to be conquered by any foreign power. The day when such a result seemed probable has passed. The powers nearest to her in intercourse now respect China's growing strength and political intelligence, and prefer rather to humor than to threaten her indomitable obstinacy. Secondly, if China remains independent, she will become a comparatively formidable and aggressive power, both in Asiatic politics and in the affairs of the Pacific. Self-preservation will in fact force upon her this position. Thirdly, as she grows in activity, great masses of her people will grow more and more disposed to make life comfortable by migrating elsewhere. Finally, no region will prove more attractive to great numbers of Chinese emigrants, or be more liable, if unguarded, to fall under Chinese influence, than Australia, and especially the warmer, sub-tropical

portions of Australia. If these things are so, then, in proportion as Australia approaches in wealth and population the dignity of an English-speaking nation, her policy, in self-defense, must be distinctly an anti-Chinese policy, one opposed to the growing influence of the Chinese Empire in the Pacific, and, above all, to an unrestricted introduction of a Chinese population into her own territory. On the other hand, so long as the British Empire remains largely an Asiatic power, with Russian rivalry to contend against, the imperial policy must on the whole aim rather towards a conciliation of Chinese obstinacy, towards the maintenance of friendly commercial intercourse with China, and even, on occasion, towards a closer alliance with China against Russia. Should England ever lose the Indian Empire (which may God forbid! for therein lies one of the strongest safeguards of the progress of civilization in Asia), then indeed her interest in a generally friendly policy towards China would grow far less; but so also would her power, and the value of the imperial connection to the Australian nationality. But if, as is probable, the Asiatic calling of the British Empire is long to remain the most important factor in determining the imperial foreign policy, then surely the duty of Australia and the duty of England must needs become more and more divergent. In time the moment will surely come when for them to remain together will involve a sacrifice of their respective missions; and then they will serve humanity best by parting company, not in enmity, but in faithful pursuit of their very different callings. Australia, when she grows a great nation, is to be the first civilized power of the Pacific, and as such must always steadily strive to restrain the influence of China. England, while holding China within certain bounds, must keep her as a friend and ally, so far as may be possible, in the work of resisting Russian ambitions in

Asia. Australia may never come to open war with China, but her policy towards the latter can never be one of conciliation, of large mutual concessions. At best these two nations must learn to let each other severely alone. But the British Empire, if it is to exist at all in Asia, must form close relations with China. The only other solution would be an English conquest of China, one of the most improbable of contingencies.

But one may still urge that Australia need never adopt this supposed anti-Chinese policy in the fulfillment of her own mission in the Pacific. Why should not Australia welcome a large Chinese immigration? Is not the prejudice against such immigration founded upon all sorts of economic fallacies about the evils of cheap labor, and upon various race prejudices that higher civilization will surely teach us to forget? Has not the American agitation against the Chinese been on the whole rather disgraceful to our intelligence? Are not the best of us even now ashamed of it? Is the future of Australia to be determined by the blind hatreds of men of baser sort?

The plain answer is that, whatever be the merits of the anti-Chinese agitation in America, the Australian feeling on the subject, although shared by the Sydney mob and disgraced by various absurd speeches and indecent outrages, stands for something far more significant than a hatred of cheap labor, or even than a contempt for an alien race. We in this country have suffered and will yet suffer far too deeply from the presence in our midst of a few million very docile and well-meaning negroes to be in a position to doubt the dangers of founding a great nation, in a new country, upon a basis of race heterogeneity. Europe will of course in time master by far the larger part of both Asia and Africa, and will find how to deal with alien races on their own soil. But conquest for the sake of introducing our own civilization is one thing; introducing an alien

civilization amongst us for the sake of seeing whether haply we may not some day conquer it is quite another thing. The one act may be forced upon us by historical necessity; the other amounts to hanging the millstone around our own necks to display the strength of our backs. We did not create the Orientals, and are not to blame if we have trouble in trying to adjust our Asiatic policies; but we are to blame if, knowing the inevitable disagreements that must result, we invite them to help us form a great nation in our own territory. No, indeed; race homogeneity is the basis of healthy national life; and even the mixture of the European stocks themselves, although it is inevitable, involves, as here in America, evils enough on the way. It would be suicidal for the Australians to encourage such free intercourse with China as would give them, in fifty years from the present time, when their white population will number perhaps fifteen millions, a Chinese population of say five millions or more.¹ The possible form that the evil results would take need not to be especially defined in our speculations. The Russians and the Poles, the Turks and their Christian subjects, the Hungarians and their German neighbors, England and the Irish, the North and South in America, will serve to exemplify in various forms the endless possible complications that arise when a great nation must be made, and there are only heterogeneous stocks out of which to make it. That the Chinese will be attracted to northern, and in considerable degree to southern Australia also; that, if not kept off, they will come in great numbers; that, as time goes on, they will grow more and more willing to migrate with their families, and so to colonize the new lands; and that, as colonists, they would not amalgamate with the European stock, — all

these are plainly probabilities of a very high order. Equally probable it is that Australia cannot ward off such a fate without assuming towards China an attitude that must at best be frequently unfriendly, and that will in the long run be utterly inconsistent with the natural Asiatic policy of Great Britain.

We conclude, then, that no base prejudice, but the highest political wisdom, calls Great Britain and Australia along pathways that must further and further diverge. No sentimental cloud-fabric called imperial federation can hope to meet such plain material difficulties as these. Whenever that vision of the hero of Locksley Hall is realized, imperial federation may exist as a part of the federation of mankind. Meanwhile, the hero of Locksley Hall is known to have abandoned his youthful dreams altogether; and, however loyal we try to be to humanity, we cannot forget that such loyalty must for many centuries to come be expressed only in concrete, and therefore in somewhat exclusive, national organizations.

Well, what history on the whole will probably demand of Australia began to make itself felt last year in the form of a particular "Chinese agitation." And as the tragedies of history usually have many farcical incidents in them, so the Chinese agitation of 1888 was no very noble affair. English communities love panics; and without any other immediate reason than the news that several cargoes of Chinese were on the way to Australia, the population of all the great colonies became suddenly excited. Even New Zealand tried to share in the enthusiasm, although New Zealand has no great reason to fear the coming of the Chinese at present. In estimating the importance of this incident, we must not be deceived by mere shows. It would be folly to call the

¹ The Victorian Year-Book, 1886-87, gives, as estimated population of the whole of Australia in 1941, a total of some 23,000,000; ba-

sis of the estimate being the rate of increase between 1871 and 1881 (*l. c.*, page 40).

somewhat unheroic devices by which the Victorian government discouraged the Chinese who tried to land at Melbourne statesmanship; it would be absurd to dignify the swelling words and cowardly deeds of Sir Henry Parkes at Sydney, in May and June of 1888, by the name of lofty patriotism; and it would be a mistake to call the wild talk of agitators in all the colonies a fair expression of the dignified national spirit. But, on the other hand, it would be unworthy of sensible observers to deny that the whole excitement had a deeper basis in the healthy instinct of the Australian public, and that the attitude which the colonies in this case assumed will be assumed again and again in future, whenever circumstances shall require. The immediate outcome of the agitation was the Chinese conference at Sydney, in June. This conference was as straightforward and sensible in its actions as the public agitators had been unwise and indirect in their conduct. As one of the prominent participants in the conference personally assured me, the question in its present shape seemed to the knowing men a very simple one. The Australian public was of one mind that Chinese immigration must be discouraged, and the responsible statesmen who constituted the conference of colonial representatives were still, on the whole, unwilling to do anything to embarrass unnecessarily the imperial policy. The resulting uniform measure which the colonial legislatures were advised by the conference to adopt was accordingly very moderate in form and very decided in substance. Ships carrying Chinese passengers into Australian ports were to be limited to one Chinese passenger per five hundred tons of the vessel bringing him. As for the imperial government, that was very mildly, but rather peremptorily, advised to see that its treaty obligations towards China were made consistent with this requirement. There the matter for the time ended.

But most noteworthy of all was the fact that throughout the agitation nearly all men in Australia, wise and foolish alike, seemed to agree that if the imperial policy on the Chinese question was really in conflict with Australian interests, the imperial policy must simply give way. There was little talk of imperial patriotism as counseling serious self-sacrifices. Duty to the empire, indeed, meant to everybody, except Sir Henry Parkes and his like, moderation and caution in method. But about the outcome there was no question. In the long run, Australia must make its own Chinese policy, and the empire must conform thereto. This was the sentiment rashly expressed in foolish wise by Sir Henry Parkes and the agitators; quietly assumed in wiser forms by the actually representative public men of the colonies. And this sentiment, I believe, stands for something at once justifiable and permanent. The Chinese question will always be amongst the actualities for Australia. There will always be a conflict between the imperial and the colonial interests in the matter. This conflict will grow worse in time. Australia will never consent to be used as a tool by the empire, and will always insist on going her own way. Some day a crisis will be reached. China will obstinately insist on something that Australia cannot concede, and that the empire, for reasons connected with its Asiatic policy, cannot refuse. Then Australia, by that time grown strong, will decline to be ruled by the interests of England in India, and a separation will take place. No hostility to the great future mission of the British Empire, but on the contrary a strong desire to see that mission successfully carried out, leads us to hope that a vain ambition for a showy imperial federation will not be permitted to stand in the way of the true freedom and prosperity of all branches of the great English stock.

For the rest, whenever Australia is strong enough to live alone, she will lose nothing by escaping from the complications into which European politics, endlessly conflicting radical and conservative foreign policies, Egyptian, Irish, and all the other imperial questions, are sure more and more seriously to involve the now so rapidly changing and so seriously embarrassed English nation.

Finally, as to the young Australian party, that, with all its crudities, is no doubt the beginning of the party of the future in Australia. If it makes a true colonial federation its goal, it will become a great, and in time a wise party. Whether its federation ever will include New Zealand may be doubted. New Zealand has its own destiny, more modest than that of its great neighbor, but possibly no less interesting. The two will always be very close friends; it is not so clear that they will need to

be one nation. For Australia there is but one happy destiny, — unity within, and, whenever the proper time comes, a wise independence of all foreign domination. We in America, whose work at home will always be so much more engrossing than our work abroad, but who have, amongst other future tasks, our duty also in the Pacific, will never feel any unkind rivalry towards our southern co-worker in the cause of free civilization, our future sister republic. On the contrary, we shall rejoice and profit by the fact that in time, not by virtue of any narrow provincialism, but in the exercise of a humane vigor, in the carrying out of a vastly important destiny, our brethren of the other hemisphere will serve all mankind by claiming first of all their Australia "for the Australians." We all work best abroad when we first possess our own homes in peace.

Josiah Royce.

THE BEGUM'S DAUGHTER.

V.

It is still market-day; the fort bell has not yet rung its curfew peal. Before the door of a small shop in Winkel Street sits a middle-aged burgher. The man is not comely, he is not agreeable looking, but he fixes attention. It would be hard to account for the instant and strong impression his personality creates, — an impression which provokes while it baffles analysis. One point soon becomes clear: the result of the whole outgiving of the man, so far as the physical may reveal the moral, is presently recognized in an atmosphere of power. Details here may not be neglected: a burly, robust figure, a head bristling with energy, harsh features, a severe aspect, are points each and all necessary to a

clear realization of his person. Significant, too, is his evident contempt for small decencies: his chin is rough with a two days' beard, his long hair is uncombed, his nails are black, his linen is soiled, his coarse hose are ill-gartered, his breeches show divers rents, and his threadbare doublet is splashed with grease; for all that, he has an air of entire respectability.

A certain strong odor from the shop proclaims the man's calling: he is a liquor-dealer. In fact, he is at this very minute awaiting the arrival of an invoice of foreign wine now unloading in the dock.

As he sits waiting and smoking, there comes along the street a tall figure with shambling gait, and stops before him.

"Well?" grunts the sitter, with a sharp interrogative accent.

"I am h-here — ye see."

"Ye come with the rent?"

"Look at this!" shaking a pouch.

"Ye are late."

"'T is mar-market day."

"Ye found time to go to Vrouw Litschoe's."

"Ei?"

"Ye're drunk again" —

"Not I!"

— "and no wonder, with the damned dregs and lees ye get yonder."

"I had but a drop passing the door; 't is all — 't is" —

"Give me the money."

"Here — here 't is, all safe for ye!" producing it from his pouch.

"'T is not enough."

"Ei?"

"Here is wanting four strings of seawant yet."

"So?" with a blank stare.

"The old story, — ye spent it at the pot-house, ye drunken dog! But ye shall make up the lack, mark ye, — every stuiver of it!"

Mumbling and fumbling in his pocket, the tenant affected a tipsy astonishment.

"What gave ye to your vrouw of your gains at the market?"

"Ei?"

"What had the vrouw from ye, I say, to keep soul and body together?"

"Tryntie? N-never ye fear for her! She — hic — gets ever all that's left."

"So! They'll not grow fat, she and the brat, this time. Get home with ye, and mark my words: keep clear of Vrouw Litschoe, or I'll have ye put into the stocks!"

Calling a bareheaded apprentice from the shop, as his crestfallen tenant staggered away, the landlord growled, —

"Go get ye after yonder fool and see him safe home to the bouwerie; and, Claes — stay! Come here!" He paused, and regarded with calculating eye the treasure in his lap, from which

he picked up presently two strings of seawant, and added, "Hand you this to the little vrouw yonder, on the sly, and whisper there is no need to pay it back."

As the apprentice hastens after the tipsy Rip, Mynheer sees on the other side his expected load of wine approaching. A heavy ox-cart tugs up the muddy street, and after much shouting on the part of the driver and some brutal clubbing of the patient oxen, it is at last duly backed up before the shop-door. A gang-plank is then adjusted, and the huge butts and casks are rolled down and disposed so as completely to fill the narrow space between the street and the building, except that part occupied by Mynheer and his wooden bench.

Mynheer looks on in silence, save for bawling out now and then some direction to the slaves who are handling the casks, or grunting assent to the idle comments of his neighbors, who have gathered to witness the unloading.

The cart being driven away the diversion is ended, and these worthy tradesfolk fall back upon the staple topics of the day for gossip.

"What think you, neighbor Leisler, of these stories from over the water?" asked the bareheaded haberdasher from next door, taking a seat on the bench.

"Stories?" echoed the grocer, chewing a piece of African ginger, and scraping his bedaubed leather apron with a cheese-knife.

"That the Prince of Orange has invaded England and King James is thrust off the throne," explained the haberdasher, before Mynheer could empty his mouth of smoke.

"Poh! 'T is an old granny's tale," put in a Scotch tobaccoconist, whose shop was close at hand.

"As Christ lives, it is the truth!" cried Leisler, bringing his heavy fist down upon the bench.

"Fudge! I say the English are not a folk to be put down by a handful of Dutchmen."

"Who talks of putting down? 'T is the British themselves; they were sick of the Stuart's Popish plots."

"Have a care, Mynheer Leisler!"

"Bah! I stand by my words. They called in Prince William because the old Romish serpent was winding them in his coils."

"What avails knocking down the father to set up the daughter?"

"They are as different as light from dark. Mary is no Papist; the prince would as soon take a viper to his bed."

"But 't is a revolution you talk of," continued the Scotchman.

"What then? 'T is time, God knows, for a revolution when the king begins to plot with the Pope and the French against his own."

"Trim your tongue, Master Leisler! 'T is rank treason you're talking."

Leisler knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and gave a snort of defiance.

"If this tale prove false," persisted the Scotchman, "as many another has, you may answer for it with your head."

"I'll answer it with sword and arquebuse, come who will to the reckoning."

"And what ground is there for all this pother? Tell me that."

"Was not an honest man cast into jail in Boston t' other day by yonder beast, Andros?"

"Sh-h!"

"Fie!"

"Hush, man! are you mad?" There was a sibilant chorus of protestation.

—"for showing a copy of the prince's own declaration?" persisted Leisler.

"Whence had he it?"

"Fetched by himself from England, and he that moment landed from the ship."

"And because some idle fellow shows a paper, call you that proof the throne of England is overturned?"

"How if it be stamped with the great seal?"

"Eh?"

"What say you?"

The suggestion caused a sensation: the little group gathered closer about the bold speaker; others, passing, attracted by the loud voice, joined the circle, which soon swelled to a dozen or more interested listeners.

"What is more," went on Leisler, "the great Dr. Mather himself sent over an account of the whole matter. But I waste my time talking to blind men who cannot see, to deaf men who will not hear, and to fools who cannot understand what goes on. I tell you," he concluded sternly, "when the air has been so long time full of thunder, 't is time for the lightning."

"But *we* are safe, at any rate," chimed in the official inviter-to-funerals, who had just joined the crowd; "'t will hardly reach over here."

"Will it not? Ugh!" cried Leisler, with an ominous snort.

"Eh?"

"What?"

"There will be violence here, think you?"

"But we are good Protestants."

"Tell us your mind, Captain Leisler!"

"Are there not Papists holding office here?" roared Leisler in a thundering voice,—"boldly and shamelessly keeping themselves in high places when their master is thrown down?"

"Sh-h!"

"Speak softly, captain!"

"Have a care!"

"Who are those in authority, and what are they doing?" pursued Leisler, ignoring the cautions whispered in his ear. "Why is not William proclaimed, since he is king?"

A feeble murmur ran through the crowd, and the listeners looked at one another in doubt.

"Why, indeed?" cried a bold-looking man, elbowing his way towards the bench. "How will the new king take such backwardness?"

"Think not that is all," went on Leisler. "Those rascally Papists are plotting to seize the government and make us into a Catholic province; then they will invite the old king over, and set up a Catholic kingdom here in the New World."

The Scotchman alone dared sneer at this suggestion, but he was speedily silenced by the growing applause.

"The French devils in Canada are stirring up the savages this very minute to help on the plot, and as soon as James lands on these shores they will swoop down and burn our houses and butcher our children, if we go not over to the Papists."

"Right, captain, right! You have hit it. Some say the savages are already on the march."

"What measures are taken here against them? What are they doing, — the governor, the mayor, and the worshipful councillors yonder at the Stadthuys?"

"Ay, ay! Tell us that!" echoed the bold-faced man.

"Hatching treason," answered Leisler bluntly.

"Fie! they are no more Papists than you!" cried the Scotchman.

"Is not Nicholson a 'Piscopal?"

"And if he be?"

"I would rather be an out-and-out Papist than a make-believe," said Leisler's adherent.

"Where is the treason in that?" put in the Scotchman again. "Look out, my masters, how you play with gunpowder! A fire is easier set going than put out."

"Have they not seized upon the public money and locked it up in the fort?" went on Leisler, with increasing vehemence. "'T is seized for King James! 'T is the people's money, — 't is our money; will ye have it given to a Papist?"

A loud cry of protestation arose from excited bystanders.

"'T is ours, I say: it came from the sweat of our faces, and we will have it back!" pursued Leisler, clenching his fist and glancing ominously towards the fort.

At this moment a hurried footstep was heard coming down the street. The new-comer was recognized and hailed by many of the group.

"Hola, Stoll!"

"What now, Joost?"

"One might think his father had died and left him an heir."

"Make way! Make way! Where's the captain?"

"Here! Here!"

"The devil breaks loose — ugh! ugh! Everything goes to pieces — ugh! ugh! All the country is up in arms."

"Have done with your grunting, and tell your story like a Christian."

"My — my wind is gone" —

"Damn your wind! What is your news?"

"The Bostoneers have uprisen and — and laid the governor by the heels and" —

"Andros?"

"The old Turk yonder that kept the people down."

"God!" exclaimed Leisler, springing to his feet in uncontrollable excitement.

"The people — ugh! — have cast him into prison — and — and" —

"Go on!" cried Leisler fiercely. "Go on, I say!"

— "and set up the old governor" —

"Yes — and then" —

"They choose a committee to carry on the business."

"Who told you this?"

"An express is just come to the Stadthuys, most dead with haste: he says the whole country follows after Boston, — Plymouth, Rhode Island, Connecticut, all; they have all cast down the Papists and up with King William."

Leisler glared at the man for a moment, and said no more. He sat down

upon the bench, with elbows on his knees, and deeply pondered this startling news, while the others gabbled and chattered about the panting Stoll.

In the midst of the confusion a striking-looking person quietly turned the corner of the street from the direction of the fort, and slowly approached the spot: a small, slender woman, with a complexion as dark as a mulatto's, but with features of the most delicate type, and a very marked air of high-breeding and dignity. Her dress was as extraordinary as her person. Both in fashion and in fabric it was notably different from that in vogue among the Dutch women of the period. Over her head was draped a scarf of rich embroidery wrought in colors, beneath which gleamed another head-covering of the finest lawn. Across her low forehead hung a thin plate of beaten gold set in gems. Wrapped about her shoulders was a rare Indian shawl which fell almost to her feet, displaying as she walked a white skirt of the softest cashmere. She was accompanied by two negro slaves, one following, and the other going before to secure a passage and inspire respect.

As she approached the noisy group before Leisler's door, some of those in the outer circle made a movement to afford her passage.

"Make way!"

"Stand aside!"

"Make room! Do you hear, junkers?"

"'Tis her mightiness!"

"The begum!"

The lady, brought to a standstill, hastily drew a veil across her face as she noted the gaze of the group fixed upon her. All stepped aside to make room for her, — all save a group of three or four directly about Leisler.

"Do you hear, there?" bawled out the Scotchman. "Are your ears stuffed with wool? Make room for the lady."

"Who is it calls?"

"Bestir yourselves, I say, and let the worshipful lady pass!"

With much grumbling, the others climbed the casks or stepped into the shop, but the doughty captain kept his seat.

"Damn the worshipful lady, and all other worshipfuls! There'll be no more worshipfuls here! I'll give way to no one before my own shop!"

Turning his eyes as the others moved aside, and recognizing the person for whom so imperative a demand had been made, he went on with a fresh access of rage: —

"What, Staats' huysvrouw? Make way for Staats' blackamoor? Not I! Let her take the street! There'll be no more worshipful masters and high-mightinesses in this land, thank God! Let her take the street, I say! I have better-looking wenches in my kitchen."

The woman started; she lifted her veil, and gazed steadily at Leisler, as if to identify the man and realize his meaning. More impressive than any contortion of feature or outburst of passion was the suppressed look of profound outrage in the woman's face, and the parting glance she cast at her aggressor was sinister in its deep resentment.

Motioning to her slaves, she turned without a word, and disappeared in the direction whence she had come.

VI.

Returning from their visit to Tryntie, Steenie and Hester entered the town by way of the Landpoort, and sauntered down Broadway. Coming near the fort, they found the green filled with an excited crowd.

"What is it?" asked Hester, reluctantly admitting any distraction in her new happiness.

"Wait, and I will bring you word."

"Never mind. What matters it?"

But, leaving her on the corner of Petticoat Lane, Steenie had already darted across to mingle with the throng.

Hester gazed after him with wistful eyes, sitting down meanwhile on a wayside boulder to beguile the time. It was not long. He came back almost directly with an explanation.

"T is nothing. Those noisy trainbands are discontent. You know, since this late news came from abroad, they have been set to guard the town."

"Yes; my father is one of the captains, and he has to take his turn."

"Well and good. But last night, Lieutenant Cuyler, one of De Peyster's men, took upon him to set a guard at the sally-port without leave of the lieutenant-governor, who, when he heard of it, called the rascal up and had like to have broken his head with a pistol; and served him right, too."

"To be sure, he was very bold," said Hester absently, as she fastened a knot of flowers in her lover's button-hole.

"And now these grimy fellows would make a stir about it. 'Let them stick to their shops, and leave the guidance of public matters to their betters,' says my father, and he should know. I will go tell him of this uproar, and beg him send a file of soldiers to drive these greasy fellows back to their work."

At this moment the bell in the fort sounded. Trained to the clockwork regularity of a Dutch household, the junker dropped the subject in mid-air, and involuntarily turned his face homeward.

"Let us mend our pace, or we shall be late."

But Hester, defiant even of discipline in her present bliss, loitered on the way, lengthening out every remaining inch of the distance.

Arrived at the corner of the Strand, they stopped and gazed at each other; it was their first parting. Unhappily it was broad daylight and there were passers in the street.

"Must you go?" he asked, holding both her hands.

She answered by a look which acknowledged no compulsion.

"Think what a sweet day 't will be to-morrow at Staaten Island!" he said, by way of lessening the pang.

"But — till then?"

"I must overhaul my ketch this evening, while the light holds."

The excuse was plainly not accepted as sufficient.

"If we are to go — it must needs be repaired" —

Still with swaying hands clasped tightly in his, Hester would not, by word or look, make herself an accomplice in the impending separation. What mortal man could resist such sweet stubbornness? The enraptured junker, catching her in his arms, kissed her again and again, careless of consequences.

Overwhelmed with shamefacedness, she broke from him and ran away.

"Stay! Hester — Hester, I will go with you!"

"But if we are seen — No, you must not."

Realizing the wisdom of this caution, he watched her out of sight along the winding street, and, heaving a big sigh, turned to go home, when plump upon him, around a neighboring corner, came his young acquaintance of Smiet's Vly. Filled at the moment with thoughts of peace and good-will to all mankind, and wishing perhaps to make amends for his mischievous prank of the morning, he nodded and smiled, and in further testimony of his friendliness held out a flower which he carried in his hand.

Incensed by such effrontery, she snatched the flower and contemptuously flung it to the ground as she swept along, leaving the junker to hide in his sleeve the laugh he dared not show.

Hester, meanwhile, on reaching home was rudely awakened from her sweet meditations by finding a crowd of rough

men gathered before the door, and her father, bareheaded, upon the stoop, haranguing them. Unable to make her way into the house, she perforce stood still and listened. What could her father be saying that these men hung on his words with such breathless interest? Her curiosity was awakened.

"Cuyler was right, I say. Will he fall upon an honest man for doing his duty? He'll pistol us all next. Will ye stand and wait to be shot down like dogs?"

Loud cries of "No! No!" arose from the crowd.

"What right has he yonder in the governor's chair? He is no governor; he is but the underling of that old rat Andros the Bostoneers have trapped."

"Out with him!"

"What is he doing there? Plotting, — plotting to steal away your liberties. He is a Papist; his hand is against us. He would burn the town; he is getting his torches ready day and night. And why? Because we are Protestants, because we are Dutchmen, because we will not bow down to idols and yield ourselves slaves to Rome."

A hoarse cry like a muttering of thunder arose with ominous effect from the increasing mob.

"What would they do? They would bring over the Stuart, him the English have kicked out, and set him up here for a king."

"Never! Never!"

"That is not all. The worst is to come. There is a plot to destroy us; do ye hear? — a hellish plot. Next Lord's Day morning, on God's own blessed Sabbath, while we are at worship in his holy tabernacle, the devils are to fall upon us. They will cut us down, kill, slay, murder us, one and all, and hand over the town to the Papists."

"Down with them all!" roared the crowd.

"Where are our city rulers? What are they doing? The worshipful mayor

and council, — why do they not protect us? Why? Because they are hand in glove with these bloodhounds!"

This was a touch too much; a murmur of consternation and protest arose from the crowd. For one moment there was a feeble movement of reaction, but with the instinct of a demagogue Leisler saw, and furiously stamped it out.

"Hand in glove, I say," he repeated, coming down the steps into the very midst of the throng, in his ardor. "They are all one brood, — cursed aristocrats. They look down upon the poor man. They would make lords of themselves! Years ago they cheated the poor savage out of his home. They seized upon all the fat lands in the province. Now they're grown rich they forget their Dutch blood. Damn their traitorous souls! They would betray us!"

The momentary compunction of the mob was swept away by this blast of invective, and with the blind impulse of sheep they followed on where their bold leader showed the way.

"They sell body and soul to the English, and are paid by riches and titles, — a pack of rogues and knaves and Papist cut-throats! Will ye have men like these to rule the country?"

"No! No!"

"Will ye suffer them to stay yonder in the Stadthuys another hour?"

"No! We will fling them out! Lead us on!"

"Mark ye what the people did in Boston?"

"Ay, ay! Lead us on! Huzza! Leisler! Leisler! To the fort!"

Turning suddenly about, bearing the bold orator in their midst, the infuriated rabble started to carry out their threat. Unprepared for the movement, Hester was thrown down and trampled upon. Happily her father saw it all. Beating back the crowd, he sprang to her aid, natural affection overriding even the fierce excitement of the moment.

"You are hurt, child? Hetty, my little Hetty, they have not killed you? Speak, child! No! Well, then, stupid jade! what do you in the street? Get you in, and serve you right!" kissing her tenderly as he placed her in safety upon the stoop. "Get you in, I say, and let me not catch you in the street again."

Unhurt save for a few scratches, Hester stood gazing, dumfounded, after the howling mob until they disappeared along the winding street. With no suspicion of any serious cause of discord among her fellow-townsmen, she naturally regarded their action in breaking the peace of the sweet twilight hour, filling with clamor the quiet little town, and setting up for enemies their own neighbors and brother churchfolk as simple madness.

In her bewilderment only one impression remained clear: somehow, somewhere, there was a grievance against Mayor Van Cortlandt. Instinct took alarm; the secret she locked in her bosom had already become a dangerous one.

In this doubtful mood she went into the house. Her mother, seated at the supper-table, surrounded by the family, chid her perfunctorily for tardiness.

Vrouw Leisler, an easy-going, motherly Dutch housewife, with a mind given wholly to the management of her family, could throw no light on the state of public affairs, but dismissed the question Hester addressed to her upon the subject, as usual, with, "I know nothing of all that; go ask your father, child." When told of the projected sail, however, and that Tryntie was to be of the party, the indulgent mother readily gave her consent. There was now nothing wanting but to secure Catalina.

Dr. Samuel Staats lived in a comfortable mansion on a quiet street not far from the fort, whither, directly after supper, Hester took her way, skirting without notice the excited groups that

thronged the streets, nor troubling herself to ask the cause of the disturbance.

Hardly had she entered the garden gate when she was greeted by a cry of joy from an upper window, and before she had time to ply the knocker the door was thrown open and Catalina flew into her arms.

The two friends presented an interesting contrast. Notwithstanding the slight difference in their ages, one was as unmistakably a child as the other was a woman. For the rest, they were as unlike as possible, and all the better friends in consequence.

"Hola, I heard you! I knew 'twas you. There — there — there!" cried the breathless Catalina, showering her friend with kisses. "Bad, bad girl! — there, again! — 't is two whole days since I saw you."

"I sent Quimbo for you this morning to go for flowers in the Magde Paetje, but" —

"I was out. I am enraged at it. Come in here! Sit you down — so!" and the imperious young hostess pushed her visitor into a big chair in a corner of the living-room, and nestled down by her side with arms tightly clasped about her waist. "Yes, what a pity for me to be out! Where was Quimbo loitering on the way? Why sent you not sooner? I went to Smiet's Vly with the rest to see Wouter Olfert set up his new water-wheel."

"But you are here now," put in Hester at the first chance, "and I am come to bespeak you for a sail in a ketch to-morrow, to Staaten Island, which is full of flowers."

"Dearest Hester!"

"Go ask your mother."

"No, come you and ask her. She thinks you so wise."

"But let her know, besides, that Tryntie is to go and have care of us."

"Oh, then is there no doubt; mother thinks me always safe with Tryntie. But come, you shall ask for me."

Hester arose, and followed across the hall and into the opposite room, Catalina announcing her entrance.

"Mother, it is Hester; she has come to speak with you."

The room they entered answered to the parlor in an ordinary Dutch house, where it would have been shut up in sacred disuse save on ceremonial occasions. This room was flooded with light, richly and curiously appointed, and had withal a characteristic air, notwithstanding the bizarre jumble of Dutch furniture, Eastern rugs and draperies, Indian pottery, and Oriental curios with which it was crowded.

The mistress of the house sat near one of the windows, busied with some embroidery. A shadow, like a passing cloud, swept across her face at sight of Hester. She rose, however, with great ceremony, and made her visitor a courtesy.

"Mother — I — we have come — You tell her, Hester."

"I come to beg you will let Catalina go with us for a sail to Staaten Island, to-morrow," began Hester with directness.

The begum regarded her visitor with an inscrutable look. The pupils of her eyes dilated and contracted, the action of her heart visibly quickened, but she did not speak.

"It is to gather flowers," pursued Hester, insensible to small barometric indications. "We are to go in a ketch."

Madam, wearing the same baffling expression, silently shook her head.

"It is but a few miles over and back."

The argument produced no effect. Hester was naturally puzzled by this demeanor, for the begum had hitherto received her with the cordiality due to her daughter's dearest friend. Catalina, too, was evidently quite as much perplexed, for she stole around to her mother's side in a caressing way.

"We count upon being gone but a short time," continued Hester with perseverance.

Still the lady made no answer.

"Tryntie is to go with us. My mother gave me leave to ask Catalina."

Quite unimpressed by these additional reasons, the begum sat quietly opposing a bulwark of silence to Hester's strengthening attack.

"Catalina, I am sure, is very urgent for going."

"Yes, mother, that I am."

"I should count it a great favor if you would let her go."

A dawning look of impatience at this untiring persistence began to show in the lady's face.

"If the day be not fair we shall not go. We may, with good luck, be home for dinner. From your chamber window above you may watch us all the way yonder and hither again."

The petitioner stopped to take breath. Without a word, the begum suddenly arose and courtiesed in a very significant manner.

Hester flushed, but kept her seat. Catalina, with keener apprehension, after a respectful salute, drew her friend from the room.

Hardly was the door shut behind them, however, when the disappointed girl burst into tears.

"What means she by treating you in such a fashion, — you that have given no offense? 'Tis the first time you had such a greeting from her."

Between her outbursts of tears and indignation, she asked for more news of the expedition.

"And in what ketch are you to go?"

"The best in the harbor."

"And which call you the best?"

"Mynheer Van Cortlandt's."

The visitor's bewilderment was completed on beholding Catalina spring to her feet, and cry with flashing eyes, —

"Never! *Never* would I set foot in it!"

VII.

A score of miles, more or less, northward from the town stood the manor-house of Councilor Frederick Philipse, the richest man in the New World. His estate, comprising vast tracts of land bought for a song from the Indians, stretched for miles along the eastern bank of the Hudson. Intact in its virgin beauty, it formed a natural garden unspoiled by human hand, where thick-wooded hills, wild ravines, bold cliffs, and wide-sweeping meadows exhausted the resources of variety. Close at hand, gleaming through every clearing in the forest, flowed the broad and tranquil river, shut in on its western shore by pinnaced heights, which rose palled in purple splendor against the sunset sky, or withdrawn to mysterious distance in the morning mists, as, fold on fold, the fleecy vapor floated up from the surface of the water.

The house which stood upon this demesne was as worthy its surroundings as man's handiwork can well be in the midst of God's. It was simple, ample, unpretentious, and thus not without dignity. In answering the claims of convenience, comfort, and an enlarged hospitality, the builder had incidentally achieved a certain homely grace and unsought impressiveness.

It chanced that Lieutenant-Governor Nicholson was visiting the councilor at the time of the outbreak in town, and he very gladly accepted his host's invitation to remain. Clearly he saw — as who could fail to see? — the significance of the Boston news. He felt the spirit of change in the thickening air. Directly all interest in his administration fled; he thought only of retreat with a saving of dignity. Daily, therefore, after his routine work at the Stadthuys was dispatched, he made haste to shake off the dust of the caviling little town, and gallop up to this lovely re-

reat, radiant now in all the beauty of early spring.

The London bachelor, with his fashionable habits, would never have been permitted to upset the sober regulations of the household in Madam Margaret's time, — she who used to go as supercargo on her own ships to Holland without relaxing for a moment her regulating grip on things at home. As it was, the widower-host allowed his visitor the largest freedom, and each went his separate way without interfering with the other.

It chanced, one morning, that the two were seated very late at breakfast; for although Mynheer had long since broken his fast, he returned to the table to keep his guest in countenance; moreover, the two had business of moment in hand.

"Whatever their new Majesties may conclude to do with the provinces," said Nicholson, chipping an egg, "'t is clearly my part to stand by the helm for the time being."

Philipse, with his heavy neutral face void of expression, did not commit himself by assenting.

"There can be no two minds about that as a matter of right and propriety," went on his Excellency rather nervously. "Somebody must govern; there is nobody with a better right, or for the matter of that any right at all."

He paused as if expecting an answer, but his host simply bowed.

"I was appointed by the Crown," he continued, salting his egg quite unconsciously for the third time, "and, whatever may be the state of things now, nobody will pretend to deny that King James had the power, at the time, to appoint me, or that he proceeded in a regular manner. Then 't is plain, until somebody is sent over with a new commission, I am in of right, eh?"

"It would seem so," said Philipse, driven at last from cover.

"But we are standing on the verge of

a volcano. Since those rebellious Bostoners opened the ball by laying hands on Sir Edmund the leaven of discontent has been working through the whole country."

"Sir Edmund carried it with too high a hand yonder in Boston. There is no cause for the like discontent here."

"They'll not stick at causes; they'll find a cause fast enough, never fear. But the question is what to do. My authority is boldly defied. Heard you what Bayard said? Why, when I sent him last night to call these train-bands to order, as their superior officer, an impudent clown comes blustering forth and lectures him. 'Go back to them that sent ye! Go back,' says he, 'and tell them to go about their business; we'll none o' them!'"

"The fellow was in liquor."

"Not he. 'T was a well-known creature of this Leisler."

"Stoll! Yes, I know him. A rough dog."

"But for this Leisler himself, — how came he so suddenly to the fore? Who is the man?"

"A liquor-seller in the dock. He married a rich widow, and straightway thrust himself in among honest folks. He is grown of much consequence with the rabble, and he is, moreover, a deacon of the church."

"'T is a lesson for you dissenters. A low-bred, scurvy fellow like that could never come to office in the Established Church."

"'T is his money gives him consequence; but for all he has grown so rich he can scarce write his own name, and goes about as ragged and greasy as when he was a varlet in a leather apron."

At this moment a servant entered hastily, and paused at the threshold with an air of some excitement.

"Pardon, Mynheer" —

"What is it?"

"There be great doings down at the

fort. All the train-bands are gathered, and there is talk of the city being stormed by the Papists. 'T is said Staaten Island is alive with them."

"Bring me no more such idle tales," said Philipse sternly. "Go, and see you spread not this silly report among the people!"

"You see the fever grows," said Nicholson significantly, as the man withdrew.

Philipse nodded ominously.

"What's to be done?"

"If you were to go down to them yourself" — began the councilor tentatively.

"Not I! After Bayard's experience last night the rascals would stone me. If they have reached the point of turning upon their own colonel, all discipline, you may be sure, is thrown to the winds."

Philipse glared at the floor, barren of further suggestion, while his Excellency walked up and down.

"If we could but seize the ringleaders, this Leisler and his creatures, the contagion might be stayed for the moment."

"You have waited too long."

"Too long!" repeated Nicholson irritably. "And by whose advice, prithee, did I wait?"

"We — ahem — nobody could well foresee such a state of affairs as" —

"I will send off a runner forthwith to Albany and another to Connecticut," interrupted Nicholson, with a sudden burst of energy. "I will appeal to the country. These scurvy clowns shall find with whom they have to deal. Come, let us get to work."

They were met on the threshold by another servant, with the breathless announcement, —

"Here is Captain Ludowyck, with a troop behind him, demanding to see your Excellency!"

"How now?" cried Nicholson, with a startled glance at his host.

The latter stood struggling with his dismay, and made no suggestion.

"Go say I will see Ludowyck, but not his myrmidons."

The servant stared.

"Bring in the leader, but keep out the men," explained Philipse, coming to himself.

The servant withdrew. The two turned back into the breakfast-room, and looked at each other in silence. Nicholson hurriedly poured and tossed off a glass of wine. He had not wiped his lips when the tread of heavy feet was heard in the hall, the door was flung open without ceremony, and a short, thick-set man, with a half score armed attendants, entered the room.

"Mynheer Nicholson," began the leader, without preamble, "I come to demand of ye the keys of the fort."

"What say you?" shouted Nicholson, starting to his feet, half choked with indignation. "Who dares send me this message?"

"I come at the behest of Captain Jacob Leisler and the other captains of the train-bands, and it will be well for ye if ye presently obey."

"Get back to that rabble that sent you, and tell them they shall pay dearly for this insolence! Begone, I say!"

The lofty look and spirited tone of the governor took the doughty captain by surprise. His men, too, were plainly overawed by the magnificence of the house and the dignity of the two officials.

Ludowyck, none too confident, as it seemed, of his position, wavered before the angry glare of the governor, and showed signs of withdrawing, when his lieutenant whispered encouragement in his ear.

He began again:—

"Take good heed, Mynheer Governor, what consequences ye bring on yourself."

"Will you go?"

"I am sent hither for the keys,"

answered the captain, with a returning hesitancy of tone.

Disdaining to reply, Nicholson maintained his attitude of contemptuous dismissal.

"'T is none of my affair, — 't is for them that sent me to judge. Ye'll hear from them again, — trust me, ye will," muttered the daunted train-band captain, retiring with his followers slowly and reluctantly from the room.

Standing rigidly in his theatrical attitude until the sound of their footsteps died away in the hall, his Excellency then whirled about, crying, —

"This is not to be borne. Let us away to the Stadthuys and call together the council! I will punish these rascals at the risk of my neck. The keys of the fort, forsooth! This blow is struck at us all. It means deadly mischief. Come, let us be stirring."

Even the stolid councilor was startled by this revolutionary incident. Acting upon Nicholson's suggestions speedily and with vigor, he dispatched runners with appeals for aid to the other provinces, he posted off messengers to his fellow-councilors, and in an hour's time the two were on the way to town.

Colonel Bayard and Mayor Van Cortlandt promptly obeyed the summons. Once closeted with his council, Nicholson laid the matter before them in a few words. Bayard heard it all without surprise, and coolly remarked, —

"This is but the beginning."

"Let us make it the end!" retorted the governor sharply.

"I am with you. What does your Excellency advise?"

"Proclaim William and Mary," suggested the mayor doubtfully.

"Impossible! We have no official notice of their accession. 'T is unsafe to take action on such idle rumors as are blown across the water to us."

"And who knows but next week the tables may be turned?" added Philipse.

"The French have taken up King

James, and he has a great following in Ireland."

"None the less," went on the governor impatiently, "something must be concluded here and now as to dealing with these rascals. They are stirring up the people against us with tales of plots and conspiracies and a thousand such lies."

"Why not gain time by affecting to make terms?" said the mayor again.

"The terms I would make are the four walls of a dungeon!" broke out his Excellency.

"The stocks and the whipping-post are better suited to that sort," added Bayard contemptuously.

"I fear me the disease has got beyond that stage," interposed the mayor, with a wag of his head.

"Poh!" cried the governor, with an intermittent gust of resolution. "Poh! I say. A show of authority and the thing is done. These curs have been at somebody's beck and nod all their lives, and they'll heed the crack of the whip like a dancing bear."

"There's nothing, then, but for you to go down to them again, colonel, and bid them disperse under penalty of being held rebels," ventured Van Cortlandt.

"Not I," growled Bayard, shrugging his shoulders. "I took my turn yesterday, and was well-nigh tossed in a blanket."

"What then shall we do? Come, come, gentlemen, life and property are at stake. If the sun goes down with this question unsettled, 't will settle itself in a way you won't like."

Philipse, who had been listening for some minutes in silence, now interposed: all turned to him with an air of expectancy.

"Threats and bluster are waste of time; we have no means of enforcing them; we must try other measures."

"'Other measures' is vague, Mynheer," laughed the governor ironically.

"Let your Excellency issue a procla-

mation," calmly pursued Philipse, "calling upon all good citizens to keep the peace" —

The governor gave an impatient sniff.

— "commanding these men to go back to their workshops on pain of being declared enemies to the welfare and peace of the community" —

"Poh! Poh, sir!"

"Let the mayor follow this up by calling a public meeting," continued Philipse, with unruffled composure, "and appeal to the citizens to uphold the present government and preserve the peace until orders arrive from England."

"And pray what will all this avail?" asked the governor, with a sneer.

"'T is good advice," said Colonel Bayard decisively; "it will gain time, it will create a diversion, it will throw them off their guard meanwhile, mark you! When night comes, we can seize this braying ass and thrust him into prison."

"'T is something, at least," commented the governor doubtfully; "'t is better than sitting still. Colonel, I am with you; we will make the trial. They shall find in the end who is ruler here. Once let me lay hand on that knave Leisler, and — Hark!"

"Eh?"

"What was that?"

A scuffling of feet was heard outside. Directly the door was burst open, disclosing Ludowyck at the head of his entire band, wearing this time a very significant air of resolution.

"Mynheer Nicholson," he began in an uncompromising tone, "I come again to demand of ye the keys of the fort!"

Nicholson controlled himself by a visible effort.

"On whose authority come you?"

"Captain Leisler sent me, as I told ye, and he will very speedily satisfy ye of his authority if ye comply not with his request."

Stung by this threat, his Excellency lost all command of himself, and roared,

"Go back to this braggart, and say I will have his saucy head struck off and his body given to the crows if" —

Before the incensed governor could complete his foolish threat the other councilors interfered, and proceeded to hold apart a whispered consultation, which Captain Ludowyck interrupted without ceremony: —

"Will ye give me the keys or no? If ye yield them quietly, well and good. If not," striking his halberd on the floor with a ringing blow, "the consequences be upon your own heads. I leave not the room without the keys."

Nicholson paced up and down, accompanied by Van Cortlandt and Philipse on either hand, talking to him in tones of expostulation and entreaty. At length, whirling about, he said with an outraged air, —

"I yield only to violence."

Ludowyck bowed grimly.

"You shall answer for this, mind you, with life and estate."

"We fear not the threats of Papists and traitors."

"Never think to escape the penalty of your villainies by calling names! The day of reckoning" —

"Will ye give me the keys?"

"There they lie!" cried the governor in an outburst of exasperation, tossing the heavy keys upon the table. "Take them at your peril!"

Without further ado the sturdy train-band captain seized the ponderous iron symbols, and marched from the room without so much as a salute to the humbled officials.

Meantime, at the fort, the return of Ludowyck with the keys produced a profound moral effect. The little knot of captains were startled at their own victory. They had taken the first step of a career in which they could no more stop than a falling stone can stay in its course. They must needs go on; the revolution had begun. Realizing too

late that they had called up a spirit beyond their control, the timid took alarm; they began to count chances and to weigh consequences; several crept away by stealth to the Stadthuys to patch up a compromise with their offended commander, Bayard.

One bold spirit, however, there was who knew no dismay. Leisler was not wanting to the moment. He accepted the situation freely, fully, and defied its worst consequences. Mounting the rostrum, he straightway threw off all disguise, and frankly confessed there was no turning back.

"At last, my friends, we are free. See, here is the pledge of it!" shaking the keys. "At last we have cast off the yoke. We'll have no more to do with yokes. We'll have no more to do with Papists and Popes and despots. Down with them all! Henceforth we stand for liberty! William comes of a race of freemen, — he will leave us to rule ourselves! But the work is not done. Those vipers yonder in the Stadthuys, they thirst for our blood; they will not rest till they have done us a harm. Beware of them! Beware of next Lord's Day! They have planned to make it a new St. Bartholomew's, more bloody than the old. Beware, I say! The torch is kindled under your roof-tree; the knife is whetted that will drink your blood!"

Cries of "Traitors! Traitors! Bloody villains! Down with them! Drag them out! Down with them!" drowned the voice of the orator.

"Stand by one another, and look to me. I will care for ye. When the signal sounds for the murderers and savages to begin their work, come ye here. I will protect ye from the malice of these devils!"

This harangue was received with such storms of applause by the rank and file that the unhappy captains had no alternative but to join in. Thus the waverers were brought back to the fold. Leisler

seized the occasion. He drew up a declaration on the spot, which the nine captains of the train-bands signed then and there on a drum-head.

At nightfall, after a day of exhausting toil and excitement, Leisler took his accustomed course homeward along the Strand. The events of the day had made him a man of mark. Partly by his own boldness and address, partly by the force of circumstances, he had been lifted into great and sudden prominence. The effect was notable. Every eye was upon him; the very children and slaves gazed in awe and admiration upon the hero of the hour. Absorbed, elated, unconscious of all this public homage, he strode along, loudly declaiming to his companions upon the day's transactions.

Nearing his own house, he seemed not, for a time, to note a couple, laden with baskets and wild-flowers, loitering upon the stoop. It was indeed not until he reached the bottom of the steps that he fairly recognized the two standing there, with hands clasped and deep in converse. Immediately he flamed forth:—

"Ei—ye dare touch flesh and blood of mine! Stand back! Stand back! Get into the house, ye shameless hussy! What do ye here with this Papist whelp?"

Choking with rage and shame, Steenie could not articulate the words which came flooding to his lips.

"I—I—well for you 't is Hester's father—else would I—but—but you shall smart for it—I'll—I'll make you sorry yet!"

"So! your worshipful father will send the scout for me! Bah! that for your father! We'll have no more of him and his sort. We'll pull him down, strip him of his thievings, and send him begging. But for *you*, young puppy! let me catch ye about my house again,—I'll have ye whipped at the cart's tail!"

About to retort, Steenie was hustled

away by Leisler's rough companions, and although he made a vigorous resistance he was quickly overpowered and driven down the street, covered with mud and offal rained upon him from the gutter.

VIII.

Virtus sibi munus was the high-sounding motto of the Van Cortlandts, and the design upon the family escutcheon signified in some heraldic way their descent from the Dukes of Courland.

On the whole, as men and mottoes go, they had done fairly well in making good the boast. Their record for uprightness was at least as clear as their neighbors', while for shrewdness and energy it was for the most part better. Indeed, later generations had turned into a jest the reproach once suggested by their patronymic, Short-land.

Although born with a silver spoon in his mouth, Stephanus Van Cortlandt, the father of Steenie, owed what he had and what he was chiefly to his own exertions. He had not only made the most of himself individually by cultivating his wits and curbing his passions, but had added a hundred fold to his estate both in lands and chattels.

Naturally, the management of such large interests had developed in him certain qualities of mind and character which gradually came to be recognized by his fellow-townsmen as the traits most fit for a chief magistrate. Thus it came about in the course of time he was made mayor. In the discharge of his public duties he gave such general satisfaction that he was returned again and again to the office. And with good reason: he not only administered the government with ability, but upheld its dignity with a becoming pomp. Furthermore, his comely person, his costly garb, his sumptuous mansion, his troop of servants and slaves, and, by no means

last or least, the forceful character and commanding presence of his wife were all factors of value in the sum total of his popularity. Withal, Mynheer Van Cortlandt was esteemed a model magistrate.

Accustomed so long to rule over a law-abiding populace, the worshipful mayor regarded the present violent proceedings at the fort with unmixed dismay. Flying in the face of law and order, withstanding duly appointed officials, seemed acts so illogical and unwarrantable that he could find no rational standpoint from which to judge them.

Accordingly he went home from the Stadthuys, after the episode of Ludowyck's seizing the keys, shocked and bewildered. Indeed, his extreme astonishment appeared to have quite overbalanced the wrath and humiliation proper to the moment.

Madam Van Cortlandt sat awaiting him. The lady is not unknown to history. A native vigor of understanding, a masculine force of will, and a lifelong association with the leaders of thought and action in the little world in which she lived had begotten in Gertryd Van Cortlandt a virile interest in public affairs. She had, moreover, so often given sound and practical advice in matters of moment that she had come to be regarded in administration circles as the silent member of the council.

Well aware of the present crisis, knowing too that her husband had been hastily summoned to the Stadthuys a few hours before upon urgent business, madam was naturally anxious to hear what new turn affairs had taken. For her own reasons, however, she chose not to betray by so much as a word or look any interest in her husband's return.

Profoundly acquainted with his temperament, she perhaps achieved thereby economical results in the way of time and patience.

Mynheer, with exasperating scrupulosity, put away his hat and stick, wiped his shoes again and again, sat down in his easy-chair, fumbled with the papers in his hand, sighed, adjusted his ruffles, cleared his throat, crossed his legs, coughed, and otherwise temporized, until, perhaps finding the ominous silence of his helpmeet more imperative than a volley of questions, he began:—

"I know not what we are coming to."

Madam knit on in a controlled way, but with a staccato stitch.

"Everything is upside down, authority is put at defiance, the people are gone mad."

Madam vouchsafed no comment.

"The train-bands are risen against us."

"Leisler?" suggested madam, with contempt.

"Yes."

"Humph!"

"His aim is clear under all his pretense: to bring himself into power, and thrust us out."

"How came he to such a pitch of credit with these men?"

"By inflaming their minds with talk of plots and Papists."

"A braggart's wind is nothing," said madam, coolly loosening by a little jerk the tension of her yarn. "Let him talk."

"But he begins to act: to-day he sent Ludowyck to demand the keys of the fort."

"So?"

"And his Excellency refused."

"Of course."

"But, seeing the danger, he hurried to the Stadthuys, called a council, and laid the matter before us. We were in the midst of discussing some means of punishing their insolence when the door was burst open, and in he came again."

"Ludowyck?"

"Yes, with his whole troop at his heels, and demanded the keys then and there to be delivered."

"And his Excellency?"

"Had no resource but to give them up."

"Father in heaven!" Shocked out of all self-control, madam started to her feet. She presently checked herself, and walked up and down, profoundly moved. At length stopping before her husband, she asked abruptly, "And were you standing by?"

The worshipful mayor quailed before the eyes of his wife.

"I — I was there. I told you so."

"And suffered it to go on?"

"What was to be done? The man was backed by a score of hulking fellows. They were ready for any violence; the madness had already seized upon them."

Madam did not answer; she continued looking at her spouse with a gaze that caused the sweat to start out in beads on his pale forehead.

"What was to be done?" he repeated, in a tone of deeper deprecation. "There was Leisler yonder at the fort with ten times as many more rascals to burn down the Stadthuys and hale us forth if we refused."

"And what then?"

"Eh?"

"If they had haled you forth?"

This was a cruel question. Mynheer had no answer for it. Unable to bear the intolerable look with which it was accompanied, he started to his feet, and walked about the room, plucking up a show of spirit as he talked.

"T is my part as a public officer to do everything to keep the peace. This business is only a fever, a passing excitement, which will blow over in a few days if met with calmness."

Madam did not answer; she sat down and resumed her knitting. She made bad work of it, too, repeatedly raveling out what she had done. Her husband studied her face with anxiety. He seemed waiting for her to speak, but she held her peace.

"What think you we must do?" he asked, after a long pause.

"Seize that man."

The crisp laconism of this answer and the unwavering positivism which inspired it so took the wind out of Mynheer's sails that his little fleet of objections and obstacles could hardly come to port.

"T is impossible. He holds the fort, mind you; he has a small army besides."

"Seize him, at all hazards," repeated madam, as if she had not heard a word of all this.

"We have no force equal to it; he has the men, he has the arms, he has the public money. T is impossible, I say."

Madam knit and raveled in silence.

"T is useless to attempt what is not in our power," continued Mynheer presently, as if to invite further discussion.

"Are all the train-band captains in league with him?" asked madam suddenly.

"No; three are still wavering."

"Three, — 't is something." She spent a long minute in deliberation. "And what hinders these from going over?"

"Their own qualms, — nothing else."

"Get them together, then!" sharply and with decision. "Stay the progress of the contagion. Fix them in their allegiance; find out their following."

"I have sent for them already," plucking up at this unexpected point of coincidence. "I am waiting for them now."

"Waiting!"

Mynheer perceptibly winced at the intonation.

"I expect them every minute."

"If every minute of this night were an hour, every hour of it would be precious. Why are you sitting here?"

"What better can I do?"

"Put forth a proclamation! Brand

these wretches as traitors! Set a price on their heads! Let not the people think they are gaining ground!"

The decision and energy of his wife's tone affected Mynheer; it afforded him visible comfort. He arose, and seemed on the point of taking some action, when the outer door was heard to slam violently, there was a rush in the hall, and his eldest son came bursting into the room.

"Father — sir — I — that dog — that hog — quick! send and seize him!"

Mynheer, simply irritated by the interruption, gave no heed to its merits.

"Don't trouble us now, my son. Your mother and I have weighty matters to discuss."

"You have nothing weightier than this," persisted Steenie. "That beast heaped insults upon me!"

Absorbed as he was with the one imperative question of the hour, this persistence was intolerable to Mynheer.

"Go away, I say!" he cried angrily.

"Leave us alone! I have no time for foolish quarrels."

"'T is no foolish quarrel, this!" shouted the junker, confronting his father with blazing eyes, and pounding the table with his big clenched fist until everything on it rattled. "He called me a Papist, and threatened me with the cart's tail!"

Mynheer was getting bewildered at the universal spirit of insubordination. He simply stood and stared.

"Who is this, my son?" asked his mother, with unshaken equilibrium.

"Old Leisler."

It may be taken as an evidence of madam's control over the small emotions that she did not change front at this.

"I told him," continued Steenie, addressing his father, "you would call him to account, and he snapped his finger at you and cursed you, and said you were a traitor, and to be pulled down; and when I would make answer to his taunts, his brutal fellows thrust me into the street, and pelted me with mud."

"Where was this?" asked Mynheer, gradually awakening.

"In the Strand."

"What were you doing there?"

"We — I had taken a party to Staat-en Island in my ketch" —

"And then?"

"We had but just come ashore in the dock, and — and the basket was heavy, and I was helping Hester home with it" —

"So, that silly chit again! You brought it on yourself, then," interposed madam calmly.

"She is not to blame for her father," retorted Steenie stoutly.

"But she is of his brood, and her pink cheeks will not cure her bad blood. Take warning, my boy, and keep clear of her."

Mynheer had at last a tangible thread to the snarl. Forthwith he put in angrily: —

"Mark you, now from henceforth I forbid you to hold any acquaintance with that girl, or ever be seen in her company. As for this matter, you are well served for your folly."

Madam did not join in this foolish inhibition, but, studying the junker's crestfallen face as he turned to withdraw, she added, with a significance which fixed his attention, "Whenever an ill afflicts you, my son, which you can find no cure for, bide your time!"

Edwin Lassetter Bynner.

HECTOR BERLIOZ.

THAT M. Adolphe Jullien should have followed up his *Life of Wagner* with a similar *Life of Berlioz*¹ is one of the things which, as he himself more than half admits, may fairly be called fated. As a French Wagnerian who had written the first really worthy *Life of the Bayreuth master*, his position with his compatriots would hardly have been a comfortable one had he not seen fit to pay an equal tribute to the great French composer, whose memory all artistic France chose to agree in honoring, if only to show the world that Germany was not alone in possessing a great musical innovator. Just in how far the Berlioz cult in France was the result of national jealousy — sharpened by the political events of 1870 — on the one hand, or of a normal settling and coming to its bearings of French musical opinion on the other, is not easy to determine. Undoubtedly it was, in some measure, due to both influences; and it would be as untrue to say that Berlioz's present popularity in France is wholly owing to the French political animosity toward Wagner as to say that Berlioz would have occupied as prominent a place in French musical life and thought as he actually does if Wagner had never existed. It is undeniable that Wagner's dreary farce, *Eine Kapitulation*, published shortly after the Franco-Prussian war, made the author so personally offensive to the French as to render the active Wagner propaganda in Paris — begun by Padeloup about 1862, and carried on by him and others since then — doubly obnoxious to all Frenchmen who had not clear enough heads to distinguish between the artist and the Gallophobe in Wagner. It seems also

pretty evident that French musicians must have seen whither all this Wagner cult was tending; that, unless some counter-influence were set at work, Wagner would not long be confined to the *Cirque d'Hiver*, but would in time make his way to the boards of the *Théâtre-Lyrique* or even of the *Opéra* itself. And the prospect of having to cope with so formidable a rival in the very field in which French musical genius was most anxious to shine was by no means encouraging. France was plainly in sore need of a champion, and who so well equipped for the post as Berlioz? To set up Berlioz as the culminating expression of French genius, in opposition to the Wagner influence, would right everything. In the first place, Berlioz was the only very prominent composer in all Europe who had been, like Wagner, a notable musical innovator, and at the same time a determined *anti-Wagnerian*. Then France owed Berlioz some reparation for past neglect, and to enable him thus posthumously to carry on the old fight against Wagner would go far towards wiping out old scores of indebtedness. Again, Berlioz was the great man of all others whom living French composers had least to dread as a rival in the field of opera. None of Berlioz's operas had ever been successful in France; and although it was mainly their novelty of style which militated against their success when they were first produced, they had lain on the shelf so long that any one with a discerning eye could see that they would strike the public as already antiquated and behind the times, if they should happen to be revived. So Berlioz was not only a powerful piece of ordnance to aim at the Wagnerian camp, but one that was tolerably safe not to go off through the breach and singe the gun-

¹ *Hector Berlioz, sa Vie et ses Œuvres*. Par ADOLPHE JULLIEN. Paris: A la Librairie de l'Art. 1888.

ners. But if all these extra-musical considerations had undoubted weight in inducing France to push Berlioz forward into the position of national musical champion, it seems, to the present writer, at least, that it was the man's intrinsic strength and fitness for the position that enabled him loyally and zealously to be upheld therein. What was at one time contemptuously called the "Berlioz flurry" in Paris, with its festival at the Trocadéro, its forty-seven performances of the *Damnation de Faust* at the Châtelet and elsewhere, and its statue on the Place Vintimille, was really no mere flurry at all. It was the beginning of a public recognition of the man's greatness, which shows every sign of being durable. Berlioz's name to-day heads the list of French composers. It can thus be seen how indispensable it was to M. Jullien's peace of mind, after outstripping Germany herself in doing justice to Wagner, to restore the equilibrium of his favor in the eyes of his compatriots by issuing this companion *Life of Berlioz*. Poor Berlioz! He is mercifully beyond the reach of this last stroke of the irony of Fate. Through his life it was an irritation to him to hear people speak of "Wagner and Berlioz." "Why is it never 'Berlioz and Wagner'?" cried he. Even his biographer attends to Wagner first.

But if M. Jullien could not in decency escape writing a *Life of Berlioz*, he also had the additional inducement of seeing the field clear before him. No worthy biography of the great French composer existed. To be sure, there were the *Mémoires* — Berlioz's own autobiography — and M. Edmond Hippéau's equally voluminous *Berlioz Intime*. But the *Mémoires*, that "tragedy written in tears of blood," as Bülow called them, although one of the most fascinating and withal brilliant books ever written, have been found to be so royally inaccurate in regard to facts as to be little more than a biographical romance. M. Hip-

peau's work, on the other hand, is the result of the most arduous and careful research; but it is in the end nothing but a setting right of the *Mémoires*, and the only way to read it is with it in one hand, and the *Mémoires* in the other. It is not, properly speaking, a book, but a collection of marginal notes. M. Jullien's work is as much the first *Life of Berlioz* as its predecessor was the first *Life of Wagner*.

The book shines by the same excellent qualities as the earlier work, — careful and extended research, clearness of statement, a certain well-balanced common sense, and great dispassionateness in argument. Its literary value is considerable, the arrangement of material in every way excellent, and the style lucid, dignified, and readable. M. Jullien has a Gallic clearness of vision which, if it do not always pierce quite to the core of things, reaches pretty well below the surface; everything he sees is photographed upon his mental retina with perfect definition, as through a lens unwarping by prejudice, upon a smooth surface unruffled by passion. Not that he is lacking in warmth and enthusiasm, but that he has his enthusiasm well under control, and his warmth is just sufficient to make what we have called his mental retina duly sensitive to the image projected upon it. One cannot escape the conviction that he sees Berlioz exactly as he was, — perhaps with even greater distinctness, and certainly more completely, than he saw Wagner. For if he have the virtue of most men who are in the habit of seeing things clearly, of not caring to speculate blindly about things which lie beyond his optic range, he has also the corresponding failing of being too prone to consider what he does not see, or only half sees, as non-existent, and to leave it out of the question. Most readers of his *Life of Wagner* must have felt that his eye never reached below the surface of certain traits in that great man's character, and that his por-

trayal of the character was, to that extent, distorted. Indeed, he often treated Wagner with what may be called the very impudence of common sense. Berlioz he sees more clearly, perhaps because more sympathetically. Berlioz's frenetic, nervous irritability, those emotional *coups de foudre* to which he was subject, and which, more than anything else served to wreck his life, are more comprehensible to him; he can see through them better, and view them in their proper relation to the other elements in his character, than he could Wagner's seeming arrogance in sacrificing everything and everybody to his own artistic ends, or his apparent coolness in making his own material support the business of whatever heaven-sent raven might happen to come his way. As an eminently "positive" and practical Frenchman, M. Jullien could descry in this side of Wagner nothing but sheer unscrupulousness and a deprecable transcendentalism in the art of begging; just as a German might have seen in Berlioz's *coups de foudre* nothing but the delirium of an irresponsible maniac, wanting both in reason and in true *Gemüth*. But M. Jullien sees these things in their true relation to the rest of Berlioz's character, and to his artistic productiveness; he sees them as functional elements in an organic whole, without which that whole had been utterly different in all its manifestations, whereas he views Wagner's ethical shortcomings merely as the unlovely reverse of a medal, which might well have been changed to advantage without thereby affecting the fair and sightly obverse side. Thus, although it is not hard to see that Wagner stands decidedly higher in his esteem as an artist, he is really more just, in the end, to Berlioz, both as artist and man.

Many of the incidents in Berlioz's life are, in this book, shown in quite a different light from the semi-theatrical glow in which they appear in the Mé-

moires, and the true account of them will doubtless be read here for the first time by many; for the number of readers who have taken the trouble to plod through M. Hippeau's book must be small in comparison with the thousands who will find this work of M. Jullien's easy reading. The story of Berlioz's love for Harriet Smithson, with its deplorable interludes of infatuation for Camille Moke, here assumes a wholly new aspect. We find that it was not mere forgetfulness of Miss Smithson that left his heart free for Camille's fascinations to work upon, but something far more positive. Calumny had been at work: the Irish actress's character had been besmirched by some wanton meddlers, and Berlioz, in his then desperate state of mind, found the accusations all too probable, and believed them. This explains one point in the *Fantastic Symphony*, which, as is well known, was meant as a tone-picture of the composer's love for Harriet Smithson. One item in the programme of the last movement of this symphony has always been deemed too horrible for belief. It was inconceivable how any man, even with Berlioz's fondness for the frenetic, should have first identified a certain melody with the pure object of his love, and then, in cold blood, as it were, and merely for the sake of a dramatic antithesis, have brought it into contact with such degrading associations as he did in the *Walpurgis Night's Dream* in his symphony. "The noble melody is here degraded to a vulgar dance-tune; it is a mere common courtesan who now comes to join in the mad revels of the witches' Sabbath." Too horrible by half, if the symphony were really in honor of Harriet Smithson! But the truth is that Berlioz had broken with Miss Smithson before he had got more than half through the symphony, and was already *au mieux* with Camille Moke. The whole *Walpurgis Night's Dream* movement was a piece of bitter revenge

upon "*la fille Smithson*" (as he called her in a letter to Humbert Ferrand), after calumny had shown her to him as she was not. Some years later, after Camille had left him in the lurch, and was married to Pleyel, when his love for Miss Smithson had revived, and the symphony was to be given in a concert at which he knew she was to be present, Berlioz had the grace to expunge this passage from the programme.

Deplorable as this whole escapade with Camille Moke was, one can see, with M. Jullien's help, how well-nigh unavoidable it was to a man of Berlioz's temperament and in his situation. Camille was really a superior person; as a cultivated musician, she fully appreciated Berlioz's genius, and this, too, at a time when appreciation was especially dear to him; whereas Miss Smithson knew or cared next to nothing about music. Then Berlioz's infatuation for Camille was kept aglow by constant appropinquity, while he could hardly be said to know Miss Smithson personally at all. He had met her once or twice, but, as the phrase goes, "she would have nothing to say to him," and returned his flaming letters unopened. He had merely adored her, as Juliet or Ophelia, from afar.

The picture M. Jullien draws of Berlioz's life after he had married Harriet, and of his gradual estrangement from his wife, is not so elaborate in detail as the account in M. Hippeau's book, but it is as graphic as it is sad. It must be remembered that the two were almost strangers when they married. Berlioz actually took her heart by storm, and while his passion was of the white-hot, frantic sort, she, as Legouvé put it, "*L'aimait bien*," loved him well enough. As his ardor, in the natural course of things, began to sink to the rational, every-day level of conjugal affection, she grew more and more deeply in love with him. Constant intercourse had revealed to her the finer side of his char-

acter and genius; she found how really lovable he was, and that he was by far the most superior man she had ever met; she was thoroughly proud of him, and it filled her with an apprehensive anguish that, just as she had become truly and deeply in love with him, the honeymoon responsiveness of his passion had begun to wane. Her love came too late, and what would have seemed to her a solid, husbandly affection on his part, had the two begun their married life with an equal warmth of love on either side, now offended her as irresponsible coldness. She fell a prey to the most furious jealousy, — she was older than he, — and the ever-increasing force of her passion may be said fairly to have *blown out* his flame. At last he could stand it no longer, and cut the Gordian knot. What a state of mind the man was in may be imagined from his allowing himself to fall into the toils of so vulgar and apparently uninteresting a woman as Marie Recio, afterwards his second wife. The daily stormy scenes with Harriet could have been as nothing, to a man of his fibre, compared to the slow wear and tear of constant attrition against this coarser clay. Think of Berlioz tied to a dull, ill-tempered, imperious woman, devoured with the ambition to sing his music, and generally singing out of tune!

As for Berlioz's last love, his unrequited adoration of Madame Fournier, the whilom *Stella montis* of his early boyhood, M. Jullien sees reason to believe that the narrative in the *Mémoires* is all too highly colored. He even doubts the authenticity of the letters published in the *Postface*. That the two did actually meet face to face, and afterwards correspond, seems indubitable. But that Madame Fournier's account of the matter, could it be had, would be very different from Berlioz's is more than probable. The love-stricken and physically wrecked old man of sixty had lashed himself up to such a pitch of frenzy that there is no knowing what

pictures his fevered imagination may not have painted.

M. Jullien's appreciation of Berlioz's works seems admirable in acumen and justness. But to consider this part of his book in detail would necessitate the use of a technical terminology quite out of place here. Suffice it to say that, as a piece of musical criticism, the work is

wholly fine. Upon the whole, in spite of its rather terrifying size, it is a book to be read by every one at all interested in the musical history of our time, — for few men have exerted so strong and subtle an influence upon modern music as Berlioz, — and the reading of which is calculated to give as much pleasure as instruction.

BISHOP KEN.¹

A NEW and fuller biography of the author of the *Morning and Evening Hymns* is an addition to those memorials of Christian character which are the best ornament of the Anglican church, welcome to all branches of the Christian faith, and especially acceptable to lovers of piety rather than dogma. Bishop Ken had the misfortune to fall upon the unquiet times of controversy in religion and of revolution in the state, which could only offend and perplex a man of his temperament, and in consequence he ended his days in misfortune. It was a sign of his future that he was bred in near neighborhood to the studies and pursuits of Izaak Walton, who was his brother-in-law, and so much older than himself as to have a guardianship of care and counsel over him. He was early an orphan, and it seems not unlikely that Walton's house was the home to which the school-boy came on his vacations from Winchester, where he passed his boyhood. It was due to Walton, too, that he was sent to Hart Hall and New College at Oxford. The years of his education, however, were those of the Puritan ascendancy, and he was thus familiarized with disturbance and doubt in matters

both ecclesiastical and secular while still a youth, and thus from the first united in his career opposing influences. It is more to the purpose to note that from Walton he must have derived the beginning of those studies in literature which were the source and example of his own poetical labors. The influence of Herbert is traceable in his life as a parish priest, and the remembrance ring of Christ on the anchor, which Donne gave to Walton and Walton bequeathed to Ken, was a lifelong souvenir to the suffering bishop of the happier auspices under which he had set out in life. The lasting nature of these early influences was singularly attested by his last act. Donne had wrapped himself in his own shroud, and it was in imitation of him that Ken carried a shroud in his traveling-bag for many years, and when the time came put it on with his own hands.

The external events of Ken's life were not out of the ordinary for a man in his position, but they sometimes brought him into connection with interesting historical events. He was at first a parish priest where he had intimate associations with Lady Maynard, one of the saints of that unsainted age, whose diary is still remembered by kindred

¹ *The Life of Thomas Ken, D. D., Bishop of Bath and Wells.* By E. H. PLUMPTRE, D. D., Dean of Wells. With Illustrations by

E. WHYMPER. Two volumes. New York: E. & J. B. Young & Co.

souls. He was then successively attached to Winchester school, where he wrote that Manual of Prayers for the scholars which centuries have not displaced as a spiritual guide for the young; to the court at The Hague as chaplain to Princess Mary, where he offended William by his boldness in rebuking the vices of the courtiers, but won his regard; to the English court as chaplain, where he gave occasion for some well-remembered words of Charles II., who praised and liked "the little black fellow;" to the expedition to Tangier, also as chaplain (Colonel Kirke of "Kirke's Lambs" being in his flock), where he attracted the unfavorable comment of Councilor Pepys, who differed with him in argument with regard to "spirits;" and finally to the cathedral at Wells, to which see Charles II. elevated him. It was but shortly after this preferment that he attended at the bedside of the dying king, and spoke "like one inspired," Burnet says, in endeavoring to effect repentance in the royal bosom, persuading the king to remove the Duchess of Portsmouth and to send for the queen, and absolving him before the secret and more desired absolution of the Catholic priest, Huddleston, was clandestinely obtained. A few months after he stood by the unhappy Monmouth on the scaffold to perform the same offices for the dying, but of his part in that not over-pleasing scene there is scanty record. He was one of the seven bishops who presented the "standard of rebellion" petition to King James, suffered imprisonment and trial with them, and, resisting the enthronement of William and Mary, was deprived of his pastoral charge, and afterwards wandered about in friendly houses, principally established, however, at Lord Weymouth's seat at Longleat, until death put an end to his trials.

The history of his more important actions on the stage of events is of less consequence than the exhibition of his

character. He was naturally meditative and pious; not lacking in boldness, as became an eloquent preacher, he nevertheless took more pleasure in the duties of retirement. His personal habits were almost ascetic. He took but one meal and one sleep, and rose at three in the morning. An organ in his room was his only luxury. His musical taste seems to have been a leading trait of his nature, and he accompanied himself on the lute as he sang his morning hymns. His library was dear to him, and was curious in that it contained an unusual number of Catholic books of mystical devotion in the southern languages. He was never married, and it is rather humorously suggested that the anecdote which Walton may have told him of Hooker's "uncomfortable wife" was the occasion of his habitual morning vow that he "would not marry that day." In the discharge of his pastoral duties he was exemplary, and, besides writing proper books and counsels for the pious instruction of his people, he himself set them a living rule. He was not avaricious. He gave the largest lease-fine that fell in his incumbency, £4000, to the relief of the Huguenot refugees in England. He visited the prisons that were crowded with the victims of Monmouth's rebellion, provided for their wants, protested against Jeffries' cruelties, and interceded with the king. Each Sunday he had twelve beggars to dine at his table. In more private ways he also showed continuously the eminent goodness and charity of his nature. His toleration included so kind a feeling toward the Catholics that he lay under the suspicion of a leaning toward the Roman church; and he was, in the view of Dean Plumptre, a loyal and really attached friend of King James, even when he felt forced, in the interest of the liberties of England, to do him such serious disservice.

He had from time to time much leisure, especially in his last years, and this he apparently habitually devoted to the

composition of poetry. He left a large mass of verse, which never came into any wide public notice. Dean Plumptre, with the pardonable interest and closer observation of a biographer, finds in Ken's epics matter which would entitle them to more high consideration than they have received. They have, it is true, an autobiographical interest, and they show the ideals of the man, but he had not the gift of sustained or of lofty poetical expression. The Morning and Evening Hymns, in which his devout spirit poured itself out with directness, elevation, and simplicity, remain his only contribution to lasting literature; and these have obtained a breadth of acceptance in all communions which may well make up for the narrow fame of his other labors in poetry. They have kept his memory green, and have attracted to him the curiosity and the admiration of the most spiritually minded of Englishmen in later days. The tribute of Cardinal Newman

to him is a striking instance of this, and, though not so well known as Dryden's portrait of him as the parish priest, attests the spirituality of Ken as nobly as Dryden's lines honor his humane labors. The list of those who have cared for his memory would be one of great distinction. The proper public memorials of him, however, have been erected only within late years. Out of one of these the present biography grew; and weighted as it is with documents, appendixes, and the undigested materials of history, marred as we must think it by needless speculation in regard to the obscure portions of his life, guesses, and literary parallels, either too high or far too low for the subject, it affords materials for a patient reader to glean in; and if he discovers in these volumes, as it is quite possible to discover, the inner life, the noble serviceableness, and the conscientious public conduct of an ill-starred soul, he will obtain a treasure which is beyond our congratulation.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A New Professionalism.

THE man who discovers a new profession is manifestly entitled to the gratitude of at least two classes: the people to whose comfort or needs it ministers, and those who find in it an occupation. With a view to serving alike certain of the gifted but unemployed, with whom the present time seems especially well furnished, and a large number of perplexed parents, I wish, in all due humility, to suggest a fresh field of labor.

Everybody who has had to do with children knows how much thought must be expended upon the subject of the reading proper and best for their young minds. In this progressive age it is well-nigh impossible for grown people

to keep up with the rapid advance of the youngsters in any field, and it is especially hard to know what to give them that at once they should and will read. If some clever and cultured person were in a position to make this subject the serious business of life, then it might be possible to come to something like a reasonable solution of the problem; and the thing that follows as the logical sequence is that some such person should be put in a position to give his whole time to it. In other words, there should be at once established professors of children's reading.

At first blush it may not be easy to take such a proposal seriously, but if one impartially considers the matter a

little, it must at least be evident that if the plan is practicable it would bring comfort and aid to innumerable homes. In a society like ours there are many parents who are bringing up their children to fortunes far above those of their own youth. They have never had the training which would fit them to direct the reading of their children, and they are pathetically helpless in face of the necessities of the case. There are others upon whom no amount of education would have bestowed the judgment necessary to choose wisely what children shall read; while for the wisest of us all there is always the difficulty of keeping in mind the books from which we should select, and of selecting with wisdom and discrimination. We are continually saying to ourselves of this or that book that we intended to have the children read it at a certain stage of development, but unluckily we forgot all about it.

Now one whose business it was to keep run of these things, who was trained to observe the influence on young minds of any given course of reading, and who studied the whole matter as a serious profession, could not fail to accomplish wonders in the development and the training of the youthful mind. He must be a person not only of intelligence, but of imagination; he must be catholic in his tastes and firm in his convictions; he must be one to whom children would turn naturally, and his knowledge must be as wide as possible.

When such a man is found, what a blessed prospect of relief opens before many a wearied parent! Tom is sulky, or Betty is getting too sentimental to be endured, or Harry is apparently dead to all sense of honor; Kate's whole small soul is given over to slothfulness, Dick will prevaricate, or Nancy's temper is the terror of the household. The professor of reading will be called in: he will give a prescription just as the phy-

sician does, only that his will go to the book-seller instead of to the apothecary, and, although the days of miracles are passed, and one cannot expect wonders, he will effect results that beforehand one would not have believed possible. To Tom he will perhaps—this is spoken merely in illustration, and the future professor is in no way to be held responsible for it—give a volume of Cooper or Marryatt; Betty will have something jolly, perhaps the Alice books or a volume of Edward Lear; and just the right thing to each. To one will be assigned a fairy story, to another the most matter-of-fact volume of history; to this a book on natural history, to that Scott's poems, to the third Grimm; and so on for all the innumerable varieties of childish minds.

Not to discuss it at too great length, it certainly does seem as if the scheme were one which has but to be mentioned to commend itself instantly to the intelligence of thoughtful people; and there seems but one difficulty of much magnitude. Children are plenty, parents might be induced to coöperate, books there are innumerable, but where is the professor?

Recreations
for Million-
aires.

—I fancy that it is an instinct common to all which makes us dislike things forced upon us, imposed upon our will by an external necessity. This lawless instinct I know is strong in me. Something that I might have no particular objection to, were a choice about it allowed me, becomes instantly distasteful when I find myself compelled to accept it. The less important the matter the more perversely I am often set against it. I do not want to read the book that all the world is reading and talking about, and if I give in to pressure I take it up with something of prejudice against the unoffending author. If I am undecided whether or not to go out for a walk, and possibly lean toward remaining within, no sooner does anything happen to necessitate

this than I am seized with a fervent desire to escape. I have a strong sense of freedom, in short, and hate to be cabined, cribbed, confined, — as in many ways, alas! we all are and must be, some more, some less. For this reason it is so unpleasant to be poor, even relatively so. Poverty is not degradation, but it is limitation; it shuts one up in bounds, ties one as to time, and restricts the free enjoyment of the senses and æsthetic instincts. Wealth means freedom, or may mean it, though in fact there are no more pitiable slaves than some men to whom riches bring loss, not gain, all other desires being merged in the one passion of mere money-getting.

I have come a long way — all round by Robin Hood's barn, as the picturesque phrase goes — to reach a simple point and offer a suggestion to those whom it may concern. I was wondering, the other day, what I should do for my amusement if I were the owner of millions, and I thought I should like to be original, to strike out some new device for getting the benefit of my money. I was considering its purely personal use, putting aside all thought of its use for others, from which, of course, the highest satisfaction is derived. There are many ways of enjoying riches, I thought, and yet it seems as though there might be more. Suppose that I explored the world thoroughly and at my leisure; that I made delightful trips in my yacht; that from time to time I added to the adornments of my house, — or rather houses, for I should like one among the hills, and one by the sea, a villa on Como, and perhaps another elsewhere; suppose that I bought all the pictures I wanted, and added to the treasures in my choice library, — what else could I contrive for my own especial pleasure and that of my intimate friends? Thus meditating, there occurred to me an idea which appeared good. If I were possessed of a trifle of fifty millions or so, I should

appropriate a portion of my income, say \$20,000, for the payment of the salaries of four musicians, whose time and talent should be entirely at my disposal. I am extremely fond of chamber music, and am sure I could keep them pretty regularly employed. Old King Cole had fiddlers three, but I should want four. That number would suffice for ordinary purposes, and if a quintette, sextette, or septette were to be performed, additional musicians could be brought in for the occasion. In this manner the music could be enjoyed as it never can be under other circumstances. I should control the selection of pieces for the *matinée* or *soirée musicale*, and indulge myself with the pleasure of calling for a repetition of any composition or any movement I preferred. One of the drawbacks to the full delight of a musical performance is the evanescence of the soul-thrilling sounds; no sooner is the *andante* or *adagio* begun than it is ended. Above all, I could summon these men at any moment to my presence. Whether in jolly mood like King Cole, or sentimental as Olivia's Duke, restless or serene, sad or simply grave, there at my hand would be the food and the medicine which ministers to the senses and the spirit of him that hath ears to hear.

I mentioned this idea to a friend of mine, and found it commended itself immediately. I asked if he had any original designs stored in his head for the amusement of millionaires. Yes, he said, he had conceived a project of a similar sort. "If I had a really large fortune, not a mere fifty millions," he went on, "I should build a model theatre, and engage a competent manager, who should hire actors of first-rate talent to form a stock company, so that the city I lived in should contain one playhouse where persons who know what good acting is, and I among them, should never fail to find entertainment furnished of the very finest in its kind. I am fond of the drama, and have been familiar with

the stage since early boyhood, and in the present lamentable condition of things I find myself deprived of my favorite pastime, as actors of any decided merit for the most part set forth to perambulate the continent, — in their slang, 'go on the road' in the character of 'stars,' supported by a few wretched sticks that were never so much as rockets at their best."

I offer these suggestions to any gentleman who is embarrassed by an annual surplus in his treasury.

A French Folly. — It is interesting to note that while day after day "all Paris" crowds the alleys of the Trocadéro for a view of the Eiffel Tower, the more thoughtful few see in it only a wild freak of engineering skill, and estimate the achievement as of little value. The crowds stare at "the biggest tower on earth," but the feeling of the best minds is that of M. François Coppée: "C'est énorme, — ce n'est pas grand."

Perhaps it is worth while to listen to the dictum of this distinguished Academician in the verses he has written about the tower, a translation of which I give below. They are an interesting commentary on the work from the standpoint of a man whose judgment is of more value than that of the capricious and sometimes terrible thing which in France is called "the people."

ON THE EIFFEL TOWER.

At last I've seen the enormous tower,
The iron mast, with rigging rude.
Confused, unfinished, and deformed,
The monster's hideous, closely viewed.

Gigantic, without form or grace,
A brazen idol (*sans remorse*),
The triumph of a brutal fact
And symbol of a useless force.

This foolish miracle I've tried,
This absurd prodigy I know;
Its endless lengths of winding stair
I've mounted, braving vertigo.

Clutching the balustrade, I climbed,
Bewildered, stupefied, by height,

As in a web — a web of iron —
A little quivering spider might.

And as at last the bird alights,
I made its topmost floors resound
Beneath my stumbling feet, which tripp'd
Mid bolts and cables iron-bound.

There I could see, spread out for miles,
Paris, — with towers and dome it lay
Arena'd in its purpling hills, —
And still beyond, far, far away!

But in this yawning gulf, the Town
Nor charm nor terror had; in brief,
A panorama wrapped in gloom,
A plan of Paris in relief,

Transforming palace History knows,
Gay quarter, faubourg without joys,
To little playthings, just tossed out
Of a Black-Forest box of toys.

Yes, our great swarming Paris now
Is commonplace from this high plane:
The Obelisk a needle's point,
And but a ribbon seems the Seine;

And one is sad at heart to view,
Low-leveled, from this spot mid-air,
The Arc de Triomphe and Notre Dame,
Alas! our glory and our prayer.

What use to climb from point to point?
Of this vast world I cannot see
More than my little bit of earth,
And heaven is never nearer me.

The tower of Babel build again?
Why, children of our Gaul, so proud?
Mont Blanc, in dreaming of your tower,
But shrugs his shoulders, bathed in cloud.

Well, let our masters run to find
Some artist, ignorant, second-rate.
This tower three hundred metres high
Is overgrown, — it is not great.

O Middle Age! O Renaissance!
O those good workers of the Past!
Days of a genial innocence,
Art for art's sake, first thought, and last;

When, burning with a simple faith,
For twenty years the sculptor wrought
His cunning work on one *ogive*,
Which no stray sunbeam ever caught;

When, fired by all that's great in art,
The king adorned his donjon-hall
With marble chiseled by Goujon,
To shelter swallows on the wall!

O older centuries of art!
 What shame, to show our iron cage
 And awestruck bumpkins to the crowd —
 The hundred peoples of our age!

But, spite of failure sad to see,
 Our genius has not cried retreat,
 And laurels on our brows conceal
 The bitter wrinkles of defeat.

That Europe, who stands jeering by,
 Should be eclipsed by something tall,
 — For this *ferraille* we only pay
 Our twenty million, — that is all!

A masterpiece is worth still more;
 Although, no doubt, the workman said
 This task was just as good for him,
 And, singing, gained his daily bread.

No. Out on struggles for ideals,
 On tourneys waged in beauty's part!
 Markets and stations let us build,
 The future themes, the newer art.

Long-drawn, as speech by deputy
 Or minister, our tower won't fail,
 At a "fixed price," to welcome all
 Who buy the welcome, — 't is for sale.

For here's at last the end, the aim,
 The underlying thought, the true
 Reason for being, of the fane:
 "Admission to the top, *cent sous*."

The idler, looking from below,
 Its hundred stories fail to awe.
 He, sneering at the monster, asks,
 What earthly use can this serve for?

Is Tamerlane without our gates,
 And this the vantage-place to taunt
 His hosts with knowledge of their ways?
 — Oh, no! This is a restaurant.

Upon these dizzying heights, perhaps,
 Better can note the watching seer
 The shock of worlds and nebulae?
 — Oh, not a bit! There they'll take beer.

Our waning century's not too nice;
 We build for *pourboires*, not for art.
 The Eiffel Tower's a mere pretext
 For gaining money, — that's the smart.

Building of decadence, too soon
 We'll read in letters seen afar:
 "Here you may drink," "Here you can
 dance."

— Who knows? perhaps to *Ça ira*? —

Thou monstrous work, thou failure great,
 Ugly colossus, black and blind,

Great iron tower, a Yankee's dream,
 Thy hideous image haunts my mind.

In reverie on thy highest plane,
 By sad presentiment I hear
 The German cannon's sullen roar
 Far eastward, on the French frontier.

For on the day when France in arms
 Shall cast, with fatal throw, the die,
 With bitter tears shall we not look
 Where gold and iron wasted lie,

And curse the Herculean task which placed,
 At so much toil, at such a cost,
 This foolish mast upon the ship
 Of Paris, — Paris tempest-tossed?

"*Adieu-vat*," our symbolic ship,
 The surging wave breaks on thy prow!
 The heavens are black, the seas yawn deep.
 Oh, towards what reefs now driftest thou?

Things. — It is curious to note how
 two apparently conflicting tendencies can be operative at the same time in a given civilization. Thus in the newer portions of our West nothing is more marked than the element of outwardness, the immense appreciation of *things* involved in its sudden rise to prosperity. The only standard of value is a tangible one; ideas count for nothing. The new millionaire, whose success in herds, or mines, or real estate has pushed him into social prominence, becomes the possessor of a house too large by half and ludicrously pretentious. Its furnishings are glaring and oppressive, with a general air throughout of having sacrificed unity of effect to what is striking and costly. Even in the rudest and most remote of American communities an unmistakable emphasis is put upon the commodity or convenience, while we are assured that in the older portions of the East people may be found who have put their idealism to the test by an actual surrender of property for the sake of that high thinking and plain living so often advocated in theory. Having come to look upon their establishments as a sort of enslaving encumbrance, they have disposed of them in an effort to gather themselves together for the freest possible move-

ment in time and space, heralding a return to nature and those simple tastes and resources which are conducive of intellectual and spiritual independence. They seek to minimize the claims which mere things have upon them as resolutely as if poverty had forced them to the position. Perhaps no better illustration of the spirit in which these people look out upon the world can be found than the family life of the Peabodys, as it appears in the biography of Nathaniel and Sophia Hawthorne, by their son. This would seem to be the starting-point of a possible reaction to materialism, and, if there should be a likelihood of its spreading, might well encourage the idealists, who are supposed to be having so hard a time of it now.

Mothers in
Fiction.

— A sick youth was lying in bed, watching with quiet eyes his mother's form moving gently about the room where for weeks she had been ministering to him with tenderest heart and hands. There had been a stillness there for a little while, when the boy spoke: "I wonder why there are no mothers in fiction." "Why, there are, dear; there must be," the mother answered quickly; but when she tried to name one, she found that none came at the call. When she related to me the little incident, I too immediately said that our memory must be strangely at fault that it did not furnish us with examples in plenty. So obvious and so pregnant a theme had surely not been neglected by novelists. Maternal love! Why, art was filled with illustrations of it, and so was literature. And yet, on making search, I too have failed to find the typical mother where it seems she would so easily be found. I have no large acquaintance with the imaginative literature of any language but our own, and the fiction of other countries may afford examples in this kind of which I know nothing. But recalling the work of our own finest and best known writers, their treatment of the subject appears

both scant and slight. Calling the roll of them from Fielding and Scott to Hawthorne and Hardy, it strikes one as singular that they have one and all omitted to delineate with any peculiar force and beauty a human type which suggests itself so naturally as full of opportunity for artistic representation.

There are many figures in fiction movingly illustrative of paternal, filial, fraternal, and sisterly affection. Clive Newcome's love for his old father is outdone by the Colonel's devotion to his son; Romola's dutiful affection for her father is beautiful, and so is the mutual love of Mollie Gibson and her father in *Wives and Daughters*; Harry and George Warrington, Seth and Adam Bede, are delightful portraiture of mutual brotherly love; Scott, in *Jeanie Deans*, has immortalized a sister's devotion, and in *Florence Dombey* Dickens has given it a pathetic loveliness. We find mothers sketched in as subordinate characters here and there in novels. Mrs. Garth in *Middlemarch* is a good specimen of motherhood, and so is Bell Robson in Mrs. Gaskell's *Sylvia's Lovers*; both of these, however, are not depicted as mothers only or chiefly, but also as wives, true and faithful. The Robson family is one of the most finely drawn groups in fiction; the passionate mutual devotion of the father and the daughter whose ardent, undisciplined nature was derived from his, and the deep and steadfast love of Bell's finely balanced character, are portrayed with an admirable force. Rufus Lyon and Esther are another pair that cannot be overlooked. Dolly Winthrop — dear soul! — contains all the sweet essence of motherhood in her ample person, although it is not in relation to any child of hers that this deep instinct displays itself. Dolly is a type of the genuine womanhood which includes motherhood, and with what wonderful simplicity she is set before us! Mrs. Yoebright, in Thomas Hardy's *Return of the Native*, is a sketch, firmly

and strongly drawn, as all that able writer's are, and the filial sentiment in the unfortunate Clym responds to the maternal feeling in his mother's intense soul. I know of no author who has shown a finer appreciation of maternal character than Miss Yonge, who has written too much for her own reputation, and whose work has been so self-restricted within a certain rather narrow sphere of observation that it has not appealed to a wide audience. Yet her earlier and best novels contain much fine and admirably true portraiture of character, and the influence of the mother in family life has never been better depicted. In the

Heir of Redclyffe the most natural and charming figure is that of Mrs. Edmondston, who so gently manages for his good her kind-hearted, hasty-tempered husband, and lends to each member of the household in turn the counsels of her mild wisdom. In the Daisy Chain, though Mrs. May dies and departs from the scene after the first chapter or two, she remains vividly present as a memory and an influence throughout the whole of the two volumes. Dr. May, always his wife's lover, is as real and charming a man and as good a father of a much too numerous family as can be found anywhere.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Fiction. Sought and Found, translated from the German of Golo Raimund by Adelaide S. Buckley. (Funk & Wagnalls.) A sentimental tale, in which life looks like a Dusseldorf painting, highly glazed. — The Hands of a Clock, by William M. Runkel. (The American Publishing House, New York.) Dickens is responsible for this story as regards manner, but not for its incoherence or its dim English. — The Truth about Clement Ker, by George Fleming, has been reissued by Roberts Brothers in their Handy Library. — Alma, or Otonkah's Daughter, a story of the 20,000 Sioux, by Gay Waters. (T. S. Denison, Chicago.) An attempt at setting forth in the form of fiction the outrages upon Indians committed by white men. It is the shrieking piece of literature we have met with for some time. — The Immortal, by Alphonse Daudet. (Rand, McNally & Co.) This seems to be the same translation as that which appeared in the Universal Review. — Kady, by Patience Stapleton. (Belford, Clarke & Co.) A novel of the frontier, with the noble, uneducated girl and the weak but finally successful Eastern lover. — Recent numbers of Harper's Franklin Square Library are The Weaker Vessel, by D. Christie Murray, and Toilers of Babylon, by B. L. Farjeon. — Recent numbers of Ticknor's Paper Series are: The Desmond Hundred; A Woman of Honor, by H. C. Bunner; Forced Acquaintances, by Edith Robinson; Under Green Apple Boughs, by Helen

Campbell; and Fools of Nature, by Alice Brown. — Roberts Brothers have brought out what we believe to be the first American reprint of Leigh Hunt's Romances of Real Life. It is for the most part a compilation, but Leigh Hunt had a knack of making even his quotations delightful. — Miss Howard is a novelist whose work is pretty sure to interest and to pique curiosity. She has made one or two decided hits; she has made at least one failure. To which class must we assign The Open Door? (Houghton.) We are not sure that it will be called a decided success, but it is likely to interest readers. As a story it is very simple. A German count meets with an accident in his early manhood, and becomes a cripple. The lady who would probably have married him is thenceforth the heartless woman of the world in the book. His mother is an old frump, who lavishes all her tenderness on a lap-dog, and this lap-dog is thrust disagreeably upon one at every turn in the story. The mother has a way of taking on young girls as companions, expending her foolish fondness on them, and then tiring of them and throwing them aside. At last comes along the fifteenth of them, a pure, high-spirited girl, a baroness remotely connected with the family, who refuses to be a sycophant, and marches through the story with uncompromising sturdiness, dealing out truth on every hand. Early in the novel it is clear that the crippled count will marry her, and the reader is not for a moment

deceived by the obstacles that spring up. The countess tries to marry her to a German officer, but she disdains him, and he sets about seducing the baroness's maid. Here comes the one notable passage in the book: the baroness at night goes to an outcast's room, whither her silly maid has gone to meet the officer, and has there a long intellectual and sentimental struggle with the outcast and the maid, finally winning the game. But the passage is superficially strong; it is showy rather than genuine. Indeed, this is the term to be applied to the entire novel. The manner of the book is forced, exaggerated, with occasional brilliancy, but with the glitter of tin-foil rather than of precious metal. There is little of the reserved power which made *Aulnay Tower* a book out of the common. — *John Charáxes, a Tale of the Civil War in America*, by Peter Boylston. (Lippincott.) An inartistic novel, written apparently by a man of intellectual strength, so untrained in the writing of fiction as to make very elementary mistakes. It is a disjointed book, interesting by snatches, but tumbling to pieces in the reader's hands. Variety of scene alone cannot save a book from being tiresome; on the contrary, if a writer sweeps into a novel all his random observations, and makes haste to deliver through his characters all sorts of opinions upon politics and theology, and at the same time to tie and untie knots of relationship and rattle off adventures, he is likely to succeed, as in this case, in making a fifty-cent chaos. — *Esther Denison, by Adeline Sergeant* (Holt), is the latest issue in the *Leisure Hour Series*. The writer feels earnestly, and with a simple theme, a girl coming in between lover and loved, manages to manufacture a story which is carefully thought out, and contains a good deal of the effect of discipline upon life. One has a respect for the author, even if the air of the book is somewhat too intense. — *The Two Chiefs of Dunboy, or an Irish Romance of the Last Century*, by J. A. Froude. (Scribners.) Mr. Froude has had so much practice for novel-writing in his histories and travels that it is not at all surprising that his first acknowledged piece of fiction should be anything but 'prentice work. He deals, moreover, with public events, and does not make too heavy demands on the interest of the reader in mere men and women. — *Between Two Loves*, by Amelia E. Barr. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) The two loves are lover and brother; and though the girl is ready to give her life to her brother, he does not want it, so after much suffering her lover gets her. Mrs. Barr's strength lies in her masculine use of a few simple, elemental characters; she has a vigorous touch, and she does not weaken the force of her drawing by putting in a great many decorative flour-

ishes. — *The Pretty Sister of José*, by Frances Hodgson Burnett. (Scribners.) A willful girl, with a dull, faithful brother, is beset with love by a dashing matador, whom she coolly dismisses. Her lover gone, her love comes, and now she nearly dies in her passion for him. The whole story is a sort of literary ballet, with Spanish dresses and guitar and fan. — *Dragon's Teeth*, from the Portuguese, by Mary J. Serrano. (Ticknor.) Although the translator puts her name only on the title-page, she is not wholly unjust to her author, for she gives due credit to *Eça de Queiroz* in a brief introductory note. One enters a Portuguese novel with some hopefulness, but when he comes out of this one he is bound to confess that the Portuguese variety of human nature offers no great surprise or specially new pleasure. There is the same cousin who interferes between man and wife. The flavor of the book is foreign, but that is all. — *Sam Lovel's Camps; Uncle 'Lisha's Friends under Bark and Canvas*, by Rowland E. Robinson. (Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York.) We were struck by the native tang in Mr. Robinson's former book. This possesses much the same quality. The scenes are a little more out-of-doors, but the French Canadian and the Vermonter are still the chief figures, and there is the same nervous, somewhat angular directness. — *The Sphinx in Aubrey Parish*, by N. H. Chamberlain. (Capples & Hurd.) A queer, inconsequential book, the work apparently of a man who dreams out his story, and is forever trying to fix the outlines so that they shall not be too blurred. — *Lady Bluebeard* (Harpers) is a novel in which the author makes Eastern travel an excuse for fictitious philandering. — *French Janet*, by Sarah Tytler. (Harpers.) A fantastic story, with a spook for a heroine. — *A Transaction in Hearts*, by Edgar Saltus. (Belford, Clarke & Co.) Mr. Saltus keeps just ahead of the subscribers to the *Century dictionary* with his iserine eyes, other eyes "of that green-black which is noticeable in dysodile coal," his akosmism, his fetching young women, lancinating neuralgia, rememorate, and similar verbal bricabrac. The heroine is dreadfully undulating; she undulates at the slightest notice; her intonation, even, is undulant. Then she has a cleft in her neck, and the man who is a clergyman and her sister's husband sits in his study and imagines her going to bed. The story is moral, — oh, very moral; all the sin is committed in the desire; the sinner is held back by circumstance; the good are hypocritical, the fair are venomous, and the writer's smile is a sneer. What a devilish world this is, according to Mr. Saltus!

Poetry. In *Poems and Translations* (Scribner & Welford) Mr. W. J. Linton has brought

together in one volume the chief portions of two previous collections of verse, — *Claribel* and *Other Poems*, and *Love Lore*, works originally issued in limited editions, and now not procurable. To the earlier and well-known pieces the author has added a number of spirited translations, mostly from the French, and here printed for the first time. Among the selections from the volume of 1865 (*Claribel*, etc.), we miss the very noble threnody on Albert Darasz. We wish that this had been included. Those who know Mr. Linton only as a masterly engraver will have to make room for him in their regard as a true poet also. His briefer lyrics have a felicity wholly their own, with here and there an Elizabethan touch that in no way detracts from their genuineness. The book, which is limited to an edition of seven hundred copies, is tastefully printed and bound, and has for frontispiece an admirable photograph portrait of the author. — The eleventh and twelfth volumes of Robert Browning's complete works (Macmillan) contain *Balaustion's Adventure*, *Fifine at the Fair*, *Red Cotton Night-Cap Country*, etc.

Literature and Criticism. *French Traits*, an Essay in Comparative Criticism, by W. C. Brownell (Scribner's Sons), is a reprint, with additions, of the series of charming papers which lately made one of the features of *Scribner's Magazine*. — *The Banquet of Dante Alighieri*, translated by Katharine Hillard. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., London.) Miss Hillard's translation of the *Coniarto* has all the appearance of being painstaking work; if we miss a little the grave sweetness of the poet, we may fairly charge the lack to a less liquid language. Her introduction is modest and helpful, her annotations are not cumbersome, and altogether the book is a welcome addition to Dante literature. — *Prolegomena to In Memoriam*, by Thomas Davidson, with an Index to the Poem. (Houghton.) Mr. Davidson finds *In Memoriam* one of the great world-poems, and since it deals with the profoundest truths of life he easily finds justification in a close philosophical study of the poem, drawing illustration and commentary from other poets and from the masters of philosophy. His work is professedly more penetrating and comprehensive than Mr. Genung's analysis, but the two books

complement each other, one dealing more with the structure of the poem as a work of art, the other with the underlying thought developed. The index is in reality a concordance. — *Essays of William Hazlett*, selected and edited, with introduction, by Frank Carr (W. Scott, London), is a little volume to be commended.

Biography. The collectors of Americana owe a new debt to Mr. W. S. Baker for his *Bibliotheca Washingtoniana*, a Descriptive List of the Biographies and Biographical Sketches of George Washington. (R. M. Lindsay.) The value of Mr. Baker's work in this sort has long ago been recognized. — *Life of Friedrich Schiller*, by Henry W. Nevins. (Walter Scott, London.) A forcible little work, which is packed with biographical and critical matter. The biographer, while sturdily independent, does not annoy the reader by extraneous comment, but keeps well to his task. Like other books in the series (*Great Writers*), this is well equipped with index and bibliography. — *Life of General Lafayette*, with a Critical Estimate of his Character and Public Acts, by Bayard Tuckerman. In two volumes. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) Mr. Tuckerman had abundant materials at his disposal, and appears to have used them diligently and with a praiseworthy method. The book is not brilliant, neither is it commonplace; it is well ordered, and the narrative is straightforward and clear. We wish the author had given a more minute index, and we wish the publishers had not made the two volumes so stiff and intractable. — *Hosea Ballou, a Marvelous Life-Story*, by Oscar F. Safford. (Universalist Publishing House, Boston.) An enthusiastic study of a man who attacked Calvinism in New England very sharply. No one can know the religious and social history of New England who has not made himself more or less familiar with the protest which was uttered by Murray and Ballou. It is already historical, and Dr. Safford's book would probably be impossible a quarter of a century hence; its writer is still within the glow of Ballou's personal presence. — *David Livingstone*, by Thomas Hughes, and *Henry the Fifth*, by A. J. Church, are the latest additions to Macmillan's interesting series of brief biographies of English Men of Action.

